

# NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

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## Contents

Page

Cover: Photo by George A. Pierson. Adoniram Judson, from the San Blas Indian Tribe of Central America. See "As Long as Grass Grows" by Florence Drake, page 6.

### EDITORIALS

If I Could Talk to You . . . . .	Sarah Corbin Robert	4
Editor's Office—Mrs. Keyes Speaking . . . . .	Frances Parkinson Keyes	2

### FEATURE ARTICLES

"As Long as Grass Grows" . . . . .	Florence Drake	6
Legend of the Lady's Slipper . . . . .	Rose Jasper Nickell	28
The Story of Shawnee Indian Mission . . . . .	Ruth E. Riley	32
Union Man . . . . .	Elizabeth Palmer Milbank and Frank Smith	35
Where the Wild Grape Twines . . . . .	Margaret Roe Caraway	60
The First Commander . . . . .	Henry W. Keyes	64
The Spirit of the Hand-made, IX. Uncle Tom's Lamps . . . . .	Ellnor Emery Pollard	70
Your Capital City—and Mine! . . . . .	Hazel Whitaker Vandenberg	74
The Dies Committee Report . . . . .	Imogen B. Emery	82

### FICTION

In the Days of Tecumseh . . . . .	Worthington Newton	20
City of Faith (continued from February issue) . . . . .	Margaret Curtis McKay	47

### PICTORIAL SECTION

Highways of History . . . . .	42, 43, 44, 45, 46
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### VERSE

The White Deer . . . . .	}	Anna Church Colley	18, 19
The Green Corn Dance . . . . .			
The Birth of the Water Lily . . . . .			
My Prayer . . . . .		Laura Spafford Wiltzie Lake	27
The Ballad of Lewis Wetzel . . . . .		Glen Baker	46
March . . . . .		Martha Clough Chamberlin	104

### REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Genealogical . . . . .	84
Book Reviews . . . . .	92
Committee Reports . . . . .	97
Junior Membership . . . . .	102
Children of the American Revolution . . . . .	104
Contributors, Collaborators, Critics . . . . .	105

### OFFICIAL LISTS

National Board of Management . . . . .	109
Approved Schools . . . . .	111
National Committee Chairmen . . . . .	112
National Board of Management, C. A. R. . . . .	112

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

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FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

Editor

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RECENTLY, in the discussion following a notable debate over the radio, a questioner asked, "What is Americanism?" In answering, each of the four speakers used several statements. One or more quoted explanations from well-known books. None had a succinct definition. For many months I have listened carefully to speeches designed to promote the American way of life, with the conclusion that public speakers are prepared to give only explanations.

In accepting the invitation of the Dies Committee for Investigation of Un-American Activities to present suggestions for promoting and safeguarding Americanism, I stated that the first essential is a concise definition of Americanism. Is such a definition possible? If so, you as readers of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE should be prepared to offer one. You can render a distinct service to the American people if you can express in a few words the meaning of Americanism. Please send to me, as President General, your definition of "Americanism—what is it?" It will be impossible to acknowledge each contribution personally, but the editor of the Magazine will be happy to publish some of the best answers.

Members oftentimes question whether the activities of the National Society bear fruit in proportion to the effort involved. After two or three years the girls of our Good Citizenship Pilgrimage have found new values through their visits to Washington. The following quotations are taken from cards or letters recently received by those in charge of former Pilgrimages:

"... a memory I shall never forget. When I was told the purpose of this trip, to inspire good citizenship, I was inclined to have my doubts. I could see nothing in it but thrills and a good time; but now that it is over, with a feeling of gratitude comes the inspiration to live up to the honor extended to me—to succeed in filling my niche in life to the best of my ability."

"... the whole thing was thought out so completely; just perfect. It is a wonderful lesson in efficiency to us girls; besides all the other lessons that we were getting every step we took."

"I did not know that the D. A. R. was like this. The first thing I noticed when I got to Washington was how different you ladies are from the

## ♦ If I Could

ones I had met before. And when we saw the opening of your Congress my heart was just too full; big tears slipped down out of my eyes. I think all of us feel that we want to be the kind of women that you are."

"I am glad to think of citizenship as something more than voting and taxes, which after all belong to our elders. I have a new appreciation of a citizenship which belongs to me and young people like me."

Perhaps the greatest factor in the success of the National Society is that the service of all officers and chairmen is entirely voluntary. No portion of the annual income goes to those officers elected to direct the far-reaching activities. The annual national dues are kept at the lowest amount possible for maintenance of properties and provision for necessary help. Our clerical staff must be limited. At no time is the Society able through extra assessments to increase its income. It cannot freely add employees to meet unusual demands. A year ago, because of the many requests for special counts of chapter membership, it became necessary for the National Board of Management to rule that no such special counts be made and to suggest that states adapt their needs to the three regular counts made annually. Of late, other requests are being received—lists of all gifts presented, lists of delinquent members, lists of all subscribers to the Magazine, lists of subscriptions in a state four times a year. Every officer and every member of the staff in Washington is eager to cooperate and to help both members and chapters whenever possible. To honor such requests, however, becomes an impossibility without added help, which under present conditions cannot be provided. With careful planning, the states will be able through their chapters to secure needed information. The guiding principle should be: No chapter, state, or member has the right to ask for special favors which cannot be granted to every other chapter, state, or member under the same circumstances. When the officers in Wash-

## Talk to You

ington are forced to say "No," it is only because they realize that they cannot do for one what they cannot do for all.

The desire to adjust our problems so that the work of the Society may be maintained satisfactorily without further strain upon members is increased by letters such as this from a regent of a southern chapter:

"May I suggest another reason besides a financial one as to why no more national committees should be formed, and those that exist should consolidate whenever possible? Fewer national committees are sure to bring about better coordination of our work, and then, too, maybe those regents who are keenly interested, but are of moderate means and have young children to care for, won't feel like 'feminine Hercules' attempting to carry a small world on their shoulders. Your Outlines of Work for Chapter Chairmen and Regents can't be praised enough. I try to bear in mind your foreword where you say, 'It is not expected that each chapter do all the work outlined,' but my predecessors have set such a very high standard I hesitate to seem to lower our standard of accomplishment."

The Division of Cultural Relations of the State Department reports that school children in the various South American republics come to the United States consulate asking for all kinds of things about the United States—maps of small size showing natural resources, music and words of The Star-Spangled Banner, photographs of famous men and women, photographs of public buildings, cancelled postage stamps in denominations of more than three cents, and Victrola records of The Star-Spangled Banner and other patriotic airs. Our office of National Defense through Patriotic Education recently sent fifty copies each of several patriotic leaflets for use in these schools. May not some of our children of the American Revolution or Junior American Citizens Clubs enjoy collecting this material for use by the children of the South American republics? The National Defense office will be happy to supply needed addresses.

The following letter may open a new field

of activity for those members interested in naturalization of new citizens:

"Dear Madam:

"From the time I got the booklet called *Manual for Citizenship* published by your organization, at this present time I need witnesses for my citizenship second paper—from the *Manual for Citizenship* I have learned your organization will please help with the important need, as I work to P. M. 6:30 and Saturday to P. M. 8:30 wishing you will give me witness and hear at your earliest convenience, I remain,

"Yours truly,"

Unfortunately, the supplying of witnesses is beyond our jurisdiction. New opportunity for service might open for members who are willing to watch the progress of those who have obtained first papers, thereby being in a position to act as witnesses to their good character and standing in the community at the time of final admission to citizenship.

Comments concerning the progress of our Magazine continue to be received both by the President General and by the Editor. From a large suburban center comes the following: "All praise to you for the now interesting, instructive, beautifully assembled magazine, for which all have nothing but commendation. There is no excuse for any member not being a subscriber, excepting that of no funds, and by giving up some luxury that could be overcome."

Its appeal is widespread. The following is from a letter to our Editor from a small village where the Magazine is shared by the entire community: "May I express my admiration for what you have done for the magazine? So many people coming into the house pick it up and enjoy it, whereas before, its appeal was almost wholly to the membership."

The spring conferences are upon us. The President General's tour calls for visits to eleven of the forty States that hold their annual meetings in spring. In March, the favorite month for conferences, members all over our country will be thinking of ways to promote the activities of the National Society. Much is achieved by careful thought.

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT,  
President General, N. S. D. A. R.



*Courtesy U. S. Indian Service*

A CHIPPEWA GIRL IN FULL DRESS, FROM THE CONSOLIDATED CHIPPEWA AGENCY IN DULUTH, MINNESOTA

## “As Long as Grass Grows”

FLORENCE DRAKE

*An old Indian expression, used to describe the everlasting obligation of a promise, was to say that it would be binding “as long as grass grows and rivers flow.” The following article is from the pen of a woman whose understanding of the Indian problem is both sympathetic and comprehensive*

**L**AST year a little Indian boy from the San Blas tribe of Indians of Central America came to Bacone College, the only accredited college in the United

States exclusively for Indians, which is located at Muskogee, Oklahoma, and maintained by the Northern Baptist Home Mission Board. An Indian orphans' home is



connected with it, with grade school and practice homes where the young Indians may grow up among their own people and under conditions that will confront them in their future life. Dr. B. D. Weeks is superintendent of the school and of the orphans' home.

The six short years of this child's life had held more exciting experiences than usually befall one person during three score years and ten.

To begin with, he was illegitimate, and it is a custom of the savage San Blas tribe to bury alive all illegitimate children. But a young missionary who had married into the tribe rescued the infant and sent him to New York, where her friends cared for the child. He was given the name of the illustrious Baptist missionary, Adoniram Judson. The missionary came to New York on a visit and found it necessary to take the child back with her. He was then five years old, and she hoped the San Blas people had forgotten about him.

But she was mistaken. The tribe demanded that the child be turned over to it for punishment. He was stolen from the missionary, and was about to be sold into slavery when the missionary rescued him again and sent him back to her native country. But the immigration laws of our country forbid the entrance into it of an Indian. (Strange anachronism—a land that once belonged to the Indian people will not admit an Indian as a citizen!)

But the matter had been brought to the attention of Dr. Weeks, and while the child was detained at Ellis Island this friend of the Indians—Dr. Weeks—was pulling wires. He appealed to the Secretary of the Interior and to Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, also a friend of the Indians. By the help of a group of Christian people in Brooklyn, New York, a bond was posted and the child was sent to the orphanage at Muskogee and enrolled in the Bacone school, where he has become a star pupil.

Pleasant truths make pleasant telling, according to a good old proverb, so it has been a source of deep satisfaction to me to tell this little story. But there are many others which I tell with a tug at the heart-strings. For instance:

Mrs. George K. Hunter (Eva Fosbury

Hunter), a member of the Wunnagisa Chapter at Shawnee, Oklahoma, has done admirable work at the Shawnee Indian Sanatorium, the largest tubercular Indian sanatorium in the world, for the past eight years.\* The sanatorium, which has a capacity for treating a hundred and fifty patients—who are admitted from all sections of the United States—is provided with modern, expensive, and highly specialized equipment for treating this dread disease. Besides the infirmary, there are fifteen other buildings. Of special interest is the occupational therapy department, where patients who are able to do some light work learn interesting crafts. This is a great factor in recovery, because it gives pleasant occupation for long, tedious hours that retard recovery.

On Sunday afternoons Mrs. Hunter teaches the Sabbath school lesson to the women and girls in two different buildings. On Wednesday mornings, from nine to eleven, she visits the patients personally, especially those who may not be able to attend the Sunday classes. During eight years she has missed very few appointments, from any cause; either illness or enforced absence from home alone preventing her.

It is needless to say that the patients love Mrs. Hunter dearly. One young girl said to her recently: "Mrs. Hunter, there are only two bright days in the week. They are Sundays and Wednesdays, because you come to see us."

The superintendent and nurses frankly tell Mrs. Hunter that her work is beneficial to the patients, both from a health standpoint and a moral one. Patients improve when they are happy; and her gentle yet impressive teachings leave the patients happier and more courageous. They respond to discipline better, and seem to have a better understanding of their condition.

\* Dr. David W. Gillick, the superintendent of the sanatorium, is recognized as an authority on tuberculosis, and a skilled specialist in diseases of the lungs. He declares that Indians are not more susceptible to tuberculosis than white people, but they do not have native resistance, and poor housing conditions, poor food, and other unsanitary conditions combine to make this their chief enemy. Poverty and ignorance combine to prevent them having the variety and type of food necessary to fight off the disease, when left in their own homes.



*Courtesy U. S. Indian Service*

LIVING ROOM IN THE HOME OF BONNIE BURGESS, A SEMINOLE INDIAN OF THE FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES AGENCY OF MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA

More than a thousand Bibles have been given to patients by Mrs. Hunter. Her church and its members provide the Bibles. Mr. Hunter superintends the teaching of the men's classes, and is equally interested in the work.

To give added interest to the Sunday school lessons and encourage the girls to read their Bibles Mrs. Hunter gives them a verse—reads it to them Sunday evening—and asks them to tell her the next Sunday where the verse is found. The girls respond with delight, and many locate the verses each Sunday.

They have their Bibles in class, and follow the Scripture reading, often asking intelligent questions on the lesson. The nurses keep Mrs. Hunter posted about the condition of those very ill, and she often comforts them as they pass away. She tells of one young woman who the nurses had told her was very close to death, beside whom she stood when teaching the lesson. The patient motioned to her nurse to find the place in the Bible, and followed it

through until the close of the lesson. Then she let the Bible fall from her hands, closed her eyes, and was gone—without a word. A confident smile hovered about the pinched face.

Recently, when I went on my own monthly visit to the near-by Shawnee Indian sanatorium for tuberculous patients, taking magazines donated by my club, I found that an additional cot had been placed in the men's ward, though this was already crowded. As I passed down the long room, some of the patients greeted me cheerfully, reaching for their favorite magazine; others smiled wistfully, while still others watched me with unfriendly, suspicious eyes, and refused to take the magazines offered them. Several of the patients could read, and kept up with the continued stories in the magazines; others only looked at the pictures. But I knew that to most of them my coming was a welcome break in the monotony of a long, hot, tedious day.



*Courtesy U. S. Indian Service*

STUDENTS AT WORK IN THE WHELOCK ACADEMY OF THE FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES AGENCY

When I reached the section of the room where the new cot stood I had only two magazines left. One was a highly colored "detective" and the other belonged to the "quality" class. After I had greeted the new patient, whose face was in a shadow, I held up the magazines for him to take his choice, and he reached a thin, unsteady hand for the "quality" magazine. Then I recognized him.

"Why, it's Joe!" I said, trying to speak cheerfully, although one glance had assured me that this was one of the cases the attendants called "quick."

Then I sat down beside the clean cot, and talked to the patient for a time. I had talked with Chippewa Joe several times at the home of his cousin, Jingo Bourbonias. The first time I saw him I had gone to the house on a cold January day when a blustering north wind was sweeping clouds of sand and dust through the walls, as well as the windows and doors, of the small frame house set high on a barren, rocky hill down in the Pottawatomie settlement. A dozen

or more poorly clad Indian men and boys sat or crouched about the big rock fireplace. In a back room I could see several Indian women, who seemed to be helping Mrs. Bourbonias prepare dinner. It was always that way at the Bourbonias home. Jingo was sort of head man among the Pottawatomies. Some people said he was a bootlegger—sold corn whisky illegally—but I knew that the men of the settlement depended upon him for advice.

As I talked with Jingo about the leases I wanted, my attention was attracted to a slim, handsome youth who sat on a chunk of wood close beside the fire, shivering at every fresh blast of wind, and at intervals coughing with a peculiar hacking sound.

"You seem to have a newcomer," I said to Jingo.

"Yes, he's a cousin of my wife from Wisconsin, name Joe; we call him Chippewa Joe," Jingo answered, and went on talking about the leases.

Later I went back to the Bourbonias home, and only Mrs. Bourbonias and Joe

were there. She went across the fields to bring Jingo home. Joe sat on the chunk of wood by the fire, his keen, dark eyes glittering with a feverish light. I tried to draw him out in conversation—asked routine questions about how he liked Oklahoma, having come here as a stranger, and so on. He seemed to want to talk.

"My grandmother, No-nee-ah, thought I should come to Oklahoma for the winter. We thought it would be warmer here, and I might be able to get some work."

There was a plaintive tone to his voice that bespoke homesickness.

"But you haven't found anything to do?"

"No, there doesn't seem to be anything for a fellow to do here. I think I might have done better on our own reservation."

"Have you tried the WPA?" I asked.

"No. You see I am a 'restricted Indian,' and they expect the Indian agent to look after us."

"And he has nothing for you to do?"

"No, the agent says he cannot find enough work for the men who have families, and of course there would be none for me."

Perhaps Joe read the interest and sympathy in my face; perhaps he just felt that he had to talk with someone; for in the next fifteen minutes Joe told me his pitiful story. He had lived with his aged grandmother, No-nee-ah, on the Chippewa reservation in Wisconsin. She had a good cabin, snug and warm in winter, cool and clean in summer. A big forest was near, and a lake where there were many fish. Ettiene lived with her sister in the near-by village. They expected to be married in the spring, but they should have some money. Old No-nee-ah said they could live with her in her cabin, for it would come to him anyway after her death. But they must have a little money.

Then one day, when he was fishing from his canoe, Joe fell in the lake. He kept on fishing, for he had an order for many fish, which would bring him a little money—fish were very cheap then—and his wet clothes gave him a cold. He had a fever, and was not able to work or fish. Then they decided he should come to Oklahoma for the winter. They managed to get the money for his fare—but now he could not work; he was dependent upon his relatives, and he could not get back to his home.

An agony of homesickness was in the lad's eyes as he finished, and his voice sank low.

Then Mrs. Bourbonias returned.

I saw Joe several times during the spring. He seemed to be stronger, and tried to be cheerful, although he was still unable to work.

It was on a scorching June day that I drove past the Bourbonias cotton field and saw Joe chopping cotton. I noticed that he worked slowly, and staggered as he went forward. I waved my hand, and he raised his arm in answering salute.

Now here he was in the crowded hospital.

He was really glad to see me.

"I have thought about you a great deal," he said; "and I wanted to see you. I know that you have much influence with these people"—he meant the hospital staff—"and maybe if you would talk to the doctor and the agent, he would send me back to Wisconsin. No-nee-ah would take care of me, and Ettiene would catch fish in the lake for my food. I would get well there. It is so hot here, I cannot sleep at night. It is cool there, and a fresh wind blows off the lake. There are cool, shady walks through the forests—and I could walk there with Ettiene. I have many friends who would visit me." He spoke in short sentences, for speaking was an effort, but his voice was full of pleading. I could hardly keep back the tears, and made an excuse to get away, after promising to talk to the doctor and to the agent.

I talked with the attendants around the hospital; all told me the same story, all declared that Joe was one of the best patients ever to enter the hospital. He was intelligent and appreciative. All realized that he could not last very long.

I talked to the doctor. "Chippewa Joe is one of the most unusual cases I have ever known," the kind doctor said. "He is intelligent, and peculiarly domestic in character."

"Do you think he will get well?" I asked, although I knew what his answer would be.

"No, he hasn't a chance. I have been especially interested in his case. He cannot last longer than six weeks now, and he might spend them happily with his own people, but there is no money for his transportation back there."

The doctor was too busy to talk longer. I went to the agent. "Yes, I know about Chippewa Joe's case. We are all interested in him here; but there is nothing I can do," he said kindly.

"But, can't you write to the agency back where he is registered and get money for his transportation back to his own people?" I asked.

"No. I wrote to the agent at La Pointe, where he is registered. He answered that Joe would inherit a little property when his grandmother dies, but there are no available funds now."

"It does seem unjust——" I faltered.

"Yes, it does. This darned red tape to all Indian business. But there is no way we can get money for Joe to travel—*alive*

"You mean

"Yes, just that. When Joe is in his coffin there will be funds to send him back to his home for burial."

I turned away.

I went to the hospital every week to visit Joe. His too-brilliant eyes always gave me a welcome that I could not doubt. He was too weak now to hold a magazine. One morning I arrived just after the doctor had left. Joe was smiling, and actually seemed stronger.

"The doctor said I would be going home soon," Joe said to me, his voice scarcely more than a whisper.

I did not stay long that day.

A week later when I went back Joe's cot had been taken out. Joe had "gone home."

Perhaps it would not be amiss to consider carefully the conditions underlying these stories, especially now that the subject

of Indian welfare has been included in the Americanization Department of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It is generally understood that the whole country once belonged to the Indians, that many battles were fought for possession of vast stretches of country once populated by the red man and his family, whose love of country and homeland equaled our own.

And there prevails in the minds of most people a vague, romantic sympathy for them,

and a general feeling that somehow they have been abused and mistreated. On the whole, however, we give little thought to those who owned and loved the country before our ancestors came to claim it, the people who refused to take up the ways of the white man, and fought and died for what they believed were their tribal rights. They planned for the future of their children's children, even as our ancestors did. But they constantly lost ground; and who thinks now, with real



CHIEF FRED LOOKOUT OF THE OSAGE TRIBE IN OKLAHOMA  
AND HIS WIFE

solicitude, of those dusky warriors who trod silently and stealthily through the forests many years ago, and grieved bitterly because they were forced to "move on"? They were not devoid of romantic sentiment themselves. One noted warrior and leader of his race, the famed Tecumseh, cried out in his grief, "Even the trees of the forest have pity on us, and shed tears of sorrow as we pass beneath them."

At this time there are more than three hundred thousand Indians in the United States, and more than one-third of that number live in Oklahoma. About thirty tribes are represented. Many of them formerly were numerous and powerful nations that took part in those historic battles recorded in our textbooks with an unsympathetic attitude. Some were less powerful tribes that were subdued by stronger nations, and formed alliances with them many years ago for mutual protection. Some of them—very few, however—have lost their identity as tribes, and have accepted the language and customs of other nations. Many members of tribes speak only their native tongue, and stubbornly resent having their children educated with white children.

The Osage Indians had an arrangement that was different from that of any other tribe of Indians, when the final settlement was made by the Government for their reservation. By it each member of the tribe had a share in the tribal wealth, and all mineral rights in the land were retained for the tribe. The discovery of the world's

richest oil fields on their reservation brought them into world-wide spotlight. They were considered the richest nation of people (per capita) in the world. Not even the vigilance of the Indian Bureau kept them from some exploitation by unscrupulous persons. Now that their wealth is decreasing—some of the oil wells diminishing—they are coming into more cultural advantages.

A familiar expression, used to describe one who is so wild there are no adequate words to express his actual condition, is "wild as a Comanche Indian." Indeed, the Comanches roamed over an immense territory, and massacred wagon trains and isolated settlers without discrimination. They and the Kiowas and Apaches were still violently wild when first brought to settle in the Indian Territory where reservations had been made for them. But, recently, they have made great progress toward improvement. With compulsory education for the young,



*Courtesy U. S. Indian Service*

VIRGINIA LEE ADKISSON, A TYPICAL OSAGE INDIAN GIRL FROM THE AGENCY AT PAWHUSKA, OKLAHOMA

this development should be still more marked in the next generation.

If the Pawnee Indians had worn helmets instead of feathers in their hair, had marched to the music of bugles and fifes and drums instead of to their wild, blood-curdling yells, they would have been as renowned for fighting ability as the Romans of old. They, like the Romans, fought for the pure love of battle and conquest, and most of their animosity was directed against other Indian tribes. There were three divisions of the tribe, and they roamed and fought over a wide territory, ranging from



the Mississippi River westward. Allies of the federal troops, they were of great assistance when the Union Pacific Railroad was built across the country, and wild tribes of Indians resisted its approach through the territory they considered their own and killed many workmen along the route.

The largest tribes are the Cherokee, the Choctaw, the Chickasaw, the Creek, and the Seminole, generally described as "The Five Civilized Tribes." They once owned the greater portion of the South, east of the Mississippi River. They were mostly civilized, had their own tribal governments, made their laws—had schools and churches. Many intermarried with whites, and acquired considerable culture. Many owned slaves, and were wealthy. In fact, many were recognized as statesmen in the affairs of the country. But their land was wanted for white people, and the five tribes, one after another, signed treaties relinquishing their land east of the Mississippi for land in what was then known as the Indian Territory. These treaties had the status of negotiations with foreign governments, but it is generally understood that the Indians were forced to accept the terms, and their forcible removal by United States soldiers to the wild country was the journey that is spoken of as "The Trail of Tears."

The country that was traded to these tribes constituted the larger portion of what is now the State of Oklahoma. The Indians were promised assistance in getting

established; schools were built, churches, and homes for the leaders. The government established forts, where soldiers were kept to protect them from those wild tribes that continued to roam the country, harassing white settlers in the states and Indians on their reservations.

Then came the War Between the States, and the Five Civilized Tribes showed sympathy with the Southern cause, and at the

close of the war were forced to make new treaties with the government, in which they relinquished much of their land, because it was needed for reservations for smaller tribes, whose land in other states was wanted for white people. Some of these tribes came willingly; they were peaceful, and believed they would have permanent homes and security for their children. Talk about "Five Year Plans"! Indians planned for future generations. "As long as grass grows, and rivers flow." (Now they just wonder!)

But these small tribes, and the larger ones, set to work cheerfully. Missionaries worked among them, schools were built, traders were licensed to sell them commodities. The wild tribes were confined to their reservations by soldiers, and rations were issued to them regularly. For a time it seemed that the Indian problem had been settled.

But in those states that bordered the Indian Territory there was continual agitation for the opening of a strip of unsigned land in the Indian Territory known as Oklahoma, for white settlement. In-



*Courtesy U. S. Indian Service*

WILLIAM A. DURANT, CHIEF OF THE CHOCTAWS OF  
THE FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES AGENCY



THE OLD HOME OF A SAC AND FOX FAMILY OF THE OKLAHOMA SHAWNEE AGENCY

deed, there were people all over the country who looked with greedy eyes toward the rich country that had been set aside for use of the Indians. Just think, people

who had once owned all of the country east of the Mississippi were asked to confine themselves to a small territory on the west side of the great river—and that was



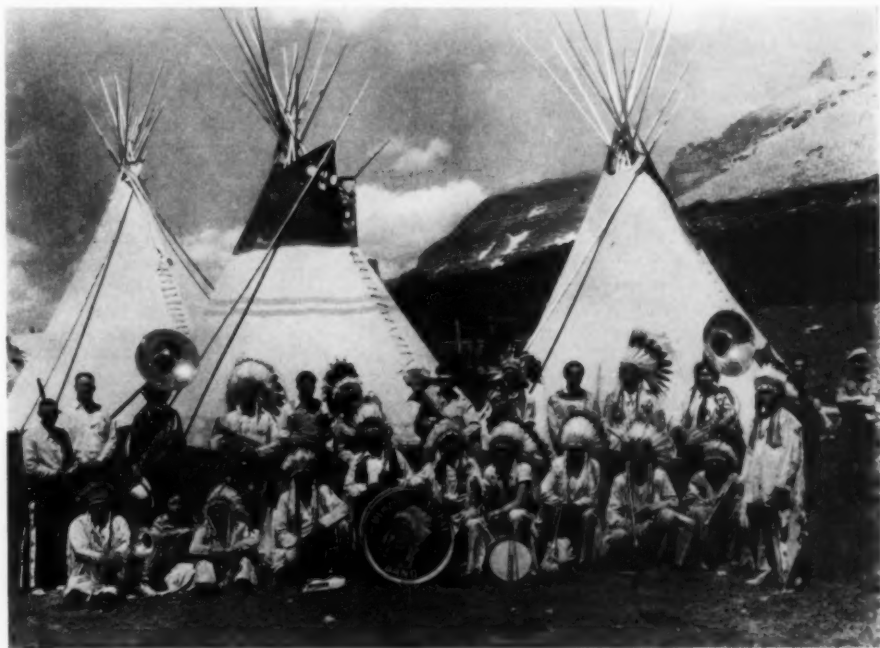
THE NEW HOME OF THE SAC AND FOX FAMILY WHICH WAS BUILT BY THE AGENT

begrudged them! After several years of bickering, the Oklahoma country was opened for white settlement, with a spectacular rush that provided excitement for the nation.

The wiser Indian leaders realized that this was the beginning of the end of their reservations. They bitterly opposed the advent of the white man, and protested in every way they knew how—but they were

affairs, as a general thing the Indians are considered wards of the government, and a continual effort is being made to improve their condition.

There are at this time seven United States Indian agencies, situated in convenient locations for the different tribes, and several subagencies, where affairs of the Indians are transacted. Under each agency there is a staff of efficient workers,



*Courtesy U. S. Indian Service*

THE BAND OF THE BLACKFEET AGENCY OF MONTANA IN FULL DRESS

allotted homesteads, and one after another of the reservations was opened for white settlement. The Five Civilized Tribes resisted longest; but finally, under the work of the famous Dawes Commission, their allotments were made and their land, too, was opened. This was followed by the admission of Indian Territory and Oklahoma into the Union as a single state.

While in every tribe of Indians in Oklahoma there are some who are outstanding in culture and intelligence, and are taking their places in both state and national

specialists in their lines, whose services are at the disposal of the Indians. Schools and hospitals are maintained, free. Field matrons, nurses, and other teachers go through the Indian settlements giving advice and assistance to Indian women, teaching them sanitation, household management, child care, and economy.

Major projects being put forward by the government are education, health, organization, and land rehabilitation. Education as it should be is the major proposition. There is a general superintendent of Indian

education, and each agency has a field supervisor whose duty it is to see that Indian children attend school. It is the policy of the government to have Indian children attend public schools, where they can associate with white children and receive advantages that come from such contacts; but many Indians will not send their children to the district schools, yet will allow them to attend strictly Indian schools. Therefore, boarding schools, academies, seminaries, and even day schools are maintained. Some are under the supervision of religious bodies; some are strictly governmental. The government pays tuition for Indian children in the district schools, because Indian land is not subject to taxation. The housing problem is a vexing one in some instances, for many Indian families prefer to live in their old lodges, wickiups, or cabins, rather than in the new homes the government has built for them.

While there are many Indians, both men and women, who are engaged in professional work—being careful and accurate bookkeepers, clerks, stenographers, teachers, mechanics, and even artists—there is a general feeling that Indians are all farmers. Therefore, the government has given special effort to teaching the Indians to be successful farmers. Experts in agricultural lines bring to them the best methods in stockraising, farm management, and restoration of land values.

Within the last decade a great many Indians have become immensely wealthy from

the discovery of oil on their allotments, and that has brought its own brand of exploitation from scheming and dishonest white men. But in this, as in all things, the government has made earnest and consistent effort to protect the best interests of those who are under its care.

All the employees of an agency make conscientious effort to encourage the Indians under their care to cultivate their tribal crafts. Some of the women are proficient in the oldtime arts of basket making, beadwork, and weaving. Lovely rugs are made from grasses that the women gather, cure, and dye themselves. Each hospital has its occupational therapy department, where patients are taught to do work that is entertaining as well as remunerative—all along the line of Indian crafts.

Indians like to join clubs—of their own people—and in this way they unconsciously receive many useful lessons. It is through these clubs that a white woman may come in contact with Indian women in a social way. To take a gift of quilt scraps, flower seeds, or plants will open the hearts of women whom it would be impossible to reach in any other way. Of course, these are the older women; the young women who have gone through school are friendly, and sometimes talkative.

No doubt the next generation will see a great change in the Indians of Oklahoma. But "as long as grass grows and rivers flow" certain characteristics will remain the same.



A GROUP OF OSAGE INDIANS READY FOR THE DANCE



HONORABLE PATRICK J. HURLEY

**I**n the official booklet issued by Bacone College, the Honorable Patrick J. Hurley, former Secretary of War, is listed as the "most distinguished alumnus."

His entrance into the school was due largely to Reverend J. S. Murrow, a Baptist missionary to the Choctaw Indians, who was one of the founders of the college, then known as Baptist Indian University. Father Murrow, as he was affectionately known through the Five Civilized Tribes, had known Mr. Hurley's parents, who died when he was quite young, so it was natural for him to take an interest in the boy. Dr. John H. Scott, then President of Indian University, joined Father Murrow in persuading "Pat" to "pursue an education."

He, himself, says of his connection with Bacone:

"Outside of my own parents no one has ever been as kind to me as President and Mrs. Scott and the faculty of Indian University. I have never known throughout my lifetime more genuine helpfulness or more complete tolerance than I experienced in that institution. In fact, I can truthfully say that the happiest years of my life until I got married were those spent in my school years in what is now Bacone Indian College."

It seems particularly suitable to the editor to use this tribute from Mr. Hurley in connection with the foregoing article. His beautiful home, Belmont, at Leesburg, Virginia, will be featured in an early issue of the Magazine.



## I. The White Deer

ANNA CHURCH COLLEY

Many moons have risen, many snows have fallen  
Since the treaties of the white men which promised land to the red men  
for "as long as grass grows and waters run."  
Since the coming of the white deer, since the coming of the witch deer  
Which foretold of doom to the red men, the children of the forest:  
Since the finding of the witch deer slain with a silver bullet  
When the red man knew of a certainty his lands would be lost, his  
home taken away.  
The white deer's prophecy,—he says  
It is true.



## II. The Green Corn Dance

ANNA CHURCH COLLEY



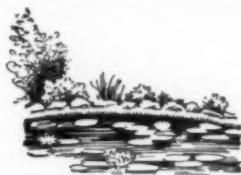
Away from the dusty trail, far from the heat and drone of the day,  
A throb of sound muffled at first, moves slowly out into the clear  
As an unconscious thought to the conscious,  
The thrum and beat of the red man's drum;  
The boom—pom—pomm, the boom—pom—pomm of the tomtom's call  
The tomtom's call to the Green Corn Dance;  
When the corn is ripe and green  
Ready for the red man's feast.

Down in the grove a circle forms around the eternal fire.  
For three whole days the tribesmen dance, with their women and children  
Chanting to the tomtom's lead, "Hi—Yi—Yi—Hi—Yi—Yi."  
One steps out, another steps in; the circle unbroken continues  
Three whole days in this time set apart not only to dance but to fast  
To meditate and to drink the strange black draught, the ritual drink of roots and herbs,

For purification absolute  
Before partaking of the Great Spirit's bounty.

"Hi—Yi—Yi—" soberly, reverently the dance goes on for three whole days,  
Until that time is come when the body is clean, the mind is clear,  
Ready for the Green Corn Feast:  
The Green Corn Dance is ended.





### III. The Birth of the Water Lily

ANNA CHURCH COLLEY

Where the sky and the land seem to come together  
On the face of the water sky-blue  
Where at dawning and evening the smile of The Great Spirit lingers longer  
A star, white from heaven, floated down and sank softly one night.

Long before the coming of the white man it was  
When yet the Indians' homeland was all his own  
Before the forests, prairies, mountains and great waters  
Became to later men, to senses less in tune  
Obscured, unfelt, almost obliterated because of so many distractions;  
The star, coming out of the sky, made known her message to a young brave, living then.

"Listen, my fathers," he implored the wise old men,  
"The star we saw coming down among us that other night  
Is a beautiful maiden who wishes to dwell with our people;  
A sign from the Great Spirit, another image of grace, of love, of purity;  
O, wise fathers, if only  
You would tell her what form on this earth she might assume."

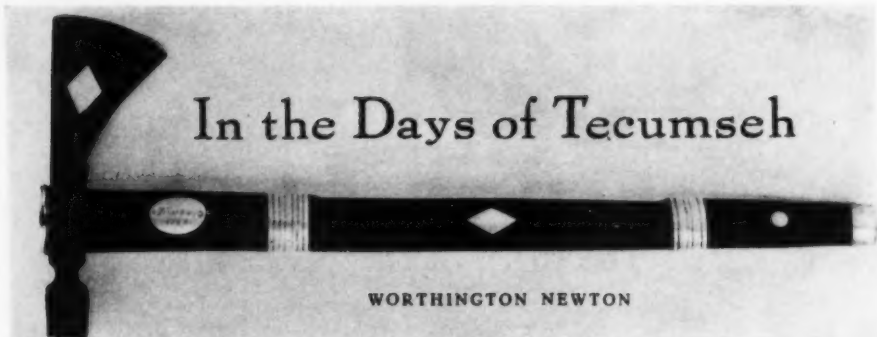
The wise old men pondered long and deep  
Until at last one rose slowly to his feet  
And spoke;  
"The star maiden among us is welcome.  
She may dwell in the branches of the tall pine tree;  
She may live in the breath of the East Wind;  
She may grow in the heart of a flower  
But, my brothers, the choice, the Star Maiden's herself must be."

So the Star-maiden settled first in the petals of a wild mountain-rose and found  
herself lonely;  
Next she chose a bright blooming flower down on the prairie  
But the buffalo herds came crashing by and made her afraid.  
Again she flew upwards and away she soared in order to look out from above;  
And then it was the lake of blue she saw  
With her own form and shadow mirrored on its surface undisturbed;  
Restful and pleasant, clearly her haven she knew  
As gently and so softly down to its bosom she floated.



The white star's choice was made,  
The water lily she became.\*

\* The writer is indebted for the source material on which this poem is based to: "The Legend of the Star Maiden" by Marion E. Gridley (Me-un-ba-tay).



## In the Days of Tecumseh

WORTHINGTON NEWTON

*Mrs. Drake, in her article, "As Long as Grass Grows," which precedes this story, reminds us that the famous Tecumseh once cried out in grief, "Even the trees of the forest have pity on us!" Worthington Newton's historical romance of the old Northwest, which follows, presents Tecumseh as a prominent and dramatic figure*

IN the main room of the stout, log-walled house their chairs were drawn into a semicircle. These five or six experienced Indian fighters and their absorbedly listening wives were all dwellers in this thinly scattered Ohio settlement near the Little Miami River, and upon this May night in the early part of the nineteenth century the matter under discussion was a serious one.

In the middle chair, his hands resting firmly upon his upright cane, his good wife beside him, sat the master of the house, Major Galloway. A man of shaggy gray hair, steel-gray eyes, and hard-closed mouth. The hands upon his cane were tough and sinewy from working and fighting, for in this pioneer life he was no shirker; and he read his worn, beloved volumes of Shakespeare and Milton only when time and circumstance allowed.

He glanced somberly at his pretty fifteen-year-old daughter, Rebecca, who in her green gown sat a little apart from the others. Her hands were folded in her lap, her dark-blue eyes demurely downcast, but the manner of twist of high-piled russet hair with three little ringlets at either side of her face spoke somewhat of frivolity.

His frowning look passed beyond her to the tall-backed chair against the wall.

"Tecumseh sitting time and again in that chair, supposedly visiting with me. And you, Rebecca, instigating mischief all the while!"

"Father! I didn't do a thing. I just sat and sewed by the table."

He looked from side to side at the grave listeners. "Neighbors, this request of Tecumseh's that I give him my daughter for wife, is, as you know, a very serious matter—how to refuse him without bringing all the Shawnees down upon us in revenge for the insult to their tribe. We must find a way out—and before long."

The voice of lean old Jeremiah Donk broke the ensuing silence.

"Ye say he wanted to give 'er fifty broaches of silver?"

"He has already given her two queer silver hair ornaments," said Rebecca's mother, a comely matron in gray gown, with white kerchief crossed on her bosom.

"You should have told me how things were going," growled Galloway. "A pretty time to begin now!"

Rebecca's mother raised her eyebrows. "The child has very little diversion here in the woods. I thought it no harm, James."

"Humph!" He turned severely to his daughter. "Rebecca, state without shilly-shally exactly what Tecumseh said to you upon the subject. What you said to him."

"Yes, Father."

"Begin! Begin!"

"Well—while he was waiting for you sometimes—I thought I would teach him some things."

"She means," said her mother, "that she tried to teach him quotations from Shakespeare."

"Shakespeare! Tecumseh!"

"Yes, Father."

A high titter from stout Mrs. Burch, who

had a very plain daughter. "For mercy sakes! What did you try to teach him?"

Rebecca eyed her coolly. "I taught him, 'This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath——'"

"The devil!" roared Galloway, "'may prove a beauteous flower when next we meet!' Are you crazy, child?"

"He wouldn't really say it all, Father. That or, 'Mislike me not for my complexion.' He couldn't remember them long."

"A Shawnee! A child of mine! Proceed, Rebecca."

"Sometimes I practiced talking Indian with him, but he never talks much. You know how he is, Father."

Her voice was becoming, as she knew so well how to make it, dangerously tearful.

"We're getting nowhere by this nonsense!"

Galloway, who hated tears, turned testily and somewhat uneasily to his friends.

"Neighbors, what do you suggest?"

Anthony Walker drew his fingers through his bristling red beard. "As I understand it, Tecumseh expects you to give him your daughter's answer when he gets back from this council where he's gone with his tribe."

"As he puts it," said Galloway, "after the next moon."

Old Tom Enoch's long, weatherbeaten face looked still longer as he spoke. "Dangerous to even dicker with an Injun where his pride's concerned, much less refusin' him outright."

Galloway brought his cane down with a thump. "You're on the right trail. Some condition made by my daughter to which he won't agree. That gives him the refusal. Saves the Indian pride."

Mrs. Galloway glanced sympathetically at Rebecca, who had bridled somewhat. "No. James. If Tecumseh will agree to the impossible condition, Rebecca will think of it."

"Think of what?" demanded her husband.

"Will think of accepting him. That, when he refuses the impossible condition, leaves the child her own proper pride."

"She'd better be thinking of the Shawnees leaving us our scalps. Well, the result will be the same. Now as to the condition to be named."

A decision was at last agreed upon.

Galloway stated it slowly and emphatically. "If Tecumseh will agree to live in a white man's house, if he will adopt the white man's ways, then my daughter will consider his proposal of marriage."

"He'll never consent," he added. "No Indian, especially no chief would. Friends, I thank you for your help. I believe the situation is saved."

After his neighbors had left he looked suspiciously at his daughter. "Wife, Rebecca must be gotten out of the way. She would be coquetting again and upsetting the whole plan."

"Why, Father!" exclaimed Rebecca.

"Yes, since Senator Worthington and his wife invited her some time ago, we'll send her to them on a visit. She can travel with the Cummins's when they move to Chillicothe next Thursday."

"Well, please, please, Father, don't tell them about Tecumseh."

And so, one morning Rebecca reached Ohio's first capital in the Old Northwest. In that little town, Chillicothe, she was met by the Senator's carriage, and rode up a winding hillside way. The Senator's home, Adena, first stone house built west of the Alleghanies, stood amid wide, stumped lawns on the hilltop. Its square, thick, gray walls enclosed some twenty-three rooms; its two wings sided a broad parterre of shrubs and flowers; a terraced garden was at the east. "Senator Worthington and his wife," thought Rebecca, "seem to have brought Virginia with them."

Upon a certain June afternoon she was standing amid the first terrace of the garden, her slim white dress gleaming against the dark boxwood, the russet ringlets falling about her pretty face. She had again unfolded a stiff, crackling letter; and again she was reading its opening words, "Adored Rebecca."

At the sound of tramping heels she looked up. Lo, before her stood the writer, a fine-appearing young man, George Galloway, booted and spurred and in riding cloak, tall and of gallant bearing.

"I see, Cousin Rebecca," he said after his somewhat formal greeting, "that you have received my letter."

"It was brought this morning."

"I have followed it as soon as possible—come for my answer. May I hope, dearest Rebecca, that—"

A dimple showed in her cheek as she plucked a rose. "Oh, I couldn't think of it." She carefully examined the rose, turning it about.

"Yet, you led me to believe—"

"I?" she interrupted flippantly, still regarding the rose. "Why, long ago I resolved not to marry before having seven proposals. This is only my fifth."

His young face darkened. "I congratulate you upon your success in collecting scalps, Rebecca."

She made a laughing gesture of abhorrence. "If you are going to talk so savagely—" She turned and tripped lightly toward the house. On the threshold she glanced back to where he stood gazing with frowning thoughtfulness across the silent garden.

Rebecca passed through the house to the large, square, shining-floored front hall. Mrs. Worthington, a dignified little blond matron of thirty in sprigged muslin gown, was descending the stairs. As she smiled at Rebecca, a stentorian shout was heard from the south lawn.

"Zeke! Pompey! Somebody come and take my horse!"

"Thomas!" exclaimed his wife. "Why is he riding up from that way?"

She and Rebecca entered the drawing-room to meet him.

Senator Worthington, Ohio's future governor, crossed the broad stone entrance. Tall, blond, broad-shouldered, a smile was in his steady blue eyes as he kissed his wife and nodded pleasantly to Rebecca.

"I came home past Tiffin's," he said. "We rode home together to discuss a certain plan. Ellen, you won't like what I'm going to tell you."

"Oh, Thomas! Nothing about those Indians?"

He drew a chair for her, another for Rebecca, and then seated himself.

"Don't keep me in suspense, Thomas. What is it?"

"Now bear in mind, my dear, that this conference was most important. The threat of an Indian uprising was serious and understandable. No one knew for certain that Captain Herrod was killed by the In-

dians. The killing in retaliation, of Will-A-Way, hunter for Nathaniel Massie, an act of hysterical and unthinking men, was unpardonable. Tiffin's inviting all the influential Indians along the Mad and Maumee rivers to this conference in Chillicothe was the only sensible thing to do. The conference terminated well, but we must do whatever more we can to promote friendliness. Therefore, my plan. We must give a dinner here at Adena for all the chiefs of the tribes represented at the conference. Tahre of the Wyandots, Tecumseh of the Shawnees—"

"Even the Shawnees? Their ferocious Tecumseh? Thomas!"

"You won't find Tecumseh ferocious."

"Oh, I'm sure he's hideous!"

"No, not hideous, by any means. I found him exactly as described by my friend, William Hatch of Colonel Hull's command."

"Well, what is he like?" Mrs. Worthington picked up her knitting and began to work jerkily upon it.

"He is about thirty years old, some five feet nine inches tall, his face rather oval and his nose handsome and straight. His mouth is beautifully formed, like that of Napoleon's pictures. His eyes are clear, transparent hazel with a mild, pleasant expression when in repose or conversation; but Hatch tells me that when Tecumseh is excited, in his orations or when angry, his eyes are like balls of fire. His teeth are beautifully white and his skin more a light brown or tan than red. He is straight-limbed, always stands very erect, and he walks with a brisk, elastic step. At the conference he was dressed in Indian-tanned buckskin, leather-fringed, with a mantle of the same material thrown back over his shoulder. He carried in his belt side-arms, a knife in a strong leather case and a silver-mounted tomahawk, this last, they say, a gift from the French. In fact, he's one of the finest-looking men I've ever seen."

"I couldn't admire him, Thomas," Mrs. Worthington turned her knitting energetically, "not if he were Adonis himself."

"His silver-mounted tomahawk!" said Rebecca musingly.

The eventful day dawned gray and ominous looking. All day Adena was the



"ADENA" NEAR CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, THE HOME OF GOVERNOR THOMAS WORTHINGTON. IT WAS BEGUN IN 1798 AND COMPLETED IN 1806. THE "HUGENESS OF THE UNDERTAKING AND THE DIFFICULTY IN PROCURING MATERIALS" WAS THE CAUSE OF THE LENGTH OF TIME CONSUMED IN BUILDING THE HOUSE, WHICH WAS THE FIRST STONE DWELLING TO BE ERECTED WEST OF THE ALLEGHANIES

scene of untiring activity. In the wide kitchen the freed slaves from Virginia discussed the situation fearfully, as the steaming copper kettle swung from the crane and the haunches of venison browned on the spit. Rebecca smiled to herself as she arranged vases of the reddest roses and peonies throughout the lower rooms. "Indians like red," she thought, "and so do I."

In the state dining-room Mrs. Worthington doubtfully surveyed the long, snow-damasked table with its sparkling array of glass and silver. The best silver—yes. The white-and-gold china and the crystal goblets—no. Even though many of the Senator's white friends would be here also, these fragile treasures must not be risked in Indian hands. Nevertheless, the table was of stately and impressive appearance.

With the waning afternoon the air grew heavier. Just before evening candles were

lighted in the large, murky rooms, until the house was filled with mellow stars of welcome and hospitality. The Senator in ceremonial lavender suit and embroidered white silk waistcoat entered the hall. He compared the time of his thick gold watch with that of the tall clock and, awaiting his guests, slowly and thoughtfully paced the floor. As his wife came down the stairs in her shimmering white satin gown, his eyes met hers with a reassuring smile.

"They will soon be here now, my dear."

"I wish it were over, Thomas!"

Rebecca, in scarlet, tripped down the stairs: "Look!" she cried, her eyes on the window. "The Indians!"

Around the brow of the hill they rode, a line of dusky hues and brilliant color against the somber trees. Against the sharp, rising wind they swiftly crossed the lawn. At the terrace steps they relinquished their

horses to waiting negroes and, single file, advanced up the flagged walk.

Tecumseh, of commanding dignity in his fringed and beaded buckskin, walked at their head. His leather cloak was thrown back across his shoulder; the dark, silver-bound tomahawk glittered in his belt. At back of the encircling red band was his well-known headdress, a black-and-white eagle feather.

Behind him strode Blue Jacket, grim and watchful. Following came Massas, also of the Shawnees; Tahre, the Crane, chief of the Wyandots; next, Pahre, the Panther, chief of the Delawares, his necklace of bear claws showing fiercely against the rough-tanned leather; Roundhead, the fox tails at his heels; other chiefs of equally savage dignity. The first drops of rain were heavily marking the stones as the moccasined feet passed upon them.

Beneath the long porch roof they gravely received and returned the Senator's greeting. Tecumseh's keen look shot past his hostess to Rebecca in her gay scarlet, but he showed no surprise at finding her here.

Behind their host, the Indians silently filed across the hall.

In the great bright-lit drawing-room with its cherry and mahogany, its mirrored Virginia grace, the chairs had been drawn into a large semicircle facing the hall. The windows had been closed and curtains drawn against the imminent storm. At the Senator's hospitable gesture each chief of the unwonted gathering in rough-embroidered deer skin, beaded moccasin, and hawk and eagle plume took his place. To Rebecca came sudden remembrance of another semicircle when she had been one of the main subjects of discussion.

Their host in the middle chair spoke slowly and formally with Tecumseh at his right. Farther down the line his wife sat between two silent, ferocious-looking guests. Opposite her, Rebecca, a radiant flower between two wrinkled braves like autumn leaves, spoke haltingly, her Indian words floating clearly as she glanced at Tecumseh. Again she met his piercing eyes.

A clap of thunder. The rain became heavy against the windows. The knocker resounded and a negro opened the hall door to a group of gentlemen in dripping riding cloaks. As they handed these to

hastening darkies, the Senator rose and, with a bow to his Indian guests, passed into the hall to greet the new arrivals. With them, he entered the drawing-room.

"And there is Cousin George looking at me too," thought Rebecca, "colder and prouder than any Indian."

In the long dining-room, with its many candles shining from the flower-decorated mantel, side tables, dark sideboard of silver-decked plenty, and the high door ledges, they were seated at last about the brilliant table. White and Indian guests were interspersed. At one end sat the Senator behind the mighty haunch of venison, at the other his wife, before her the tall silver coffee urn. At the right of the host sat the grave Tecumseh. Rebecca was far away beside Mrs. Worthington. Awe-stricken darkies moved about serving the plentiful dishes.

The hostess, as she dispensed the coffee, glanced more than once at the stolid-faced chief, Blue Jacket, seated at her right. Blue Jacket of the Shawnees, who might have been here as a white guest. He who, as the boy, Marmaduke van Sweringen, had been captured with his younger brother, and who, on condition that they free his brother, had promised the Shawnees never to try to escape. Now grown into a savage and taciturn chief, nevertheless he and the little lady in shining white satin were cousins—he and Eleanor van Sweringen, now his hostess. By neither was word spoken of their cousinship.

On her part omission through nervous dread that resulted in a regretted oversight. For, as she handed the last steaming cup and took up her fork, Massas of the Shawnees, whose face had been growing steadily darker, sprang up from the table, hand upon his hunting-knife. His nearest companions followed his example, hands upon their weapons.

Tecumseh rose with a sharp commanding question.

Mrs. Worthington whitened as the glowing Massas answered.

"Pale face squaw no coffee me."

Apology was made, the mistake rectified, and the feast proceeded to its close. The rain was slowly abating. The darkies began to swiftly clear the table.

"And now, Rebecca," said Mrs. Worth-



ington in a low tone, "we will leave them to their conference."

The two waited, talking together in the drawing-room. As the rain stopped, Rebecca suddenly went to the window, raised it and opened the low doors beneath.

"I'm going to see how they look in conference."

Before her hostess could speak she disappeared into the night.

Shortly she returned, laughing and somewhat breathless. "It's wonderful—the smoke," she said, "it rolls from the Indians' pipes. The Senator is standing talking. Here and there our white friends lean back in their chairs. The Indians all sit erect. Tecumseh's head with its eagle feather towers through the smoke. The silver of his tomahawk-pipe gleams out of it."

She walked to a little table and stood absently tracing with her finger the eagle head upon a gilded box. "The Indians," she remarked, "are very handsome—some of them."

"Isn't there a certain very handsome white guest here tonight?" asked Mrs. Worthington amusedly but meaningly.

Rebecca tossed a disdainful head. "No one worth noticing."

The conference over, they all gathered in the great hall. Tecumseh paused before his host. He slowly drew the tomahawk from his belt and held it forth to the Senator. Their eyes met for a moment. Worthington with ceremonious dignity took the gift. He looked thoughtfully upon it. His hand met that of the chief in a solemn grasp. Tecumseh turned and passed out into the night over which, after the rain, the moon was slowly rising. One by one the Indians, soft-footed and silent, followed across Adena's threshold.

Rebecca peeped between the curtains as they filed down the terrace. Strange, formidable figures in the moonlight, they mounted and, horse and rider throwing weird shadows across the lawn, rode swiftly toward the dark forest.

She returned to the group beside the stairs. The Senator still held the tomahawk. He and his wife and their remaining guests were examining its silver-banded handle of dark, polished wood, the pipe-bowl at the back of its deadly looking steel-and-silver blade.

"The token of a great man's faith and friendship," said the Senator. "I value the gift."

"May I hold it?" asked Rebecca.

As she stood with it in her hands, silently gazing down upon it, Mrs. Worthington gave her a long, scrutinizing look.

"Thomas," demanded his lady after their guests had left, "did you notice Rebecca's face while she was holding Tecumseh's tomahawk?"

"No. Why?"

"There's something very strange about it all. Impassive as Tecumseh is, there seems some secret understanding between them. You don't suppose that Rebecca would be so wild, so mad, as to fall in love with an Indian?"

"Nonsense, my dear! You are growing more romantic than Rebecca herself."

Still, next morning Mrs. Worthington spoke to Rebecca in a tone of command that she knew well how to use on occasion.

"Rebecca, until the Indians leave Chillicothe, do not go out of sight of the house in your walks. We can not risk your murder or capture."

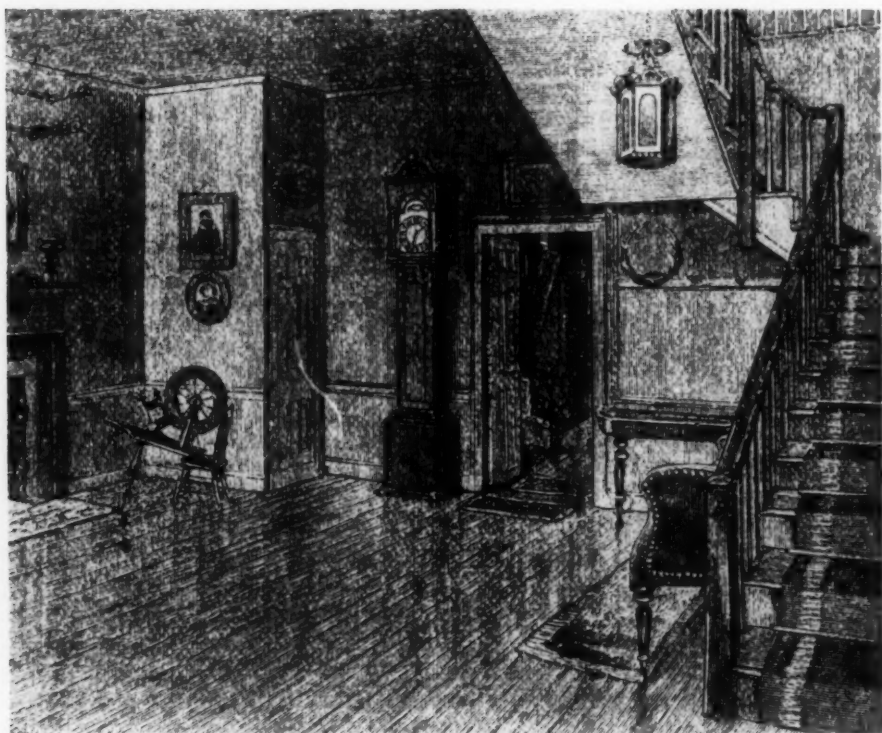
At the end of the week, the Senator announced that the Indians had gone.

"And now," thought Rebecca that morning, as she stood on the brow of the hill, "I may walk a little farther." She paused a moment, looking across the valley. High among the distant hills rose Mount Logan, so lately chosen, when viewed from Adena, to be pictured on the Great Seal of Ohio. The blue Scioto gleamed through the lowlands.

She proceeded down the winding hill-side road, sat on a broad stone beside the way, and dug her small square-buckled shoes into the deep grass. How quiet it was here! She fell to thinking of many things.

Of Cousin George. The rumor that he was soon going to New Orleans. Let him go! What did she care. She hummed a little tune that soon died away into silence. A picture rose before her—a young man gazing frowningly across a silent garden.

Tecumseh, the great chief! How handsome and grand he had looked at the dinner! To be a mighty chief's wife—to ride at his side! Fifty broaches of silver he had offered her—fifty silver ornaments. Bracelets, necklaces—made by Indian hands.



HALLWAY AT ADENA

How a chief's wife might gleam and sparkle with them as she rode!

"He will keep his word—come to Father for my answer before the next moon is over," she thought with a little thrill, half fear, half anticipation, "but he and his warriors are far away from here today. They saw them ride galloping out of Chillicothe."

She caught her breath. Tecumseh on his black horse rode up the hill toward her. Behind him on their rough steeds rode two of his warriors.

Rebecca rose waveringly. Too late to run. "They won't hurt me," she reassured herself. "You must not let Indians see that you are afraid."

Tecumseh raised his hand as command that his warriors halt where they were. He dismounted and, leading his horse, advanced. As he stood before her there was a moment's silence.

He spoke slowly in the English tongue. "I do not wait for your father's words. You be my wife?"

How terrible these three Indians seemed when one was all alone! How strong and fierce Tecumseh looked! Oh, never—never could she be an Indian's wife!

"I—I—do not wish to be a squaw."

His imperious eyes on hers, he again spoke in halting English. "I am Tecumseh. Make you great squaw. Many women shall work for you."

Another silence.

He frowned. "Yes—No?"

"Great chief, my father will give you my answer."

And then she turned and ran desperately up the road.

Tecumseh took two strides after her. He stopped, his eyes still fixed upon her. He turned slowly and sprang upon his horse.

At the brow of the hill she threw back one look. Warriors and chief were disappearing through the trees.

"Suppose he had carried me off!" she gasped.

Never again might she have seen—before her rose the picture of a young man gazing across a silent garden.

She told no one of her meeting with Tecumseh.

Never again might she have seen—"Why do I think of him?" she thought vexedly some mornings later as she glanced across the garden. "Cousin George isn't the only young man in the world."

He was coming that evening, as he sometimes did, on business with the Senator.

How cold and formal their curtsy when Rebecca and he met!

"And yet he cares," thought Rebecca, "for all his high and mighty manner—he cares."

Late that evening George Galloway was standing by the mantel in the hall. His arm rested upon it, a sad, rather bitter expression in his eyes.

In her high-waisted white gown with its forest-green ribbons, she came softly behind him. She hesitated, absently adjusting the little ringlets.

"Good evening."

He turned suddenly. "Good evening." Was it the candlelight that so brightened the flush upon her cheeks?

"I have had six of my seven proposals."

He bowed stiffly. "I congratulate you."

She gave him a confused yet mischievous glance. She walked to the window, dividing candlelight and moonlight, and stood looking far across the lawn to the shadowy woods.

"Not seven," she said, "because—because—only one had the wit to ask me twice."

"Rebecca! You little minx!"

He strode to her side. One arm about her, he cupped her chin in his hand and turned her look from the moonlit mystery of the dark forest to the flash of the home candles.

"Will you marry me, Rebecca?"

"But don't flatter yourself, sir," she said as he drew her russet head against his shoulder, "it wouldn't be seven excepting that twice Tecumseh spoke."

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NOTE: The tomahawk which heads this story was presented to Tecumseh by the French and then to Senator (later Governor) Thomas Worthington by Tecumseh after a conference at Adena in 1807. It is now in the possession of James T. Worthington, eldest great-grandson of Governor Worthington.



## My Prayer

LAURA SPOFFORD WILTSIE LAKE

Dear Lord:

Give me a quiet heart.  
If words are said that make it smart,  
As thou hast known,  
Give me a quiet heart.  
Keep me this day so close to Thee  
That when night comes  
My sleep shall dreamless be.  
Because in secret thou dost give the key  
That quells all fears  
And quenches tears,  
And makes me brave to carry on  
Please, Lord, give wisdom.  
Keep me free from soil of earth,  
From "hatred, malice, all uncharitableness"  
And bound only to Thy mercy.



FROM A WATER COLOR OF A LADY SLIPPER BY MARY VAUX WALCOTT

## Legend of the Lady's Slipper

ROSE JASPER NICKELL

**L**ONG, long ago when only the red man lived on the mountains and plains of New Mexico, when the flowers had not all been named, when some of the flowers there now had not even appeared (for the birth of a flower is a great event in the Land of

the Great Spirit, just as the birth of a papoose is a great event), there lived in the valley of one of the mountain streams a half-nomadic tribe of Indians. The chief of this tribe had a beautiful daughter named Mountain Flower, a slender, grace-

ful maiden with soft black eyes like the heart of the wild sunflowers that bordered the banks of the streams, long smooth braids of blue-black hair, and feet so dainty and shapely as to be distinctly noticeable in any group, especially when clad in the beautiful moccasins for the making of which Mountain Flower was famed and envied by all the maids of her tribe.

Farther up in the mountains, but across a high ridge of towering, rugged cliffs covered with pine, spruce, and balsam, there lived another tribe with more fixed habits of abode. The chief of this tribe had a fine son, Floating Cloud, who at the passing of his father would govern the tribe.

There was an unfriendly feeling between the two tribes. Each accused the other of encroaching on his hunting ground. If a part of their domesticated turkeys disappeared, it was easy enough to believe that the enemy tribe caused the disappearance, although the mountains were full of wolves, bobcats, lions, and many other flesh-eating animals common to the regions of the Southwest.

If one or more of their dogs became mad with rabies, it was caused by an evil spirit evoked by the witches called forth by the other tribe. Or if a skunk became mad and entered boldly into their village (as so often happens to this day), it was the evil one himself in the form of a skunk come to prowl into their homes, learn their secrets, and report them to the enemy.

Thus bitter feelings grew more bitter.

It was known among Mountain Flower's tribe that Floating Cloud looked upon her with much favor. As to the way in which his looks were received by her, that was not known; for the heart of an Indian maid is as difficult to diagnose (especially by a male) as is the heart of her sisters of paler face.

At any rate Chief Brave Bear, her father, decided to take no risks.

One morning as Mountain Flower sat inside the door of her father's part of the communal house, shaping a beautiful pair of moccasins from the soft yellow leather she had tanned, she overheard a conference of Chief Brave Bear and his most valiant warriors. She was lost in a delightful day dream, as she deftly fitted the moccasins to her dainty feet, and would not have been aware of the cause of the

council had she not heard her own name on the lips of a buck whom she thoroughly disliked—Moose Face.

Then she listened.

Moose Face continued: "Floating Cloud means no good. He wants Mountain Flower for his squaw. He cannot have Mountain Flower. Next time I see him, I will put an arrow in his heart. I will hide in the forest, and if he hunts he will not hunt long. He is the one who sends the owl to hoot about our home at night. He sends the evil one, the skunk, to spy on us; this I know."

Here was potent argument. Evil spirits are hard to thwart; knowing the source of them, it is better to begin there.

The chief replied: "We cannot overcome the evil one if more evil is being made and sent to us. We will have to kill the one who causes the evil spirits to come among us and make trouble."

"I am ready," said Moose Face. "I will protect the tribe against his every evil messenger. Neither he nor his vile friends shall live."

"You may have Mountain Flower for your squaw when you have done this," said the chief.

Mountain Flower listened no longer. She remembered that tomorrow Floating Cloud would be walking on their side of the mountain, pretending to hunt; a good excuse for seeing her. The time had been set at their last secret meeting.

Floating Cloud, who loved her, who adored her very footprints, was in danger! He must not cross to their side of the mountain tomorrow as arranged.

She crept through a small opening into an inner room and stumbled against a large earthen jar in which they dropped hot stones and pebbles to cook the beans and corn. It crashed against the grinding rock near by and broke in pieces.

At the sound her mother came quickly but noiselessly into the tiny room.

"What is this?" she cried in a tone of reproof. "We can have no more cooking! You are careless! It was the last vessel of any size we had!"

Mountain Flower stared at the wreckage; then, her eyes illuminated with a new brightness, she exclaimed, "Yes, it is the last one! I will go today to the spring

in the mountain farther up—there get fresh clay and make a new one.”

“Good!” said the mother. “It is good to repair a damage. You had better make many pots. Brave Bear says you are to be the squaw of Moose Face. There will be many things to do—blankets to make, skins to dress.”

Hastily putting parched corn and dried meat into a bag of skin, carrying her blanket in case of sudden change of temperature so common in the mountains, and with her newest, most beautiful moccasins on, she left at once for the spring near which pottery clay could be had in abundance.

She walked swiftly, her eyes aglow with an inner fire. Her small feet flew as she ascended the path winding upward to the clay springs; her heart beat courageously as she sped on a mission far greater than that of making pottery.

Floating Cloud must not cross the mountain tomorrow.

Arrived at the spring she made preparations that would deceive anyone who might have doubt as to her apparent reason for coming.

She gathered twigs and leaves, and in a short time started a fire after the Indian manner of rubbing together two dry sticks. This she coaxed into a blaze and protected by placing a large flat rock on the windward side, while she went to dig guano from the turkey roosts. For here, where water was abundant and insects were plentiful, their turkeys roosted, nested, and raised their young. The guano not only made a much hotter fire for pottery baking (which did not interest her so much now), but also filled the air with a strong unpleasant odor which the mountain breeze would carry down to the pueblo below. This odor was always associated with pottery making, and would be certain proof that she was beginning her task.

She went to the steep bank near by and dug a basket of clay, sat down near the stream, wet the clay, and began molding it into long slender rolls; coiling it round and round, one coil extending a little beyond the other, until a sufficiently large bottom was formed for a vessel. She then wet her hands, pressed the clay firmly and securely together, and smoothed it until one coil was deftly cemented into the other.

Swiftly she worked. At least she would make *one* vessel before going on up the mountain.

At last, when the vessel was finished, she placed it near the fire, drew the guano blocks closer, and left it to bake.

As she rose to her feet she heard the sharp cry of a little turkey and the fearful call of its mother. A great horned owl had flown down near a dense covert of bushes and was engaged in mortal combat with the turkey hen. Quicker than thought Mountain Flower grasped a strong stick and struck the owl dead. With unmixed joy she looked at the evil bird. A good omen, surely, for the success of her trip. She had overcome the first evil that beset her journey.

Taking a deep draft of the clear, cold water rushing from the spring, Mountain Flower started on her long upward climb, over the almost inaccessible wall of rocks, ridges, and sharp peaks separating the Indian pueblos, that she might see and warn Floating Cloud of the danger which threatened and of the impossible arrangement by her father for her to become the squaw of the loathsome Moose Face.

When she walked in the open the hot sun beat down upon her in a smothering blanket of heat in spite of the cool breeze. She tried to stay as near as possible to the stream rushing downward to the plain, as its course would prove most direct. Time and again she came to the foaming water to quench her burning thirst, but always tried to conceal her tracks in the thick carpet of leaves near the stony banks.

Unconscious of the rapid passing of time, she continued her toilsome climb.

She became weak and hungry, but ate sparingly of her food, not knowing how long the supply might have to last.

Her pace slackened. A sharp pain in her foot caused her to gaze startled at one of the tracks she was trying to conceal. The leaves on which she trod were stained with blood. Her feet stung. She looked at her moccasins. They were worn into shreds. The sharp rocks were biting into the tender flesh at every step.

Once, when she had drunk, she sat with her feet in the cooling water for a few moments. But not for long; she must hasten to fulfill her mission, to see that the morrow did not find Floating Cloud on



this side of the mountain. Hope and her great love for him spurred her flagging energies. Every step now seemed torture. She clung to bushes and low-hanging boughs to pull herself upward and relieve the bleeding feet that now left a dull red mark on leaves or stones at every step.

Could she make it? Could she force her torn flesh to further torture on the jagged rocks? Yes! She must! In so doing lay safety for her lover and freedom for herself.

She gathered cooling leaves and bound them about her feet with tough grass blades, but the relief was only momentary. For after the first few steps the grasses broke, the leaves burst, and the bleeding feet were again exposed to merciless stones and brambles over which she climbed.

Slowly, wearily, she gained the height of the divide. Far, far below on another creek born in this same mountain height lay the pueblo of Floating Cloud.

On a shelf of stone she stopped to rest. The blanket, which had been such a burden, now became her great blessing. The sun still lingered on the glittering peaks above her, but had gone from the rocks where she stood. The wind was piercing cold. Numb with weariness, faint from pain, shivering with cold and utter exhaustion, she drew her blanket about her as she crouched on the rocks, unable to go on.

Here Floating Cloud, returning from a day's hunt, found her; and here she told him the danger that threatened. He lifted her in his strong arms to carry her to his pueblo. As he did so the last shreds of the torn and soiled moccasins fell from her feet.

Floating Cloud placed her gently back on the ledge as he lifted the remnant of the moccasins; and as he gazed on them became fully conscious of the love that had impelled his Mountain Flower to risk every danger, brave every peril, that would secure his life and safety.

"I have seen you wear many beautiful garments on your feet, my Mountain Flower," he said, "but never have I seen any so beautiful as these." Opening his hunting shirt he sought to place the token of her devotion near his heart; then, pausing, exclaimed, "No! the Great Spirit brought you. We will leave them here for him."

Quickly he gathered together small stones and erected a crude pile or altar so often seen in the Indian country. On the top he placed the tattered, bloodstained moccasins; then, turning to Mountain Flower, he lifted her tenderly and bore her down the steep mountain side to warmth, comfort, and her new home.

That night Brave Bear asked for Mountain Flower. His squaw replied, "She has gone to make pottery at the clay springs."

"Good," said Brave Bear, "but she should be here tonight."

"She is making much, and will work late," said his squaw. "She has food and her blanket. She will keep her fire all night and work early tomorrow."

But the next day she did not return.

Brave Bear and Moose Face went to find her. There were the remains of the fire. There was the clay, and there at the side of the dead fire a vessel set to bake. Only a few steps away lay the bird of bad omen, dead. His evil spirit had no doubt entered into Mountain Flower, and no telling what or where she was now.

Yes, Floating Cloud must have done it. He had taken her away on the spirit of the bird of ill omen. She had not wanted to go. That was plain. For she had begun to make preparations to be the squaw of Moose Face.

All winter long Brave Bear and Moose Face searched diligently for Mountain Flower. But they never found her. Floating Cloud never came again to hunt on Brave Bear's side of the mountain.

The next spring a new flower was born on the mountain—a dainty, pale-yellow flower shaped like a moccasin. It grew in damp, shady places, unsuspected nooks, sequestered spots, never more than two in the same place. It was seldom found by searching for it, but quite accidentally revealed peeping out from among thick leaves as if trying to conceal itself.

The palefaces called it "Lady's Slipper."

But the Indians know it as "Mountain Flower's Moccasin," for inside the opening of the little shoe one always finds spots of red—red like the bloodstains left on the leaves by her bleeding feet as she climbed upward through the most-hidden passes of the mountain, to carry a warning of danger to her lover, Floating Cloud.



REPRODUCTION OF THE PICTURE OF THE SHAWNEE MISSION—NOW CELEBRATING ITS CENTENNIAL—WHICH APPEARS ON PLAYING CARDS AND POST CARDS NOW BEING ISSUED TO BRING THIS OLD LANDMARK BEFORE THE PUBLIC

## The Story of Shawnee Indian Mission

RUTH E. RILEY

**D**O you remember the ancient in Jeffery Farnol's book, "The Broad Highway," who wanted to live until he had seen rust waste away the big iron staple in the haunted house? I was reminded of him not long ago when we visited Shawnee Indian Mission, founded in 1830 by the Methodist Episcopal Church at Turner, and later moved to Kansas City.

The little snowy-haired wife of the caretaker had shown us through the one building open to the public, and up to the great attic which served as a sleeping room for Indian boys who came to the Mission school. She called our attention to the hand-made laths exposed by the breaks in the plastering, and the great beam running down the center of the floor, its upper surface showing plainly the marks of the tools used in shaping it by hand.

A narrow stairway with equally narrow steps connects the attic and second floor. The steps are of walnut. Two rooms at the north and two on the south are separated from the rest of the second floor by

wide hallways. These rooms were used as schoolrooms for children of the Mission workers. The south rooms were reserved for boys. They have been partly refurnished. The girls' rooms on the north have been refurnished by the Colonial Dames, and one sees some interesting old furniture there. Large cupboards flank the fireplaces in each room.

The remainder of the large second story has been furnished in modern style, with davenport and other comfortable seats. It is evidently used as a club room for members of the various historical societies that have taken such interest in the work of restoring the Mission. Some few pieces of old furniture are to be seen here, and no doubt more will be added from time to time. This large room was once partitioned into smaller rooms, which served as school rooms, and, at times, as living quarters for Mission workers.

The stairways between the second and first floors are wide with broad steps. The ground floor is partitioned exactly like

that above. A wide hallway divides the chapel from the two rooms on the south, used as religious schools for the Indian boys, and the two on the north which served the same purpose for Indian girls. Entering the building, you pass down the hall by the doors of the girls' rooms, which are beautifully furnished, with a nice eye for detail, in accordance with the period the Mission did service. This was done by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The museum is filled with many relics, the greater part of which are things used by pupils and workers of the Mission. Just inside the door is a great iron kettle hung by heavy chains from a tripod of poles. In this kettle much cooking was done, and soap made for the use of the Indians. In the center of the room hangs the iron bell used to call students and folks of the Mission to school and prayer.

An amusing thought tickles your fancy concerning the sounds which once were heard in the old chapel, and you sober yourself by sitting down in one of the stiff-looking old pews, which prove to be more comfortable than they lead one to expect.

The Bible used by the first principal, Reverend Thomas Johnson, lies yet on the pulpit where it gave service. On the wall back of it hangs a plate which reads: "To Reverend Johnson, who was head and voice of the Methodist Shawnee Mission, pioneer preacher, educator, and advancer of civilization in a new and vast domain."

It was in September of 1830 that the Methodist Episcopal Church formed a missionary society at St. Louis and the matter of work among the Indians was taken up, the Shawnee nation probably being considered first. Some time during the next year Reverend Thomas Johnson was put in charge of this work in what is now Wyandotte County, Kansas. He and his bride came there, she on their horse and he on foot. They carried on the Mission work in spite of great difficulties.

In 1838 the Mission was moved to its present location, now 52d Street and Mission Road, Kansas City, Kansas. The school was not limited to Shawnee children alone. Among the pupils were children from the Pawnee, Cheyenne, Sioux, Wyandot, and other tribes. Later, white

children from the community also attended the school.

Reverend Johnson seems to have managed the funds allotted the school in a businesslike manner, and overlooked no matter which might aid it in a financial way. The government set aside two thousand two hundred and forty acres of fine land for the use of the church in operating the school. The crop report for the first year shows that five hundred bushels of potatoes, four hundred bushels of oats, two thousand bushels of wheat, and three thousand five hundred bushels of corn were produced. The twelve acres of apple trees was the first orchard in Kansas. Shawnee Indian men made over forty thousand rails to be used in fencing.

In time there were sixteen buildings at the Mission, besides some sheds and barns. Reverend Johnson was justly proud of what had been accomplished.

He devoted himself to his work until his health broke under the strain. In 1843 he was compelled to retire for a time for rest and medical treatment, leaving the affairs of the Mission in the capable hands of Reverend Jerome Berryman. In 1847 he was again at the head of the Mission, or Indian Manual Labor School, as it had been named since moving to the present location.

The 1850's brought the growing national problem concerning slavery into the affairs of the Mission. The Methodist Episcopal Church divided. The Mission was allotted to the Methodist Church South. Reverend Johnson, a Virginian by birth, naturally adhered to the viewpoint of the South.

During the controversy as to whether Kansas should enter the Union as free or slave state, it was impossible for the Mission to remain neutral.

The first territorial governor appointed, Andrew Reeder, established his headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, but soon transferred them to the Mission. Thus it became the first territorial capital of Kansas.

Governor Reeder attempted to locate the capital near Pawnee, now Fort Riley Military Reservation.

The legislature assembled, but objected to the location, and adjourned to meet later at the Mission, which thus became the capital of the territory a second time.

The legislature met in the building which houses the museum. Rough men came there, swearing, drinking, determined that Kansas should be a slave state. The quiet, peaceful days of the Mission were over. Immigrants came to the territory, some desiring slavery, some opposing it. There was fighting. Bad white men provided the Indians with whisky. Neither the church nor the government was able to give as much financial aid as before.

Reverend Johnson did everything humanly possible to carry on the work. He advanced the school his personal possessions; but this was not enough. The Indians made a treaty in 1854 which disposed of much of their land to the government. Gradually attendance at the school decreased. In 1864 it was abandoned.

On the night of January 2, 1865, Reverend Johnson was shot down by a remnant of Quantrell's men, as he stood in the door of his home at the Mission, having come there in answer to their calls. They had engaged him in conversation a few moments, pretending to inquire the way to Westport. He managed to close the door and lock it before falling. In a short time he was dead.

The men outside made two attempts to set the building on fire. Both times Mrs. Johnson ran out and extinguished the fire, showing no fear of the men. When they learned that her husband was dead, they mounted their horses and rode away.

The building where Reverend Johnson was murdered stands across the lawn to the west of the big school and chapel. It is not open to the public, and is used as a home for the caretaker. It originally served as living quarters for the workers at the Mission. One other building remains of the original sixteen. This is the Female Seminary, built during the time Reverend Berryman was in charge. It stands across the highway to the north.

On the great lawn, which has wonderful landscaping possibilities, stand two large signboards from which I should like to quote:

"The Female Seminary: This building was erected in 1845 by the Reverend Jerome Berryman, then Superintendent of Shawnee Mission. It was the female ward, also dormitory, and residence of Superinten-

dent. July 12, 1855, Governor Andrew Reeder established the executive offices of Kansas Territory in this building. They remained here to February 22, 1856. Union troops quartered in this building in Civil War. General Price tried to capture it in his famous raid, October 1864, and a battle was fought in this valley."

The other sign reads:

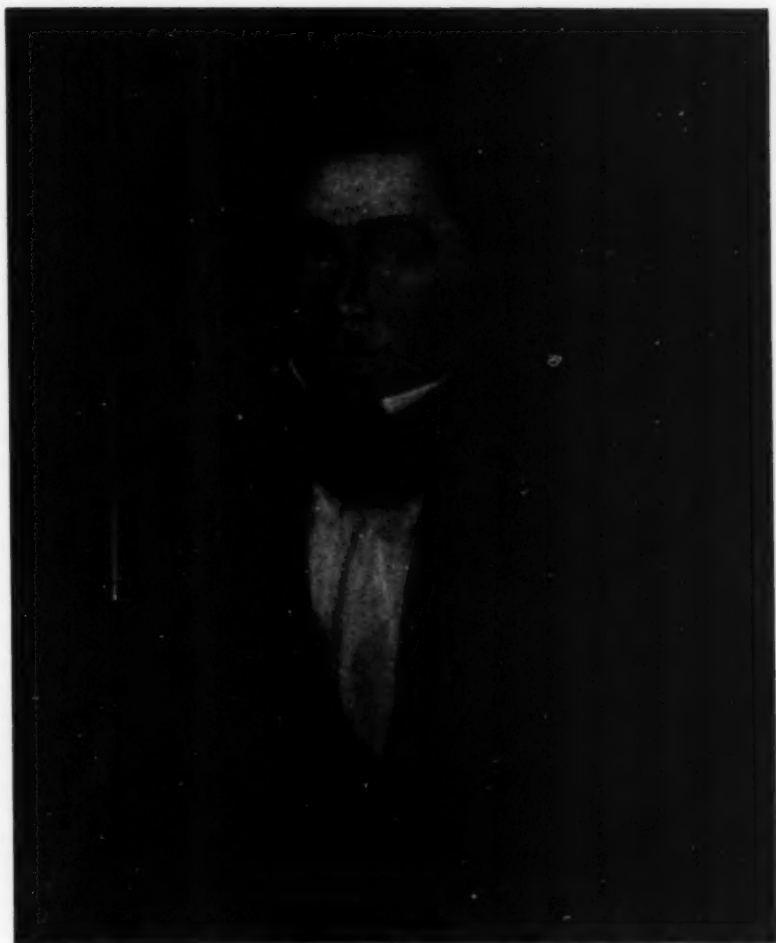
"These three buildings and twelve acres are what remain of the Mission and schools which once comprised more than 2000 acres and sixteen buildings, including mills, shops, and factories. Largest and most important western mission, founded 1830 by the Reverend Thomas Johnson for the Methodist Episcopal Church, it also became known as the Shawnee Indian Manual Labor School. The outpost of Christianity and civilization in the west. This road part of old Santa Fe and Oregon trails. In 1846 troops for War with Mexico marched by. Caravans to Mexico, and thousands of covered wagons bound for Oregon and California passed its doors. One hundred thousand Forty-niners went by. It was the capital of Kansas Territory November 24, 1855 to February 22, 1856. The first Territorial Legislature met here in 1855, and passed the Slave Code for Kansas. It was the scene of border warfare. Union troops were quartered here during the Civil War. It was part of the battlefield of the Price raid, October 1864.

"Acquired by the State of Kansas, 1927."

It required the united efforts of the Shawnee Mission Association, the Kansas State Historical Society, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Society of Colonial Dames to bring about the legislation necessary for an appropriation to buy the old Mission and turn it into a memorial. This was finally done on the last night of the final session of the Kansas State Legislature for 1927.

Kansas City has grown out to the old Mission. A golf course borders the yard of the Female Seminary. The little graveyard just south of the Mission grounds, where Reverend Johnson and his wife are buried, is adjoined by modern houses.

Surely it would be worth while to make great effort to preserve this historical background for the delight and instruction of generations to come.



*From a portrait by Benjamin West. Photo by Calvin Cox*  
GREENWOOD LEFLORE, AT ABOUT THE TIME HE SIGNED THE TREATY OF  
DANCING RABBIT CREEK

## Union Man

### The Strange Story of Greenwood Leflore, Chief of the Choctaws

*By a remarkable coincidence, two excellent articles about the same extraordinary man were submitted to the editor almost simultaneously, and with the permission of the respective authors she has combined these, making only slight changes to avoid duplication*

ELIZABETH PALMER MILBANK and FRANK SMITH

A COMBINATION of Indian history and romance lies in the story of Greenwood Leflore, great chief of the Choctaw Nation and at one time outstanding in current American history as a Union Man living in the heart of the embattled South.

Greenwood, Leflore County, Mississippi—both town and county are named in honor of the Choctaw chief—is one of the oldest towns in the state. It was incorporated in 1844, but previous to that it was known as Williams Landing and was located on an

Indian reservation that later became the property of the white man.

For centuries the Choctaws ruled this region, and here Greenwood Leflore was born June 3, 1800. His father, Louis Leflore, was a French-Canadian trader who moved to Mobile in 1792, and who carried on a thriving trade with the Indians and established trading posts, the most important of these being Leflores Bluff, now the city of Jackson. In the course of his trading, Leflore met and married Rebecca Cravat, a beautiful Indian girl, niece of the eloquent and mighty Apushmataha, greatest of the Choctaw chieftains. Their first baby was named Greenwood.

In 1812 the family moved to a point on the Natchez Trail in Choctaw County, and opened a tavern. In those days mail was handled by overland stage under the supervision of Major Donly of Tennessee. The Major took a fancy to young Greenwood and persuaded him to go to Nashville and attend school, taking him into his own family. Major Donly had a daughter, Rosa, two years younger than the lad, and romance soon stepped in. Leflore went to his benefactor and asked for permission to marry Rosa, who was fifteen. Donly turned him down with the excuse that they were too young, with an inward smile at the seriousness of love in the young Indian.

Several weeks later, when the love-stricken youth and the Major were in the midst of a conversation, Leflore lured Donly into airing his pet theories.

"If you were in love with a girl, and her parents objected to your marrying her, what would you do?"

The Major unthinkingly replied, "Why, I would marry her first and then tell her parents."

Within an hour Greenwood had married Rosa and reported back to her father that he had followed his advice!

Major Donly forgave the truants, and kept them under his protection until Leflore's studies were completed, when he returned to his people in Mississippi and was elected chief at the age of twenty-one. On accepting the leadership of his tribe he was given the title of colonel. The President of the United States, Andrew Jackson, presented him with a sword and a silver medal in token of the friendly rela-

tions existing between the United States Government and the Choctaws.

Leflore immediately installed a progressive system of government, designed to save the many admirable traits of the civilization of his tribe, which was probably the most advanced of any in the South.

One of the government Indian agents was discovered to be flagrantly dishonest in his dealings with the Choctaws. Leflore protested to President Jackson and asked for the agent's removal, but the man in question happened to be a valuable political ally of "Old Hickory" and he did not order the removal, despite repeated protests. When it became evident that nothing was going to be done about the matter, Leflore ordered his carriage prepared for a trip to Washington. He was granted an immediate interview with the President. Standing in full regalia, his plume waving high, he presented a long list of grievances against the unwanted agent.

The Tennessean, always quick to anger and used to having his way, listened to the complaint with mounting fury. At its conclusion, he arose from his seat in majestic fierceness and cried, "I, Andrew Jackson, president of the United States, know this man to be an honest gentleman." The unruffled young Choctaw chief retorted, "I, Greenwood Leflore, chief of the Choctaw Nation, know him to be a damned rascal." The agent was dismissed a few days later.

Leflore remained chief until after the consummation of the Dancing Rabbit Treaty—signed in 1830 on the bank of Dancing Rabbit Creek—wherein the Indians in that part of the country were sent to Oklahoma Territory, where they were promised care and protection "as long as grass grows and rivers flow."

By 1830 the desire of the white man for the rich lands in the territory of the Choctaws had reached the point where the government was ready to take them by force if necessary. Few of the Indians would believe this, however, for their tribe had never taken up arms against the white man except as the ally of the United States in the War of 1812, and they expected friendly treatment from their old ally. Leflore realized the temper of the white man, though, as he rode to the meeting ground on the bank of Dancing Rabbit Creek with the op-



pressive knowledge that he was about to see the death of his nation.

The United States was represented by Secretary of War Eaton and Colonel John Coffee. Six thousand Choctaws and seven of the oldest squaws, all in full Indian dress except Leflore, seeming to realize the significance of the occasion, accompanied their chiefs to the meeting. The proposed treaty required the Choctaw nation to cede to the United States all of its lands east of the Mississippi, in return for which it would be granted a reservation in what is now Oklahoma.

At one stage of the Indians' negotiations, their actions became so alarming that Major Eaton sent word to Leflore to disarm them. The haughty chief felt this an indication of distrust and sent back the message, "Come yourself and disarm them."

After the reading of the treaty, more than two-thirds of the Indians present indignantly left the meeting ground, unalterably opposed to the document and confident that it would fail. Among the minority that remained was a small group that favored the treaty, but only because its acceptance was the only way in which the nation could be held together. At the suggestion of Leflore, the treaty was amended to make it possible for Choctaws who wished to remain in Mississippi to register and be granted lands in the state. But the remaining Indians refused to approve this.

After the rebuff, Secretary Eaton made the final threat. He told the assembled braves that if they continued to live in Mississippi they would be driven from their homes and hunting grounds, forced to live as paupers and beggars in a land ruled by the white man, and that the Choctaw nation would cease to exist.

The threat cowed even the most patriotic of the full-blooded chiefs. The treaty was signed, and the United States broke the solemn pledge made to Apushmataha by Jackson himself, that the remaining lands of the Choctaws in Mississippi would never be taken from them. When a large majority of the tribe showed its resentment of the treaty, ratified through Leflore's influence, he dramatically bared his breast to them, exclaiming, "Yes, I signed the treaty. Kill me if you wish!"

The agent appointed to register the Indians, five thousand in number, who elected to remain in the state with land grants, was

a drunken thief who completely disregarded the rights of his charges. Leflore's protests about his conduct went unheeded. The Choctaws, seeing their land taken from them by the treaty, and the very provisions of the hated document violated in discrimination against them, now turned against their young chief. The fact that he was one of the very few Indians who actually did receive land grants had not added to his standing. He had returned to his home, sad and depressed, but in recognition of his services the government made him a wealthy man. Fifteen thousand fertile acres, four hundred slaves, sawmills, steamboat and commercial establishments comprised the bulk of his fortune.

Leflore desired a home and wished, as he said, "to show the white people what an Indian can do." In place of his log cabin he built a palace in the heart of a forest on the hills, reached by a plank road. Built in 1854, the house stands as Leflore left it when he died fifty years ago.

The original house grounds consisted of a thousand acres of bluegrass and magnificent trees. The house is two stories high, topped by a cupola. Galleries surround it on three sides; balconies are swung under high pillars. Wide doors overhung with fan-shaped windows lead into a wide hall which runs both ways in the house and has a double staircase with heavy walnut banisters. At each side of the front doors are narrow paneled doors which, when opened, disclose gun closets. There are twelve rooms and an outside kitchen where meals were prepared in brick ovens and kettles hung on heavy cranes. Two hundred guests have been entertained at one time in the stately dining rooms, and in the yard are two large guest houses.

A question as to the original cost of Malmaison brings the answer that Leflore kept count only until it reached thirty thousand, an amazing sum in those days. It was built by one James Harrison, who, in his idle moments, courted Leflore's oldest daughter.

When the house was finished, Harrison was asked, "What do I owe you?" He replied, "Your daughter, Rebecca!" He not only got his price, but, with her, four thousand acres of land and two hundred negroes, the dowry given each child; and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp.



MALMAISON, AS IT IS TODAY

*Photo by Calvin Cox*

Leflore's education had been finished in France, where he developed a great sympathy for the Empress Josephine, who lived at Malmaison. Because of this feeling for her, he later named his own estate Malmaison, even though it signified "house of sorrows"; and in it he put the beautiful things of France.

The house was elaborately decorated under special orders executed in Paris. The Duchess of Orleans, seeing the furniture when completed, endeavored to purchase it. Unable to do so, she, with the consent of Leflore, had it duplicated. Leflore paid seven thousand dollars, and seven hundred dollars duty, for a set of solid mahogany upholstered in rich-red brocade, still in good condition although it was subjected to heavy service during years of lavish entertaining.

Heavily carved cornices finish the fourteen-foot ceilings of the huge rooms. In the parlor, around the doors and windows, are panels finished in diamond dust which glitters bravely when the prisms chande-

liers and candelabra are lit. Also unique are the window shades of silk parchment, on which, in rich coloring, are hand-painted portrayals of French scenes, the four windows representing Malmaison, Versailles, St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau. The carpets are of red velvet. There are handwoven rugs, a square piano, and chairs of the Napoleon period.

Leflore was married three times. His second wife, Elizabeth Cody, of Cherokee extraction, was a cousin of Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill." His third wife, Priscilla Donly, was a sister of his first wife.

Before many years had passed Leflore had gained the position of being one of the great cotton planters in the state, with fifteen thousand acres of cotton land in Mississippi and vast holdings in other parts of the South. He was elected to the legislature, and while serving there was the hero of an amusing episode: It was the current custom of many of the young dandies to exhibit their knowledge of the classical

languages by filling their speeches with long quotations in Latin. Finally, some began to go so far as to make entire speeches in Latin. One day, Colonel Leflore, as he was now known, rose before his startled colleagues and delivered an hour-long oration in Choctaw. There was a sudden termination of the Latin speeches!

Leflore lived a few miles west of the old town of Carrollton, and shipped his cotton south to Vicksburg and New Orleans by way of the Yazoo River. The shipping point was a settlement called Williams Landing, named after the man who owned the warehouse where the cotton was stored pending shipment. One day a large consignment of the Colonel's cotton was brought to the warehouse, but there was no room to store it inside and Williams had it dumped on the muddy river bank. When Leflore received a bill for the storage of the cotton at the same rates charged for the bales on the inside, the last straw was added to the mounting fire of his anger. He determined to break Williams and wipe out the town of Williams Landing.

Three miles above the town, where the Tallahatchie and Yalobusha rivers meet to form the Yazoo, he bought an entire town site and named it Point Leflore. He set up a large sawmill and made the lumber to build first a warehouse, and then a church, post office, school, and residences. To connect the town with his home and the surrounding hills, the Colonel built a turnpike at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. For a few years Point Leflore appeared headed for the prosperous existence its founder had hoped for, but the irony of fate would not allow this. Today, Point Leflore does not exist, and Williams Landing has become the city of Greenwood in the county of Leflore.

Included in the terms of the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek was the requirement that an oath of allegiance to the United States should be taken. Having thus sworn, Greenwood Leflore felt that it was his sacred duty to maintain that allegiance. His whole personal life and fortune were interwoven with the economy and philosophy of the South, but he was a staunch backer of Unionism all through the dark days that led to the formation of the Confederacy. People who had once been close friends became bitter enemies. More than

once the stern dignity of the old Colonel repulsed would-be assassins, and once the slaves barely succeeded in putting out a fire started by vandals in the east wing of Malmaison. One stormy night the Confederate General Featherstone dispatched his orderly to Colonel Leflore with the request that lodging be provided for him and his staff.

"Tell General Featherstone," said the proud old chief, "that I will entertain him as an old friend and one that I esteem highly, but it must be distinctly understood, not as a Confederate soldier."

Featherstone and his staff donned civilian clothes and spent the night in all the regal comfort that the poverties of war had left for Malmaison.

The war came to a close in 1865, with triumph for the forces of the Union, but it was no triumph for Greenwood Leflore, who had remained true to the Union cause where it was hardest to do so. His health was broken, most of his fortunes were gone, and his Choctaw brethren still looked upon him with distrust. The armies of the Union that he had upheld had burned his crops while they were in possession of that section of Mississippi.

Seated on the broad veranda of his beloved Malmaison, wrapped in the flag that had become sacred to him, and looking out over the broad fields that he had cleared from virgin forests, the proud old Choctaw died with the death of the plantation civilization in which he had been a dominant figure. The Union was restored, and he had kept the faith as he understood it.

Congress has passed a bill authorizing the two thousand Choctaw Indians in Mississippi to sue the government for the settlement of the century-old claims they have as a result of the failure of the United States to live up to the agreement it made with their ancestors at the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek. The resulting suits may rescue the Choctaws from some of the poverty that is theirs on an oil-less Indian reservation, but it will not right the wrongs caused by breaking the terms of the treaty. Neither will it restore the good repute of the man who signed the document for the Indians, only to have his name placed at the head of the great villains in Choctaw history as his reward for saving them from possible annihilation by the whites.

# The Ballad of Lewis Wetzel

(1764-1808)

GLEN BAKER

*My parents came from sturdy stock,  
They were tall brown people and merry,  
With the keen eyesight of the soaring hawk  
And lips like the redhaw berry.*

*Horny-handed folk inured to toil,  
They marched in the pioneer legion  
To carve a home from the virgin soil  
Of Virginia's farthestmost region.*

*And I was born on the Wilderness Road  
In a tawny sunlit clearing,  
I cut my teeth on an oxen goad  
And had a backwoods rearing.*

*And I remember the cabin there  
In the clearing on the Big Wheeling,  
The coarse but wholesome pioneer fare  
And the herbs that hung from the ceiling.*

*And childhood years when days were long  
And the first spring winds were blowing,  
My mother humming an old Welsh song  
As my father bent to his hoeing.*

*And then one day the Indians came  
With their inhuman yells and laughter,  
And our cabin blazed with rifle flame  
And smoke went up to the rafters.*

*But the walls were staunch and the red men fled  
And the days flowed on as before,  
Till I grew too tall for a trundle bed  
And slept on the puncheon floor.*

*And so I came to my tall manhood  
With a woodsman's knowledge and daring,  
And so with a rifle for livelihood  
I started my forest faring.*

*And once as I turned the homeward way  
I crossed the trail of some savages,  
And hurried on through the dying day  
Sensing a scene of red ravages.*

*And when I came to the clearing there  
Where the patch of maize was greening,  
I saw my mother tearing her hair  
And waking the woods with her keening.*

*And my father's form so still and cold  
With the riven skull that was hairless,  
All that remained of a loved household  
Shattered by red hands and careless.*

*And over the grave we dug that night  
In the raw rich frontier clay,  
I swore an oath to harry and blight  
The red race by night and day.*

*I swore it there as the forest gloomed  
Forbidding and dark in its silence,  
A savage oath that forever doomed  
Us all to a life of violence.*

*And many a red brave homeward bound  
From the latest scene of his pillage  
Heard in the forest a moaning sound  
And died within sight of his village.*

*For thus I played on the red man's fear  
As I blew through my rifle bore,  
Warning him when his end was near  
With the Deathwind of border lore.*

*And down the years I kept my vow  
Till the red tribes, westward turning,  
Left this valley to settler and plow  
And freedom from pillage and burning.*

*And time rolled on and my breath was stilled  
And they laid me away to the long rest,  
But even in death my spirit willed  
To continue on with the long quest.*

*So still I follow the trail of the braves  
And wraithlike still I go stealing  
Over the lands the Ohio loves  
From Cincinnati to the Big Wheeling.*

*And on autumn nights when dark winds carol  
And thunderstorms roll and rally,  
You can hear me blow through my rifle barrel  
The length of the Ohio Valley.*



1539—HORSES BROUGHT TO THE NEW WORLD

*Horses had been extinct in the New World since prehistoric times when the Spaniards introduced the forefathers of the modern horse. The explorer Hernando De Soto probably brought over the first horses that had set foot on the soil of the present United States when he landed his favorite mount Aceituno from a caravel*

## Highways of History

THE HISTORY OF OUR HIGHWAYS as they grew from primitive Indian trails into high-speed automobile roads tells the story of our civilization as it marched westward from the Atlantic to the Pacific past mountain, desert, and forest barriers, and left in its wake great industrial cities in place of scattered log-cabin settlements. The story of this four centuries of transportation development in America is told in the "Highways of History" exhibit prepared by the Bureau of Public Roads for the Golden Gate Exposition opening in February at San Francisco. The exhibit is a sequence of thirty-five dioramas which, in highlighting the conquest of distance, tell much of the story of the march of civilization.

Through the courtesy of this department, we have been enabled to make selections for reproduction from these dioramas which we will use as a series of special pictorial sections. The first installment appears herewith.



This series will be continued next month. The book entitled "The Romance of American Transportation," by Franklin M. Reck, reviewed in this issue (p. 95), throws further light on this remarkable phase of our progress







1679—NIAGARA FALLS PORTAGE—LA SALLE

*Seventy years rolled by. Now French explorers in search of a direct route to China traveled overland from one river to another. Here stand Robert Cavalier Sieur de La Salle and his bosom companion Franciscan Father Membre on the portage path around Niagara Falls on their way to the Mississippi River*



1760—TOBACCO-ROLLING ROAD

*Tobacco was the money crop of Colonial America. Southern planters rolled hogsheads filled with the precious weed from field warehouses over tobacco-rolling roads to the river landings for shipment to the English mother country far across the sea. The rope in the hands of the negro was used as a brake*



1776—NEW YORK-PHILADELPHIA ROAD

*The Flying Machine was the first attempt at rapid transportation in the British Colonies in North America. Two days of hard driving were required to cover the ninety-mile distance from Philadelphia to the Paulus Hook Ferry, now Jersey City. The stage made the trip twice a week*



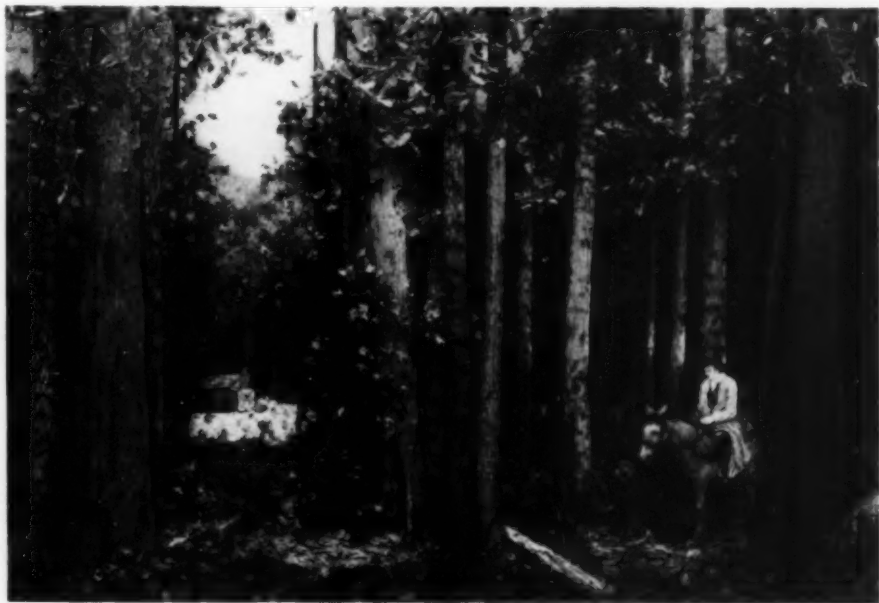
1774—BOONE'S WILDERNESS ROAD

*For a century and a half the British settlements in America were confined to a strip of land one hundred and fifty miles wide along the Atlantic seaboard. Then just before the Revolutionary War courageous Daniel Boone began the westward movement over his Wilderness Road through the Cumberland Gap across the Alleghany Mountains*



1795—PHILADELPHIA-LANCASTER PIKE

*Chaotic economic conditions following the War of the American Revolution delayed the beginning of organized road improvement. In 1795 a privately owned toll company finished the first extensive broken-stone surface in this country on the sixty-two-mile Philadelphia-Lancaster Pike. The hospitable Eagle Tavern was fourteen miles from the Quaker City*



1809—NATCHEZ TRACE

*Just before the Louisiana Purchase, Congress ordered opening of the Natchez Trace from Nashville, Tennessee, to Natchez on the Mississippi. Over this path flatboatmen traveled homeward after floating their laden craft down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. Here at Griner's Tavern Governor Meriwether Lewis of Louisiana lost his life in 1809*



1814—COASTWISE TRAVEL—TRENTON BRIDGE

*The infant highway system was overtaxed during the War of 1812, when the British blockade bottled coastwise sailing packets in the harbors. The freight business between New England and the South was transferred to the Conestoga wagons, which with carts and coaches rumbled over the Delaware River bridge at Trenton, New Jersey*



1822—SANTA FÉ TRAIL

*The Santa Fé Trail from the western frontier of the United States at Independence, Missouri, was the first of the overland roads to the Far West. At the starting point near the Missouri River the traders tightened their steel wagon tires in preparation for the long journey across the plains*

# City of Faith

MARGARET CURTIS MCKAY

*Illustrations by Mary Eleanor Browning*

*(Continued from February issue)*

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT

IN 1848, Anne Guillotte, a young girl of seventeen, with her little brother whose greatest treasure is a gray kitten, accompanies her father and his two business partners when they embark at New Orleans with the intention of engaging in the Santa Fe trade. Arriving at Westport Landing, they find that the spring caravan has already left for Santa Fe. Procuring a prairie schooner, mules, teamsters, and cook, they attempt to overtake the caravan which has four days' start. At Diamond Spring, just as they are within a day's journey of catching up with the caravan, the little party is attacked by a band of Pawnee Indians. All are killed except Anne and the kitten. The Indians, while conveying Anne—unconscious from a blow on the head—to their chief as a trophy of conquest, succumb to the lure of several cases of whisky found in the captured wagon. While they are in a drunken stupor around a camp fire, Anne regains consciousness, realizes her peril, and, taking the kitten, starts out across the prairie, which stretches away illimitable under the night sky.

ALL night long the stars cast a sheen upon the prairie spread out below like a far-flung, immeasurable breadth of black velvet. The frosty light played over the long, irregular line of cottonwoods waving their dark plumes, and glimmered on the canvas tops of the caravan wagons where they formed an ellipse enclosing an inert mass of drowsing cattle. Gradually the starshine lost its silvery radiance in the dull gray of early dawn.

At the first pale glimmer of orange on the eastern horizon a cry rang out clear and sharp.

"Turn out! Turn out!"

Instantly the caravan was the scene of wild confusion. Oxen plunged about, tossing their horns in a vain attempt to elude the yoke. Horses reared and snorted, dodging this way and that. Men shouted and cursed, wagon tongues creaked, chains rattled.

Benjamin Shoemaker stretched his lean young body reluctantly. He had been standing guard from ten o'clock to one. It

seemed as if he had scarcely closed his eyes—and now it was dawn and time to get up.

"Well, Ben, we've still got our scalps!" exclaimed a cheerful voice beside him. Fred Blake was already rolling up his blanket. He was a solidly built man of thirty, with red hair and wide-open blue eyes. This was his second trip across the plains, and he felt qualified to give advice to this young greenhorn.

"Better get a move on," he said, "or your horse'll make wolf meat yet!"

Ben scrambled to his feet. His fiery little mare, Jezebel, was always hard to catch, and if he didn't manage to capture her before the corral was broken up he might have to walk the rest of the way to Santa Fe. He approached the mare, where she stood tossing her head and shuffling her feet in the midst of the melee of oxen and men. He reached out a cautious hand toward her halter. She stood very still, a wicked look in her eye, until his hand was within an inch of the strap, then, jerking her head sidewise, she reared suddenly, wheeled and plunged through an opening between two wagons.

Ben shouted, "Hi! Stop that horse!" and raced after her. Two or three Mexican cavvyards, who were already mounted and rounding up the loose stock, heard him and saw his predicament. A rope twirled high in air, shot out—and Jezebel's taste of freedom was abruptly ended.

"Thank you, Carlos—you're a wonder," Ben said gratefully, as the Mexican lazily rewound his lasso into a loose coil. "You jade, you!" he added, addressing the mare. Seizing her firmly by the halter, he leaped on her back and rode off to reclaim his sleeping blanket and saddle.

A few hasty fires had been built to heat coffee, but little else was cooked that morning. Food was getting scarce. The last day or two there had been some grumbling among the men. Today, however, all were

in good spirits, for they were on the threshold of the buffalo country where game was plentiful.

Fred rode up to Ben. "How about a run?" he asked. "We might sight some meat, though we're still a good bit east of the big herds."

"It's just what Jezebel needs," answered Ben, "a good gallop to work off steam. She didn't travel far or fast enough yesterday."

The caravan had made only a dozen miles the day before. At Lost Spring a wagon had overturned, breaking several boxes of wine and soaking much valuable merchandise. In consequence, there had been a delay in starting the following day. The goods had been spread out to dry while repairs were made on the damaged wagon. The sun had been high and blistering hot before the caravan got under way. To Cottonwood Creek, their present encampment, was a mere frolic for the mettlesome Jezebel.

A big orange sun was pushing up over the rim of the prairie as Ben and Fred cantered by the wagons, formed now in a long triple line. Wagon masters bustled about, drivers cracked their long whips, cavvyards dashed hither and thither hallooing at the extra cattle.

Mrs. Reeves, seated on a folding camp chair, sewing a button on her husband's coat, glanced up as the two friends went by. She waved them a greeting, a smile lighting up her thin, charming face. Her black eyes lingered on Ben's erect, boyish figure.

"That boy!" she exclaimed to Mr. Reeves, who knelt on the ground near by folding up their sleeping tent, "could whistle the birds off the trees! Lucky for you, Alden my dear, that I'm old enough to be his mother!"

Betsy Carr, the Reeves' servant, a stocky, loutish girl of eighteen, paused in her task of stowing the breakfast utensils in the carriage. Her eyes also rested a moment on Ben and she gave the iron skillet a vicious little push. Boys had all the fun in life—riding about as they pleased!

The captain of the caravan, Leroy Markham, rode down the line of wagons calling "Catch up! Catch up!" He was a spare, vigorous-looking man in his fifties, with

bristling eyebrows overhanging steely blue eyes. His drooping gray mustache hid the long, firm line of his mouth. Touching his wide hat with his whip as a salute to Mrs. Reeves he paused a moment to caution her husband.

"Better stay close! We've had luck so far, but in Indian country we can't afford to take chances."

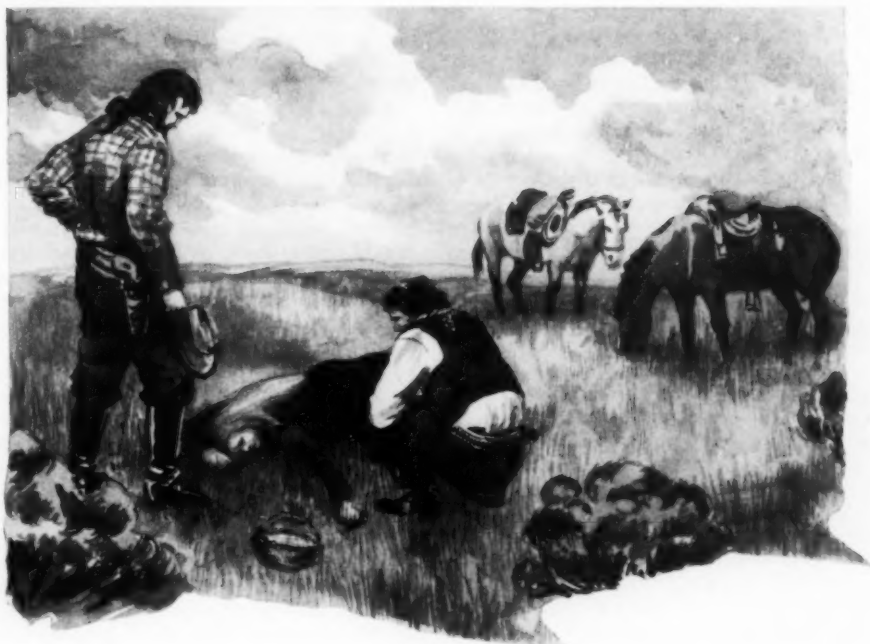
Alden Reeves nodded, a smile on his round, ruddy face. "I'm with you on that, Cap'n," he replied with a genial wave of his hand.

Meanwhile Ben and Fred, striking off at right angles to the caravan, were enjoying a good gallop. Ben was hatless and the wind ruffled his brown hair and whipped the red blood into his cheeks. His face had a boyish, unformed look, for at twenty-one Benjamin Shoemaker was like high-grade molten steel not yet set in the final mold.

He had not known what he wanted to do. His good Quaker father, a retired merchant of Philadelphia, had been wont to shake his head over his younger son. "Thee has wild blood in thee," he said sadly, when Ben declined to settle down to read law in his brother's law office, refused an offer to join a mercantile firm as junior partner, and scouted the notion of studying to be a doctor. Like a caged young panther the boy paced the solid, respectable, paved streets of the Quaker city. Sometimes he loitered about the docks with a yearning eye on outgoing craft that spread sail and disappeared slowly into the smoky distance. But the sea itself did not particularly attract him.

About this time the War with Mexico directed the attention of the eastern cities westward, momentarily at least. That no man's land directly west of the Mississippi was gradually emerging from the mists of legend to the clear light of known fact. Men crossed the prairies regularly now, and fortunes were made in the Santa Fe trade. Fired by the account of General Kearny's march across the plains and bloodless capture of Santa Fe, Ben resolved to go west. And when, on coming of age soon after, he inherited from an aunt a little money of his own, he at once announced this intention to his parents. His father sighed heavily but offered no ob-





jection. His mother, who had something of her son's restlessness deep underneath her placid exterior, said, "Well, Benjamin, if thee must go, God bless thee."

That had been less than three months ago; but to Ben, now bending low over his flying horse, the prairie wind in his face, his lungs filled with the clean air of the plains, it seemed more like three years.

After a gallop of three or four miles, he reined in Jezebel and trotted back to Fred. In the slanting rays of the mounting sun the flatness of the prairie broke into waves like the gentle undulations of a vast sea. The clarity of the atmosphere played strange tricks on the eye. The oxen and wagons, a good three miles away, loomed in wavering, gigantic proportions as if seen through an imperfect magnifying glass.

"Whoa there—look!" exclaimed Fred, suddenly pointing. About a quarter of a mile away something moved above the rim of a hollow.

"An antelope," he said. "Now watch!" He dismounted, drew the rein through his arm and walked slowly forward. Ben did

likewise and followed, a restraining hand on Jezebel's mane. The antelope approached hesitatingly, now advancing, now pausing, its head raised alertly.

Suddenly Fred stopped. The antelope stopped too, then approached cautiously, quivering muzzle lifted, white breast gleaming like snow. Fred raised his rifle. The antelope whirled quick as lightning, bounded back into the hollow, then reappeared beyond, a streak of reddish brown against the short, dark prairie grass.

Fred laughed. "Well, I didn't waste a bullet, and anyway the meat's no good."

Ben was about to remount when a curious sound reached his ears.

"What was that?" he asked.

They both listened intently.

"May buzzards pick my bones," exclaimed Fred softly, "if it don't sound like the mew of a cat!"

They stared about in amazement. The sound came again. And there, running through the grass, almost at their feet, was a little gray kitten. Ben stooped and picked it up. The kitten nuzzled his hand in a

transport of joy, purring loudly, but continuing to mew at intervals.

Fred exclaimed, "Now what do you make of this!" He threw back his head and laughed loudly. "A tame kitten—big game!" He roared again, slapping his thigh.

Ben tucked the kitten into the pocket of his coat and mounted his horse.

"How do you suppose it got here?" he asked.

"Lord only knows—fell from Heaven maybe! A kitten!" Again he laughed.

"Indians near here maybe?" inquired Ben.

This was a sobering thought. Fred stopped in the middle of a guffaw. "Never heard of Indians carrying kittens," he said thoughtfully, "but how in the devil—" He shook his head. "I give up," he added.

"We'd better look around a bit," said Ben. He started toward the hollow whence the antelope had come.

"Say! Hold on there!" cried Fred, "We daren't get too far from the caravan, you know. The prairie looks flat and empty, but sometimes these dips hide a lot!"

Nevertheless he rode along beside Ben. They came to the edge of the hollow, which was a shallow depression, a mere dimple in the flat surface of the plain.

"No sign of anything here," observed Ben. Then he started and exclaimed, "Hello! What's that?" He pointed to a dark, shapeless object some yards away. On going nearer they saw the figure of a young girl in a dark woolen dress.

So Anne was found, lying in a heap, Rosette's little basket just out of reach of her outstretched hand. It took Ben and Fred only a moment to discover that she still lived. With great care they lifted her on Fred's horse, the less skittish of the two animals, and set out to rejoin the caravan.

Their arrival with the still-unconscious girl created a fever of excitement. The captain stopped all the wagons and the girl was laid gently on the ground.

"Now stand back, all of you—and someone fetch Doctor Jones!" commanded Markham.

Dalrymple Jones had had two years of medical training in his youth and had rejoiced ever since in the title of "doctor".

He hurried forward now and began chafing the girl's limp, white hands.

"Whisky—somebody—quick!" he called importantly.

A bottle of that beverage was visible protruding from Jones' pocket, but before Ben could call attention to it Césaire, one of the Canadian drivers, handed over a flask, murmuring dramatically, "*Mon dieu—quel charme!*" Mrs. Reeves came up now, and kneeling down gently lifted the girl's head. A little whisky was forced between the pale lips, and presently the closed eyes fluttered open.

Mrs. Reeves spoke soothingly.

"There now—you feel better. And you are among friends and have nothing to fear. Nothing to fear. Put your head in my lap—so! Now then, rest a little—don't try to talk yet! You are with friends who will take care of you." She continued to stroke the girl's head gently and to say comforting and encouraging words in a low monotonous voice.

Perhaps five minutes elapsed before Anne was roused sufficiently to tell her name and the circumstances that had caused her plight. Then, as if the effort had been too much for her strength, she relapsed into a state of semiconsciousness. Mrs. Reeves had a blanket and pillow brought from her own carriage, and a place was made for the girl in one of the wagons where she could lie at full length.

Leroy Markham called the men together for consultation.

"Diamond Spring, she said," remarked one of the wagon masters. "That's twenty-seven miles back."

"There won't be enough left for the wolves to pick if the Injuns got 'em!" said another.

"How come they spared *her*—don't sound reasonable for an Injun—"

"A delegation was takin' her to the chief, I don't doubt—special trophy for him so's they'd gain favor. But the whisky was too much for 'em—that's how I size it up."

The decision was nearly unanimous that a party should go back to Diamond Spring on the slim chance of finding anybody or anything to rescue of the Guillotte Cavalcade. Ten of the men, including Fred Blake and Ben, volunteered to go. That

left eight men—traders and other travelers who, like Ben, were just seeing the country—and the teamsters and cavyards to guard the caravan.

The rescue party, every man heavily armed, lost no time starting. They had gone scarcely a hundred yards, however, when Ben wheeled his horse and trotted back to the wagon where Anne lay. Mrs. Reeves looked up in surprise.

"I forgot something," he said with a grin. "I found this running wild on the prairie." He took the kitten from his pocket and handed it over.

"Why, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Reeves. She took the little thing, which mewed piteously and pricked her hand with tiny claws. "It's hungry no doubt—I'll feed it. But how in the world—" She shook her head in wonder.

"Good bye, ma'am," said Ben, and was off to rejoin the rescue party.

Markham now ordered the teamsters to put the wagons back in corral formation. The loose stock was turned out to forage and guards were appointed to keep watch for that ever-present menace on the prairie—Indians.

The Reeves had brought along from Illinois a couple of goats, which incidentally had been a sore trial to the cavyards. Anne was given a drink of goat's milk, and promptly sank into the deep sleep of exhaustion. The kitten was turned over to Betsy Carr, who received it tenderly and gave it a drink of milk from her own cup.

Anne slept till late afternoon. For some moments after she awoke her mind was a blank and she lay staring at the drab roof of canvas curving above her. Even when memory returned in a great surge she felt no emotion whatever. She was conscious only of a profound heaviness. Somewhere in this heaviness pain lurked, but she was too exhausted to probe it. When Mrs. Reeves appeared presently with a cup of steaming coffee she drank it obediently, and even ate a biscuit.

A little after sundown the party that had ridden back to Diamond Spring returned. They reported finding a wagon in smoking ruins and some goods scattered about. They had salvaged as much of the merchandise as they could carry.

The caravan captain listened to the ac-

count with a grave face, one hand nervously plucking at his mustache. "Anything else?" he inquired. "Any bodies?"

A silence fell upon the group. Then Fred Blake spoke.

"Well—you know how it is—the wolves don't overlook much in that line. But," he shrugged his shoulders, "we made out that there'd been plenty of slaughter! There must have been a right young child—"

Leroy Markham held up a staying hand. "Ah yes," he said. "Well, we've done all we can, I'm afraid. Tomorrow we must push on as fast as possible." Shaking his head sadly he sought the Reeves.

He found them sitting by the embers of a very small fire. Alden Reeves was enjoying his evening pipe while his wife sat near by dreamily watching the turquoise and gold fade from the western rim of the prairie. Declining the proffered camp stool, Markham related briefly what Fred Blake had just told him, and added brusquely, "Mrs. Reeves, you must break it to the girl."

Mrs. Reeves shuddered slightly as if from cold, and raised distressed eyes to the caravan captain. "I'd rather cut off my little finger!" she exclaimed.

"'Twill be hard, of course," said her husband, "but Mr. Markham is right—you are the one to do it." He patted her shoulder. Then addressing Markham he said, "Just turn all that stuff they salvaged over to me. I'll see that it brings the poor child a good return in Santa Fe."

Mrs. Reeves sighed. "I suppose I had best go at once. I'll take the kitten—it must belong to her. And, Alden, I'll take my night things and spend the night with her."

A few moments later, with a calico bag containing her night clothes swinging from one arm and with the kitten cuddled in the other, she made her way to the wagon where Anne lay. In the roomy interior a broad and fairly comfortable bed had been made by laying blankets over some bales of calico. Mrs. Reeves mounted the removable steps at the rear of the wagon and spoke quietly to Betsy Carr who sat on the bed beside Anne.

"You may go now. I shall stay with her tonight."



Twilight was fast giving way to darkness, but leaning over the bed Mrs. Reeves saw that Anne's eyes were open. "I have come to stay with you," she said gently, "and if there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable you must be sure to tell me." She seated herself on the bed close to the girl and held up the kitten. "Perhaps you can explain this?"

"Why, it's Rosette!" exclaimed Anne. The kitten arched its back and rubbed ecstatically against her hand. Anne fondled it absently. Suddenly she sat up. "Where is Charles?" she cried wildly. In the dim light her eyes were like great, empty sockets in a pale mask. "Charles!" she repeated. "And my father! What has happened to them—when shall I see them again?"

Without stopping for breath, she went on with rising hysteria, "It was all the steamboat captain's fault—he said he would get us there on time—but the caravan had left, and we tried to catch up with it! Oh, how

we tried and hoped and hoped—and I prayed to Mary in Heaven to keep us safe! And Charles—my little brother—Oh, my little, little brother—what has become of you?" She buried her face in her hands and sobbed hysterically, great, dry sobs that shook her slender frame.

Mrs. Reeves put both arms around her and drew her close. "Oh my poor darling!" she said brokenly, while tears ran unheeded down her cheeks. Presently Anne stopped sobbing, and her body grew rigid as though to brace herself as she said, "You are crying—that means you think they are—that I shall never see them again!"

The older woman was silent a moment before she said in a low, earnest voice, "My dear, I would give years of my life if I could spare you this!"

"It's true then—I'll never see them again!" Anne spoke breathlessly and

began to tremble. Then she cried, "But how do you know?"

"They—some of our men—went back to see, and—and I am afraid there can be no doubt. Oh, my poor child, life is hard sometimes! Only God can comfort us and help us bear it!" She wept again.

Anne drew away from her clasp and sat stiffly upright for a moment, dry eyed, whispering to herself, "It is true then—first Mother, and now Father and—and Charles!" Suddenly, with a long, shuddering sigh she sank back exhausted. A merciful apathy enveloped her. She seemed to sleep.

Mrs. Reeves tucked a blanket tenderly around the girl. Then, removing Rosette to the foot of the bed, she lay down; but it was long before she slept that night.

As the days went by Anne continued to lie in a state of apathy. She ate what food was brought her, made polite answers to questions and was in every respect a docile patient in Mrs. Reeves' capable hands. But there was no life in her.

"She might as well be a life-sized doll wound up to go through certain motions," complained Mrs. Reeves to her husband. "If I could rouse her—if only she would cry or scream or complain! Anything but that fixed little smile, that polite, even voice, that deadly calm! And she is the same to everybody—Mr. Markham, Doctor Jones, Césaire, Betsy—even Ben!"

"Ah," said Mr. Reeves smiling, "no field for your matchmaking propensities—eh?"

"Don't be foolish!" retorted his wife. "Though there is no denying that it would be pleasing and romantic if——" She paused and shook her head. "No," she added, "she makes no more of Ben when he stops by to talk to her or brings her wild flowers than if he was middle-aged and no more attractive than——"

"Me?" suggested her husband delicately.

"Oh—you!" She gently tweaked the lock of hair lying over his bald spot. "A good thing I got you young and trained you well!"

Césaire, the little French Canadian, was the driver of the wagon in which Anne rode. He chose to consider that he had been singled out from all the other drivers

for this honor—though in truth it had just happened so—and his pride knew no bounds. It even had the effect of keeping him perfectly sober.

"Naw—naw!" he said, pushing away the convivial bottle as it made the rounds of the teamsters' camp fire one night. "I have the re-sponsibilitee! *La belle*—she ride in my wag-on!"

One of the Mexicans gave a derisive whoop. "*That gel?* Wait you see las señoritas in Santa Fe! Hair—black like midnight! Eyes—ah, eyes with the fire!" He snapped his fingers and lowered his voice amid shouts of ribald laughter.

But there were days and nights when there was no laughter of any sort throughout the caravan, when it was scarcely worth while to light a fire because there was no water to make coffee or boil beans. Even the volatile Césaire looked glum and ceased the light-hearted singing with which he was wont to beguile the march. The intense heat of the days, varied occasionally by violent, drenching thunderstorms, became an endurance test. And the nights were hardly less so—with millions of insects to interrupt sleep, in addition to the ever-present fear of an Indian attack.

Every day they hoped to sight buffalo. One evening some gray wolves—a sure sign that buffalo were not far distant—drifted by like evil wraiths, almost within rifle shot. And the next day a small herd of buffalo was seen. Ben and a number of the men gave chase, but they had no luck. However, the fact that game had actually been sighted lightened the prevailing gloom. At Ash Creek they replenished their water supply. Here, distinctly visible, were buffalo tracks crisscrossing in all directions. Everyone's spirits rose.

Everyone's except Anne's. She lay indifferent alike to heat, storm, drought, or hunger. Her eyes, fastened on the span of canvas overhead, which rocked with every lumbering revolution of the wagon wheels, noticed neither the light that crept in by day nor the darkness that flowed in by night. All emotion was in abeyance. Somewhere outside this swathing of numbness pain lurked, ready to pierce and destroy her spirit. She must keep it back, must keep continually pushing it back! But it was exhausting work. She had hardly



strength to rise on one elbow and eat and drink what they brought her. But they seemed so anxious that she should make the effort, and she wanted to please them—the kind lady with the bright black eyes, the odd-looking, blunt-featured girl, and the innumerable, kindly men who hovered about from time to time. One thing seemed strange—she couldn't bear to see Rosette. The sight of the kitten brought the hovering pain too close.

Gradually, however, she became increasingly aware of outside sounds—the creak of wheels, the voices of men. One of them was always singing. Once she actually tried to make out the words of the song. They were French—she must write Sister Boniface about this! Sister Boniface! The pain swung close—push it back! But what was the man singing?

*Les moutons dans ces plaines  
Ont peur des loups,  
Tout comme vous, belle que j'aime,  
Et's en danger de l'amour."*

The song went on—a gay accompaniment to the jolting of the wheels. Suddenly Anne felt stifled. How long had she been lying in the twilight of this close-roofed wagon? She sat up. Through the opening at the back she saw a stretch of short, dark grass, and then the great, patient, swaying faces of a pair of oxen. Another wagon followed the one she was in then! She fell to wondering how many wagons made up the caravan.

That evening when camp was made the caravan had two reasons for rejoicing—the young girl who had lain so long in a lethargy had at last aroused to life, and there was buffalo meat for supper.

"Tomorrow," said Mrs. Reeves, seeing with satisfaction that Anne ate every bit of her buffalo steak, "tomorrow you shall ride in the carriage with me, and let the sunshine put some color into those pale cheeks."

That night Betsy Carr instead of Mrs. Reeves slept beside Anne. As the girl crawled in beside her she said, "Here's your little cat—I've fed it for you every day."

"Thank you—Oh, I do thank you!" replied Anne in a choked voice. She felt again the familiar, soft, vibrating ball of fur—the only living thing that was left

to her of her old life. The lump in her throat swelled achingly. Suddenly she burst into a torrent of weeping—the first tears she had shed since the catastrophe that had left her alone in the world. She cuddled the kitten, drenching its fur with her tears.

Outside the men lingered long about the fires of buffalo chips, gorging themselves with the first good meal in many days. The teamsters and cavyards were especially merry. The tasty buffalo meat loosed their tongues and many a yarn was spun.

Big John, another French Canadian, vied with Césaire in singing, and roared out the ancient ballad:

*"La fill' du roi d' Espagne mon joli coeur  
de rose!"*

The Mexicans, not to be outdone, raised the lusty chorus of the Cockroach:

*"La cucaracha, la cucaracha,  
- Ya no quieres caminar"—*

Leroy Markham went quietly around the corral to see that all was safe for the night. They were in Comanche country now, and eternal vigilance was his watchword. He saw that every guard was at his post and that arrangement was made for his relief after three hours.

Ben, comfortably replete with buffalo steak, was thankful it was not his turn to stand guard. A good, long night's sleep was before him. He stretched luxuriously on his blanket, his head pillowed on his saddle. He had grown accustomed to the hard earth for his bed, the limitless vault of the sky for his roof. Only when it rained did he sleep in one of the wagons. Tonight the stars were out in full force—diamonds in a black canopy. Directly overhead was the Big Dipper, upside down. They used to believe that meant rain, he thought sleepily. The events of the day, like a series of detached pictures, passed dreamily through his mind. The buffalo hunt had been exciting. He saw again the herd that had blackened the plain for miles ahead—there must have been thousands of the huge, shaggy beasts. What dust and thunder they raised when they stampeded! It took a lot of skill to bring down your buffalo—Fred was going to teach him—that girl—Mrs. Reeves said she was better—poor little thing! At last he slept.



Every day now Anne rode in the carriage with Mrs. Reeves. The plains stretched out on every side as flat as the palm of one's hand. Wild flowers thrust up scarlet, pink, and yellow heads above the prairie grass except where the endless trails of the buffalo crisscrossed. The air was invigorating, and color crept slowly back to Anne's cheeks. At night around the fire Ben recounted the adventures of the day. He had at last shot his first buffalo, and the telling of it was almost as much fun as the doing of it, especially when he made Anne laugh. He lay propped on one elbow, the blazing chip fire lighting up his face, his eyes on Anne. Mrs. Reeves sat close by with an expression on her face that caused her husband to chuckle immoderately.

"I suppose," he said one night as he settled himself beside his wife under their tent, "you have them married and living next door to us in Chicago—for of course I've given young Ben a job in my store!"

"Why, how you do go on!" exclaimed Mrs. Reeves indignantly. But she was glad it was too dark for him to see the look of guilt she knew must be on her face, for that was almost exactly what she had been thinking.

Presently he added, "What do you plan to do with the girl—take her to Chihuahua with us?"

"She isn't strong enough for such a trip, I'm afraid," answered his wife. "We had best leave her in Santa Fe. Maybe Senora Ramirez will take her in till we stop by coming back."

"Has the child any will of her own?" asked Mr. Reeves. "She seems a bit colorless to me."

"She's only half alive yet. Think of the shock she had. If I'm not mistaken—and I flatter myself I seldom am—she has plenty of character."

"Well," said her husband yawning, "time will tell."

Pawnee Fork, Coon Creek, the Caches, were behind them now. The last place was so named because years before some traders had dug a hole in the ground, lined it with dry sticks and grass and hidden some goods there, which months later they recovered. Twenty miles beyond was the

broad, shallow ford of the Arkansas. The crossing was made without mishap, and turning a little southward the caravan crept across the forty miles that stretched as level as a lake, without a single landmark, to the River Cimarron. Rain fell in torrents for two days, soaking through the canvas tops of the wagons and jeopardizing their precious cargoes. The only dry living thing in the whole caravan was Rosette, who, having outgrown her basket, was stowed away with the kitchen utensils under the carriage seat.

During the dry season the Cimarron was merely a sandy hollow dimpled with shallow water holes. Even after heavy rains the crossing was not too difficult. Beyond this the trail to Bent's Fort lay slightly north of straight west.

At Bent's Fort they found a medley of nationalities, a few of each, both military and civilian—Indians, Mexicans, French Canadians, Americans—men, women, and children. The enclosure was a quadrangle a hundred feet square with walls thirty feet high. At the northeast and southwest corners were hexagonal bastions in which were mounted a few cannon. The living rooms fronted on the courtyard or central square. The view from the top of the outer wall was a wide one. A hundred and twenty miles to the southwest rose the dark barrier of the Spanish Peaks, looking—so pellucid was the atmosphere—no farther than fifteen miles away. Eighty miles to the west Pike's Peak thrust its snowy top above vast reaches of plain and forest.

Ben had taken Anne to the top of the wall to see these sights. "Is Santa Fe behind those mountains?" she asked, pointing to the Spanish Peaks.

"Somewhere in that direction."

Suddenly she buried her face in her hands, while great sobs shook her from head to foot.

"Don't! Don't!" begged Ben distractedly. "You must not, really."

"I—I know—and I won't again," she said at last. Presently she grew calmer and added, "It just came over me all at once. A year ago I'd just heard of Santa Fe as a place on the map in my geography book. And I thought how wonderful it would be to go there—the City of the Holy Faith! And now I *am* going there—but it's all so

different from the way I thought it would be!"

Tears filled her eyes again. Impulsively Ben put an arm around her, drawing her close. "Anne," he said in a choked voice, "Anne, if only I could help you—bear it!"

For a moment her head lay against his shoulder. Trembling a little, he kissed her soft cheek. Instantly she started away, color flooding her face. "Oh!" she exclaimed softly. "I—must not give way—of course nobody can help me bear it."

"But why not, Anne? Why not think of me as—as someone who cares about you? Wouldn't that help a little—make you feel a little less lonely? I'm all alone too—out here. Perhaps I'll never see my home again!"

She looked at him doubtfully, eyelashes still moist. Unconsciously he had hit upon the surest way of enlisting her sympathy.

"Oh, but I hope you will!" she said earnestly. Then she smiled at him—a sad little smile. "We are like the sheep Césaire sings about, aren't we?"

Ben caught his breath, and would have swept her into his arms again but something in her eyes at once aloof and defenceless stopped him. "You are—sweet!" he said at last huskily.

She turned away, saying in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice, which nevertheless quivered slightly, "Let's find the spyglass they said was up here."

They found it in the clerk's little office perched on the parapet like a miniature tower. For the next half hour they amused themselves picking out specks in the landscape and identifying them by means of the glass as cows, rocks, or men.

After leaving Bent's Fort the character of the road changed. The way led south over sand hills covered with parched and dusty vegetation. Mirages were frequent. Lakes appeared where no lakes were and mocked the travelers. Water was so scarce that the cattle suffered. At Hole-in-the-Rock, where there was a spring, many of the cattle wandered off, among them the Reeves' goats. Twenty-five of the oxen were recovered some ten miles away, but the goats were never seen again. Mountains rose on the horizon and the road began to lead through stony hills. Pinon trees straggled up the slopes and the odor

of turpentine filled the air. The Indians were no longer so imminent a menace. The Navajos were thought to be generally friendly, and although roving bands of Apaches were to be feared they rarely attacked a large group. This fact alone, in spite of the frequent scarcity of water and the roughness of the road, gave to the travelers a sense of increasing ease. It was felt that the worst of the journey was over.

One evening while the camp fires were being kindled in preparation for supper, Anne wandered to the top of a little knoll. Rosette followed at a discreet distance. She did not bound about frankly as a puppy would have done. Half grown now, she was far more dignified. She kept about a dozen feet in the rear, occasionally lessening or widening the distance as wayside objects engaged her attention. She had an indifferent air—as if she were going to the top of the knoll on her own account and Anne had nothing whatever to do with her plans. Nevertheless, when Anne paused at the top Rosette bounded up and rubbed in a friendly, caressing way about the girl's ankles. Anne stooped and stroked the little cat. Rosette responded by purring loudly and giving utterance to a *curr-r-r-mow*, with rising inflection as if to say, "You are feeling better these days, my dear mistress?"

The sun had just set in a blaze of rose and saffron. Clouds which all day had blown about the sky like tufts of white wool collected now in the west to form islands and castles and headlands in a crimson sea. Anne, gazing raptly upon the scene, could imagine a whole new country stretching away into the sky. For the moment it was far more real to her than the darkening landscape of desert dunes and cactus and scrub pine behind her.

"Perhaps I am about to see a vision like some of the blessed saints!" she thought. At that instant a sound jarred her mood of ecstasy. Turning she saw Ben striding up the hill. "Ah, he has spoiled it!" she thought, feeling disappointed.

"It's like the New Jerusalem, isn't it!" Ben exclaimed joyously, waving a hand toward the blazing sky. But it was not at the sky that he looked. Anne, the warm glow of the sunset on her face and in her



wide, startled eyes, made a picture that set his heart to racing.

"Anne! How beautiful you are!" It was as if the cry were forced from him.

The intensity and ardor in his eyes caused her heart to flutter. A strange, delicious mingling of panic and happiness filled her. Instinctively she shrank back and glanced nervously about as if to escape from the too-potent force of his gaze.

"Oh, look!" she cried in an arresting voice.

There, far across the low-lying hillocks, against a clear, greenish sky glowed the great golden disk of the full moon. Not yet wholly above the horizon, it looked immense. Opposing the riotous crimson in the west, its serene and solemn grandeur was like a benediction. An unearthly light filled the vast dome of the sky. The landscape, the earth, and things of earth dwindled out of sight as if Jehovah himself were concerned with the firmament alone.

Ben, subdued and exalted, felt as if Anne and he were standing on a mountain top, the only living beings in the world. Gently he put an arm around her. She

seemed unconscious of it. Head uplifted, gazing raptly, she was lost in a kind of spell, a spell which seemed suddenly to Ben to exclude him. He sought to break it.

"Like looking at the promised land, isn't it? Moses never entered in—but *we* will, won't we?" He tightened his arm, and as she made no resistance he caught her close to him and pressed his ardent young lips to hers.

"Anne! Anne! I never felt this way before—I love you!"

She stiffened and drew away from him. In the fading light she had the startled, wide-eyed look of one just awakened from sleep.

"You—you spoiled it again!" she exclaimed.

"Spoiled what?"

"The—the vision!"

"Vision? I had a vision—it was of you and me going through life together—Oh, Anne!" His voice was eager, and he took a step toward her.

She stopped him with a gesture. "No—Oh no!"

He spoke huskily. "Anne—don't look like that. I would not frighten you for anything in the world. Forgive me—I was carried away! Just think of me as your friend—your best friend!"

Timidly he touched her arm. She did not draw away, but she seemed scarcely aware of him.

A distant call sounded, "Ho! Ho la!"

"Supper is ready—they are waiting for us," said Anne. "Rosette!" she called. "Kitty—Kitty!" The kitten came running. Anne picked her up and started down the hill. Only a faint trace of rose color lingered in the west. The moon, turned to silver and smaller now, had moved well up from the horizon, shedding a pale twilight over the world.

"Rosette, you and I—we are all three like lost sheep going back to the fold," remarked Ben, trying awkwardly to make his tone light and playful. He indicated the blazing camp fires.

"Poor little Rosette," murmured Anne, stroking the soft, silken fur of the kitten that lay contentedly purring in her arms.

"I'll never forget this evening," went on Ben. "Wasn't it—splendid up there?"

"Oh—yes!" answered Anne. "I'll never forget it either."

There was something remote and impersonal in her tone. Ben leaned over to peer into her face. In the dim light what he could see of her expression gave him the uneasy feeling that her thoughts were far from him. He stopped.

"Anne!"

She turned and looked at him in surprise.

"Anne!" There was a note of suffering in his voice. "You've forgotten I even exist!"

"Oh, no, Ben," she answered and smiled a radiant, lovely smile, "you and I—and Rosette—are poor lonely sheep and must comfort one another."

This answer was poor comfort for Ben, but he had to be satisfied with it.

Anne sat silently in the swaying, jolting carriage while the changing landscape crept past her unseeing eyes. At little more than a crawl the wagons bumped their way past Rock Springs with its green groves and purling brooks, Purgatoire River with its rustling cottonwoods, and came to Raton

Pass between mountains of tall pine and wild cherry bushes.

To Mrs. Reeves' solicitous eye it seemed as if Anne's former lethargy had returned.

"She is slipping back, and I don't know how to prevent it," she said to her husband.

"She's tired out, that's all," he answered.

"I'm in a stupor myself. You're the only one with life enough to last all the way. You and Césaire," he added as the little French Canadian was heard singing in a high tenor:

*"Les moutons dans ces plaines  
Ont peur des loups,  
Tout comme vous, belle que j'aime,  
Et's en danger de l'amour."*

Over Raton Pass—at half a mile an hour—and out again onto the open prairie! On and on creaked the faithful wheels. And now the daily fare was improved by the addition of prairie chickens, hares, and wild turkeys.

"One more river to cross!" exclaimed Fred Blake, as one evening they drew up on the bank of the Red River.

"Hi—ho la!" shouted the cavvyards, in excellent spirits because tomorrow would see them in the settlements where they could wet their throats with their native *aguardiente*, a brandy of great strength.

For all Anne's outward calm and seeming indifference, inwardly she was in a state of heightened perception. Youth and health were gradually asserting themselves. The sharp, clear air, the constant impact of fresh images, the passage of time—all contributed to make the past seem dreamlike. Her grief was poignant still, but it no longer paralyzed her spirit; and there could be no doubt that the daily contact with Ben gave her genuine pleasure. Since the evening they had watched the moon rise there had been no hint of the lover in his behavior. But he was always at hand, riding beside the carriage; or if he took a gallop to work off some of Jezebel's suppressed energies, he never failed to bring her something—a wild flower, a strange prickly cactus, or a branch of wild cherries. And around the evening camp fire his infectious gayety made Anne forget all the horrors of the past year. They played guessing games or teased Rosette and laughed at her graceful capers.

"Our pale little nun is turning into a

flesh and blood girl," remarked Mr. Reeves one evening, pinching Anne's flushed cheek.

Ben had tied a twig on the end of Rosette's tail. The kitten's frantic efforts to remove it were comical. No movement of Rosette's was ever awkward. Her whirlings, leapings, and somersaults in her attempt to rid herself of the offending twig were studies in grace and agility. For all that she pretended not to, she enjoyed the teasing as much as her tormentors and invariably came back for more.

The remark of Mr. Reeves disturbed Anne, and that night she pondered over it. Flesh and blood girl—the world, the flesh and the devil! Was she growing light-minded? That evening on the little knoll—both times when a vision had seemed imminent Ben had interrupted. Ben! In the darkness of the covered wagon her cheeks burned. Why did the thought of him make her heart beat faster? What would her mother have made of all this—or Sister Boniface? Her mother! How far removed from the present the old life appeared! Was she forgetting those who had been so dear to her—Oh, no—no! "I must live for all of them," she thought, and fell at last into a troubled sleep.

Later she awoke from a dream of her old home in New Orleans. So vivid had the dream been that it was a moment before she realized that the silver mist she found herself staring into was not the moonlight on the window of her old bedroom, but the rear end of the wagon framing a moon-flooded New Mexican countryside.

Betsy Carr lay sleeping quietly beside her, and Rosette, aroused by Anne's sudden movement, stretched herself, thrusting soft paws against her hand.

"I must live for all of them," repeated Anne in a whisper, patting Rosette's plump little body. "*All of them*—Mother, Father, and Charles." She set her teeth and forced back the tears. Cool air rolled down from the mountains and touched her forehead, cheeks, and throat. The moonlight was so bright that the canvas top of the wagon was translucent. Anne whispered a prayer, then lay down again and slept.

The next day the caravan came in sight of Santa Fe. The carriage containing Mrs. Reeves, Anne, Betsy Carr, and of course Rosette—for whom Césaire had made a new basket of pinon branches—was in advance

of the wagons. Ben, Fred Blake, and two or three others on horseback rode alongside.

"There she is—there she lies!" shouted Fred. "Santa Fe—at last! Whoo—ah!" He snatched off his hat and whooped with excitement.

The shout was caught up and repeated by the wagoners and cavvyards, till the low hills reechoed to the joyful sound. The very oxen raised their heads and stepped a bit more briskly. Fred Blake with several others dashed wildly down the gentle slope and disappeared in a cloud of reddish dust.

Mr. Reeves stopped the carriage to point out the city to Anne. At first she saw nothing but variegated green of startling brightness that flowed down then up to meet the bluest sky she had ever seen. That dazzling white on the horizon was not a cloud, Mr. Reeves explained, but snow-capped mountains. Where was the city? To Anne a city meant a place of paved streets, tall houses, graceful trees. Could that little cluster of reddish blocks like a child's toys be Santa Fe?

While the wagons stopped on a gentle rise east of the city to permit the teamsters to trim their beards, change their clothes, and fasten new crackers to their long whips, the carriage, accompanied by Ben, went on past the cornfields into the city. The low adobe houses looked as if they had been baking in the sunshine of this bright valley for ages. Like the distilled blue of the heavens morning-glories covered entire walls. Bright scarlet and orange flowers sprang up on every side. Then Anne, raising her eyes, saw a square-terraced tower surmounted by a cross. Her heart skipped a beat. Drawing a deep breath she whispered, "*L'Eglise la plus vielle!*"

At that moment Ben pressed close to the carriage. "Anne, we are there—at last!" He reached over and seized her hand, and his eyes burned into hers. "Remember," he said in a low, tense voice, "no matter what happens I am yours body and soul forever and ever!"

Anne's heart beat tumultuously, and her face felt suddenly hot. But she snatched her hand away and sought to quiet the half-sweet, half-painful tumult within her by fixing her eyes once more on that red-brown tower limned foursquare and solid against the deep cerulean blue.

(To be continued)





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## Where the Wild Grape Twines

A Story of the First White Settlement in the Lower Mississippi Valley (1699)

*In view of Mississippi's impending "Pageant Week" (March 17-19), the following article is especially timely*

MARGARET ROE CARAWAY

**N**EWs travels fast by the grapevine route, and the wild grape grows rank on the Mississippi Gulf coast.

In 1699, when Pierre LeMoyne Sieur d'Iberville with his expedition dropped anchor off Ship Island in the Gulf of Mexico, twelve miles from what is now the coast of Mississippi, some Biloxi brave, witnessing the awesome arrival, sped swiftly in his canoe to tell his people of the "great boats with wings like birds."

The Biloxis, a small tribe of the great Dakota family, inhabited the east shore of a little bay curving far inland from the Gulf. Not long would it take for the news to spread even beyond the village of the Biloxis, who called themselves "the first people," to the Pascagoulas, "eaters of bread," farther east. So, when three days later, February 13, d'Iberville and some of

his party in small boats explored the bay and came ashore at what is now Ocean Springs (Old Biloxi of history), many red men were watching quietly from the shadows of the forest. The Biloxi chief made ceremonial overtures of friendliness which d'Iberville received with kindly understanding, and thus was begun a lasting friendship. After a brief survey of the grounds the white men returned to their ships.

d'Iberville, leader of the expedition, was born in Montreal, the son of a distinguished French-Canadian family. In recognition of his service to Canada and the mother country he had been created a Knight of St. Louis, and such was the confidence in him at the French Court that his plea for immediate colonization of the Province of Louisiana, which La Salle had claimed for France eighteen years before, was heeded,



and he was granted a commission of colonization. Louis XIV furnished him a squadron of two frigates, each bearing thirty guns, and two smaller vessels carrying two hundred colonists, including friars and priests, and men trained in agriculture and mechanics. Some historians say there were women and children among the colonists. The expedition carried a full supply of provisions, clothing and implements, and a company of marines. Jean Baptist Le Moyne Bienville, younger brother of d'Iberville, was enrolled as a midshipman. He was afterwards to become one of the great figures of his time.

The colonization expedition sailed from Brest October 24, 1698, and in January 1699, piloted by the noted buccaneer, Lawrence de Graffe, reached the coast of Florida. They continued westward, making minor explorations until on February 10 they anchored off Ship Island.

Shortly after his visit to the mainland d'Iberville left his squadron at Ship Island, and with a picked crew, including his brother Bienville and Father Anastase Douay, who had accompanied La Salle to the mouth of the Mississippi, left in two long-boats and several bark canoes for further exploration. On March 2 they entered the mouth of the Mississippi. The historical journal of the expedition gives an interesting account of this exploration, in which La Salle's reports were verified.

Finding no suitable place for his colony on the banks of the Mississippi, d'Iberville decided to plant it upon the shore of the little bay which he and his men had visited on February 13.

Following the orders of his sovereign "to take possession of Louisiana," on April 8, 1699, d'Iberville and a large company from the ships proceeded to the east shore of what is now Biloxi Bay, and landing at the present site of Ocean Springs climbed the sloping shore to a well-wooded headland. The watching Indians were accustomed to ceremonial, and, perhaps, sensed something of its significance when yellow-haired Sieur d'Iberville, with a gesture of authority stopped his brother Bienville beside him, while the blue flag of France with its golden lilies spread wide in the soft gulf breeze.

His followers gathered round him, and while Father Douay held aloft the Christian

Cross, d'Iberville stepped forward with upraised sword and in solemn, ringing tones claimed in the name of his sovereign, Louis XIV of France, the vast area that became the Territory of Louisiana, and which included the whole of lower Mississippi Valley.

Doubtless the Biloxi Indians recalled the legend of their people that long ago white godlike giants inhabited this shore, but leaving their burial mounds had gone away toward the rising sun. One day these mounds would call them back to this beautiful shore, where with little effort they could live bountifully, and drinking of the healing springs find health and contentment. Were these, perhaps, the returning godlike ones?

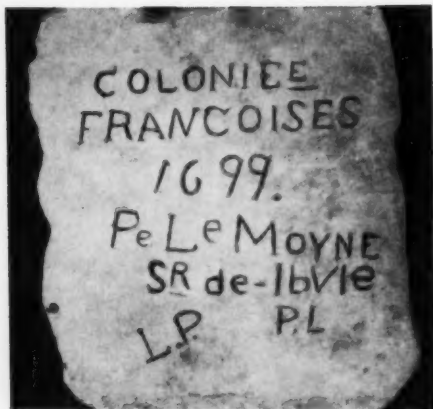
The site selected for the fort had an area of about four square acres, with magnificent forest trees of live oak, pine, and magnolia. Nearly six months after they sailed from Brest the eager colonists and other workmen began felling trees for timber and clearing the ground for the fort. Before the end of the month the fort was completed. A deeply religious atmosphere prevailed in the founding of this settlement, Father Anastase (Douay) and other priests holding frequent services.

d'Iberville named the fort Maurepas for a son of the French Minister of Marine, but he called the settlement Biloxi for the friendly Indians they found there. In the meantime, supplies and livestock, including cattle, hogs, and fowls, were brought from the ships.

Early in May the colonists and others who were to remain were gathered at Fort Maurepas, and d'Iberville made ready to return to France for more colonists and supplies. He left M. de Sauvolle in command, with a garrison of eighty men, and his brother Bienville as king's lieutenant.

So was established at Old Biloxi (now Ocean Springs) the first white settlement in Mississippi, the capital of a territory extending "eastward to present-day Pittsburgh and westward to the present Yellowstone National Park." Historian Dunbar Rowland says, "The site is to Mississippi what Jamestown is to Virginia and Plymouth Rock is to Massachusetts."

The colonists suffered the usual hardships of pioneers, but thoughtful d'Iberville sent or brought them supplies from France from



THIS MARBLE PLAQUE, "THE FIRST RELIC OF LOUISIANA," WAS FOUND AT OLD BILOXI, NOW OCEAN SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI, WHERE PIERRE LE MOYNE SIEUR D'IBERVILLE AND HIS BROTHER JEAN BAPTISTE SIEUR DE BIENVILLE ESTABLISHED THE FRENCH COLONY IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT ON FEBRUARY 13, 1699, KNOWN AS THE TERRITORY OF LOUISIANA, OR VIRTUALLY THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

time to time, with additional colonists. Many kinds of people found their way to this little capital functioning with a governor, a lieutenant governor, and the usual officials, including young officers of high birth. Faithful Tonti came, as did Fathers Davion and Montigny, noted missionaries; also many Canadian traders and voyageurs, some bringing their families, attached themselves to the new settlement.

In the summer of 1701 yellow fever attacked the colonists and many died. Governor Sauvolle fell a victim to it and was buried at this first capital. He was succeeded as governor by Bienville, who handled the affairs of the colony with zeal and wisdom, but it was a trying time, marked by sickness, death, and even hunger; but the colony survived.

After functioning two years, the capital was removed to Fort Louis at what is now Mobile, Alabama. Fort Maurepas was not abandoned but remained the base for continued explorations and colonization.

d'Iberville, "the first great Canadian," died in 1706.

The seat of government remained at Fort Louis de la Mobile seventeen years (1702-1719), during which time a larger family

life developed in the colony due to young women sent from France to become wives of the colonists. The first group of these girls came in 1704, and were soon married; but in another shipment there appears to have been a rebel, as Bienville, writing to Pontchartrain in 1706, said, "There is one of the twenty girls sent to Mobile who is quite unwilling to marry." He was of the opinion she should be obliged to, like the other girls—"since there are several good suitors who are sighing for her."

In December of 1719 the seat of government was removed from Mobile back to Old Biloxi, which thus for the second time became the territorial capital. In less than two years (1721) the capital was again removed, this time across the bay to New Biloxi, where a new Fort Louis had been built, and this new post on the western shore of the Bay of Biloxi became the capital of the Territory of Louisiana.

But the little capital had not yet found a permanent location and in the summer of 1722 it was removed to New Orleans. The century following the removal of the capital was one of obscurity for the coast settlements, but the American occupancy in 1810 brought new life to the lagging settlers.

Fort Maurepas burned in 1720 or 1721, and for nearly two centuries there was nothing to indicate its exact site; but in 1910 its cornerstone was accidentally unearthed by a workman on a private estate at Ocean Springs. It is now preserved in



MARKER PLACED BY THE GULF COAST CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., IN COMMEMORATION OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE COLONY BY D'IBERVILLE



WHEN JOHN RUSKIN VISITED OCEAN SPRINGS IN 1885, THE OWNER OF THE ESTATE "MANY OAKS" NAMED ONE OF ITS FINEST TREES IN HIS HONOR. THE "RUSKIN OAK" MEASURES 17 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE, WITH A SPREAD OF 130 FEET

the Louisiana State Museum at the Cabildo in New Orleans, catalogued as "First Relic of Louisiana," and described as "d'Iberville Colonization or Foundation Plaque . . ."

In 1920, the Gulf Coast Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, marked the *general* site of the settlement by placing a granite boulder.

From 1811 the Mississippi coast experienced a slow but steady growth, and by the middle of the century had become a health and recreational resort of note. It is now a popular year-round resort, with fine hotels and attractive homes. Its fifty miles of shore line is skirted by paved boulevards, shaded by moss-hung live oaks that grow almost to the water's edge.

The Mississippi coast boasts its seven-cities-by-the-sea, with Pascagoula, named for the Indian tribe, at the eastern limit. Westward lies Old Biloxi, re-named Ocean Springs because of its fine springs which were a great asset before artesian wells solved the coast's pure-water problem.

Across Biloxi Bay is New Biloxi, now "Biloxi, the Heart of Mississippi's Playground." d'Iberville's Ship Island still guards the passage by which great ocean-going vessels now come into Gulfport's deep-water harbor. Long Beach bids you pause under its ancient oaks before you reach stately Pass Christian, hostess to many Presidents. Across the waters of Bay St. Louis the quaint old town of Bay St. Louis carries on to Waveland—beloved of New Orleans.

The Mississippi Gulf coast has taken its place on the Pilgrimage Trail of the Deep South, and during Pageant Week, March 17-18-19, will roll back the years, and in pageants of history and legend relive the glamorous days of old. Again will d'Iberville and his expedition land; the seven flags that have flown in sovereignty over Mississippi will again tell their stories; Lafitte and his pirates will revel in their old hideaway, and 1699 will join hands with 1939.



*From the portrait by  
Charles Willson Peale  
in Independence Hall*

MAJOR GENERAL ARTEMAS WARD

## The First Commander

HENRY W. KEYES

*The Honorable Charles Warren, in delivering the address at the recent dedication of the Artemas Ward Statue, described the doughty Puritan general as "too long over-looked." This article represents the promised attempt (see page 73 December issue and page 91 February issue) to remedy this negligence*

THE first commander of the American Army was born in 1727 in Shrewsbury, in the County of Worcester, Massachusetts Bay Colony. His father, one of the town's

founders and former master of a merchant vessel in the West Indies trade, was a militia officer and judge. The boy helped with the farm chores, rode errands to Worces-

ter, and, after he could write well enough, filled out writs for his father. When there was school, he went; other times he studied under the minister. His Puritan parents had named him from the Bible, Artemas Ward.\* In a family accustomed to strict but hearty and robust living Artemas grew up, absorbing ideas from his own household, a vigorous country community, and his father's library of religious and law books. Prepared especially by the Reverend Cushing, he entered Harvard when he was sixteen.

The college in Cambridge, already more than a century old, still emphasized theology. Its hundred-odd students, led by a tutor for each class in general subjects, received special instruction in Hebrew, divinity, and the sciences—mathematics, astronomy, and natural philosophy. They breakfasted on bread and beer, and always sat according to social rank. Such undergraduate sins as swearing and cursing, drinking liquor, and failure to reappear promptly after vacations were already well-established despite disciplinary restrictions. Ward never received the then equivalent of a summons to the dean; indeed, he joined a crusade against profanity. When less than twenty-one, he received his bachelor's degree in the meeting house, and soon set out for Groton to teach school.

Living in Groton was pleasant. Young Ward spent his spare time taking pot shots at ducks from his bedroom window and courting Sarah Trowbridge, daughter of the Reverend Caleb, with whom he boarded. The ducks presumably eaten, the daughter certainly married, and his pedagogical career concluded, Ward returned to Shrewsbury and opened a general store.

During the next few years Ward became tax assessor, justice of the peace, selectman, representative in the General Court, and a major in the local militia. As the final struggle to oust the French from America developed, he hustled back and forth between legislature and army. Commissioned a major in Colonel Williams'

regiment, he served in Abercromby's disastrous Ticonderoga campaign, emerging with a promotion and a loss of physical vitality which he never regained.

Though now a colonel, his poor health prevented him from going on later expeditions; and while Wolfe and Amherst won British victories Ward had to content himself with presiding as moderator of town and church meetings, watching neighborhood finance as town treasurer, and continuing to represent Shrewsbury in Boston. Toward the end of the war he was appointed a justice of the peace and judge of the Worcester County Court of Common Pleas—roughly corresponding to positions in district and superior courts now—and moved his wife and six children to a larger house, there to administer the law.

The French banished and the war's expense unpaid, Parliament's natural attempt to raise funds took forms anathema to Massachusetts, whose sons argued first with words and then with guns. For Ward's share in protests by the House and a "Committee of Convention" elected by the towns, the Governor superseded his militia commission and the General Court elected him to the Council. He frequently served on committees that bombarded the royal executive with demands for the rights of Englishmen and arguments that Parliament could not "constitutionally" tax the freemen of Massachusetts without their consent. When Parliament closed the port of Boston for its impudence, and General Gage, commander of the British forces in North America, arrived there as the new Governor, Ward drafted the Council's expression of hope that Gage's administration "in principles and general conduct" might be a "happy contrast" to that of his "two immediate predecessors." The general was so angry at this hint that he refused to listen to more of the same document and continued the policy of enforcing not only revenue laws but acts intended to punish the colony, particularly Boston, for its opposition to them.

Delegates were elected to the Continental Congress, rebellious farmers encouraged each other to revolt, and the more con-

\* "When I shall send Artemas unto thee, or Tychicus, be diligent to come unto me to Nicopolis: for I have determined there to winter."—Titus 3: 12.

The Congress of the Colony of the  
Massachusetts Bay.

To The Honorable Artemas Ward Esq. Greeting

We, expressing special Trust and Confidence in your  
Character and good Conduct, Do by this Instrument, constitute and appoint you  
the said Artemas Ward to be General and Commander in Chief  
of all the Forces raised by the Congress aforesaid, for the Defense of this and the  
other American Colonies.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of a  
General in leading, ordering, and governing the Forces in & about, both on land  
and sea, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline, and thus are  
you are commanded to obey you as their General, and you are ever to observe and  
follow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from time to time receive from  
this or any future Congress or Single Representatives of this Colony, or the  
Committee of Safety, or from a said Committee as empowered by their Commission  
for the Defense of this and the other Colonies, And to observe and follow according  
to the Rules and Discipline established by said Congress, in the  
favor of the Trust reposed in you.

By Order of the Congress  
Jas Warren President P.S.

Dated the 10<sup>th</sup> Day of May 1775  
John Freeman Secy. P.S.

From the original owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society

WARD'S COMMISSION AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MASSACHUSETTS FORCES

servative guardians of law, order, and their own property began to line up on the Tory side. In Worcester County all the justices of the Court of Common Pleas but Ward and many justices of the peace wrote Gage assuring him of their support. Parliament provided for trial outside Massachusetts of officials and their agents in-

dicted for capital offenses. Already the source of judges' pay had been shifted from colony to mother country. Alone of all his neighbor lawyers, Ward sat in the forbidden Worcester County Convention which prevented his own court from sitting and compelled its judges to sign a declaration that "on account of the uncon-



stitutional act of the British parliament" they would stay all court proceedings.

A complete governmental structure, utterly illegal under the recent acts of Parliament but claiming to be the only proper one under the colonial charter, developed to rival that under Gage. Ward was placed in appropriate political positions, but the time had come when military authority was of immediate importance. He was elected colonel of his old regiment, and later, by appointment of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, of which he was a member and leader, became commander of its troops.

To General Ward came news that the militia, warned of a British raid and not waiting for orders from headquarters, had beaten the British in the running fights at Concord and Lexington and besieged them in Boston. He rode to Cambridge, and, at the risk of hanging for treason, took command first of the Massachusetts militia and later of volunteers from New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island.

On a peninsula in the middle of Boston Harbor lay the beleaguered city; toward it and commanding it stretched two other hilly peninsulas: Charlestown, topped by Bunker Hill, and Dorchester. At the neck of each and in an arc around the harbor the Americans busily entrenched. To occupy and hold either height might take more strength than either force possessed. The minutemen, accustomed to sudden service but brief campaigns, well enough fed but unpaid and poorly sheltered, returned to ploughs and wives. Officers left camp for the interior to enlist replacements. Military supplies were scarce. The American camp was full of argumentative citizens beginning to question the authority of their officers as they had learned to question that of Parliament, and reflecting upon the ease with which they could, while awaiting other developments, possess some of the better farms near their own.

In these critical circumstances, Ward heard that Gage planned to seize Dorchester. Urged to retreat from Cambridge, he called in all militiamen to take Dorchester first. However, neither side moved. In May, the American leaders "determined to take possession of Bunker

Hill and also of Dorchester Heights but not until the army should be better organized, more abundantly supplied with powder, and better able to defend posts so exposed." Despite minor brushes, both sides hesitated until they had reinforcements. The British were ready first, and the Americans had to check them.

Learning of enemy plans to seize Dorchester on June 18, Ward and his council of war on June 15 decided to fortify both Bunker Hill and Dorchester Neck, but those in command near the latter, at Roxbury, apparently had this move again deferred. At any rate, those ordered to Bunker Hill stealthily occupied it, and Breed's Hill, too; dug themselves in as best they could through the night of June 16, and awaited developments.

What happened the next day is history, but the ultimate results of what turned out to be the bloodiest battle of the war have been obscured. Many practical people wonder why Boston still celebrates a defeat. One obvious reason is that although the Americans lost their position, they sold it dearly; and, although the British had not been dislodged from Boston, they were still shut in there. Even more important was the effect on morale—both British and Americans learned from actual test that the latter had an army of fighting men, ably commanded. Ward had skillfully reinforced the tired, hungry, and thirsty men on the hills as fast as British movements made it safe for him to weaken the besieging lines. His soldiers were in high spirits, ready for more such encounters. On the other hand, the British Government's eventual reply to Gage's querulous reports was to be an order to quit Boston. In the colonies, the fire of independence, kindled in Concord and Lexington, flamed along the Atlantic coast.

While Ward had been deciding on the maneuvers which finally raised the siege, the Continental Congress had appointed Washington to command the American Army. John Adams, leader of the New England contingent, had wanted Ward's position confirmed and continued, but urged the choice of Washington, a southerner, to obtain the active help of all the colonies. Ward was named second in command. As soon as possible Washington

came to Cambridge, where Ward gave him a jovial dinner and paraded the troops. Washington put Ward in charge of the right wing, in Roxbury.

The siege settled down to almost a year of watchful waiting. The Americans could do nothing—they had only nine rounds of ammunition per man. Gage, given this information, thought he was being invited to another slaughter. The British had no stomach for any major operation. Politically, however, each side needed a victory. Washington, irked by inactivity and the lax discipline of a still-amateurish camp, wanted to attack Boston in rowboats, but was dissuaded by the cautious New Englanders. Time passed. The American Army hardly developed the sport of tackling enemy cannonballs to turn in for rum, reluctantly learned discipline of a sort, and signed up for longer enlistments. In Boston, soldiers and populace alike, short of food and fuel and long on smallpox, shivered through a miserable winter.

For some reason Ward and Washington did not get on well together, but both were too great to let personal antipathy stand in the way of devotion to a common cause. Ward and others prevailed upon their commander to try their old idea of occupying Dorchester Heights, and Ward's men began the new year 1776 making the necessary preparations. However, Washington still had no enthusiasm for this project, and unsuccessfully tried to get his council's sanction for an attack over the ice during a cold snap in February. At last, spurred by a false alarm that Gage was moving first, Washington ordered Ward onto Dorchester Neck. Another night's work again presented the English generals with the spectacle of a fort from which Boston could be bombarded but which return fire could not reach. A storm broke up a British attack by boats, driving them onto the harbor islands. Gage, his orders to leave having long since been received, jammed his men into ships he had hitherto considered inadequate, and hesitantly sailed away. Putnam and Ward occupied the town on March 17, 1776.

General Ward's health was so poor that, having raised the siege, he tendered his resignation; but Washington kept him in command of the Eastern Department for

another year. He continued to hold many local civil offices and sat in the Continental Congress. As president of the council for the three years just before the state constitution was adopted, he was executive head of the Massachusetts government, and incidentally a member of the board of overseers of Harvard College.

After peace was concluded but the new nation not yet secure, Shay's Rebellion broke out. The rapid depreciation of currency in the postwar depression had made it almost impossible for the Massachusetts farmers, many of them veterans, to earn money to pay obligations contracted when everything had been cheaper in terms of currency. Laws were strict, and creditors easily obtained judgments and enforced them by sheriff's sales of all their debtors' property.

Gradually the countrymen organized to resist the real and fancied wrongs done them by the merchant and creditor class, most of whom were in the city, and to demand relief legislation and suspension of legal process. An armed force gathered in Worcester to prevent the Court of Common Pleas from sitting. Into Worcester rode Judge Ward, once the only member of that same court to help force its vacation, now the only one who dared to face a mob with the same purpose.

A sentry challenged the old gentleman.

"What do you mean?" he roared. "Present arms!"

The guard, who had once been under Ward's command, instinctively obeyed, and the former general marched fearlessly through the threatening crowd to the courthouse door. It was barred. He had to halt, and some of those who had stepped aside to let him pass now pressed their bayonets against his breast. He asked the ringleaders to let him speak. At first they refused, then consented. No orator, he stood before his troubled, hostile countrymen and talked to them quietly for more than two hours, urging them not to be rash in such trying and crucial times; and when he had finished walked through his audience to the tavern, where he carefully went through the ceremony of opening and adjourning his court.

Ward's firm stand, not immediately effective and temporarily unpopular, ulti-

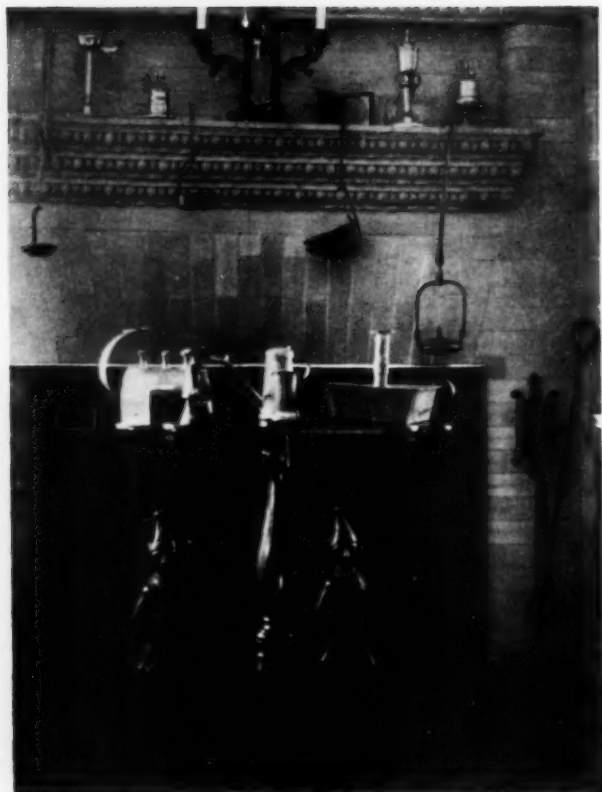


BOSTON AND ITS ENVIRONS IN 1775

mately won him renewed respect as conditions and his neighbors' emotions returned to normal. In his declining years, restored to public esteem, he represented the Worcester district as a Federalist in the second and third congresses, and continued to sit as judge until he was more than seventy years old. Finally he retired to Shrewsbury, where he would grimly way-

lay and rebuke Sabbath-breaking travelers and affectionately gather his clan around his hearth. He died at his home in 1800.

It is frequently said that there are no "ifs" in history. It is perhaps as well for the United States that Ward's plans for raising the siege of Boston were carried out as it is that Washington's prevailed thereafter.



ON TABLE IN FOREGROUND: PIG LAMP, PETTICOAT AND BED LAMPS, OIL FILLER, AND FARM CANDLESTICK. HANGING, LEFT TO RIGHT: IRON BETTY, TWO PHOEBE LAMPS, AND OLD IRON MINER'S LIGHT. MANTEL SHELF: FOUR PEWTER WICK LAMPS. NOTE TALL WICKS ON CAMPHENE LAMP, EXTREME RIGHT

## *The Spirit of the Hand-made*

### IX. Uncle Tom's Lamps

ELINOR EMERY POLLARD

"COME IN! COME IN!" Uncle Tom's voice was hearty and cordial. He had invited me to see his lamps, literally hundreds of them from crude specimens to the present modern luxuries. I followed him to the kitchen where he had been having a little snack. Whole wheat crackers and cheese were on a pewter plate, and the table was a lovely old mahogany dropleaf.

All about the kitchen walls, except for the windows and doors, were glass cabinets, where, row after row, were more than sixty different patterns of old blue china plates, from Washington's birthplace at Wakefield to Washington praying at Valley Forge.

"One at a time, here and there, I have picked them up," Uncle Tom explained.

"And none of them are copies," he added proudly.

Beneath these cabinets hung brightly polished brass ladles, from tasters teaspoon and tablespoon size, dated on the handles 1845, to huge cream, soup and water barrel scoops. And over the sink were twelve gleaming pewter "collection" plates, and candlesticks beyond counting.

"They were made in just that order," he noted. "Bog iron was discovered ten miles outside of Boston at Saugus about 1630, and the Pilgrims made their lamps and tools and candlesticks out of iron first. Later, however, tin was imported from England, and they found it was lighter and easier to work with. The brass, of course, came much later, and glass around 1825," he concluded. "But, speaking of lights, come on into the front room. We'll begin at the beginning."

"How many candlesticks do you suppose you have altogether, Uncle Tom?"

I was thinking of the beautiful dinner parties I had often attended in his home, and meetings of the Chatham Historical Society, of which he is the founder and only president. The only light for such festive occasions was always candlelight.

"Well, that now—" He hesitated to answer correctly. "All I know is, it takes a hundred and seventy-five candles to fill all the containers downstairs. Say, I have a prize in here I want to show you!"

He opened his desk in the living room, and took out carefully two boxes with six mellow old candles in each, hand dipped over two hundred years ago.

"These," he said, opening the first box, "are still white. Smell them. No hog fat there! They're sweet and fresh still." He lifted one gingerly, and held it up for me to see. The loop of flaxen wick was unbroken at the top, and the sides were slightly irregular where dipped in the melted tallow, and redipped again; several layers of fat had run down as the candles were hung up to dry, and settled into broader bases.

"Huh, and look at this one!" His tone was disgusted. "I just caught a maid we had once, as she touched a match to this old wick! You'd better believe I put it out in a hurry. She only meant to help. She didn't know how precious they were. But the loop in that wick is burned."

I saw the charred tip, and could well imagine Uncle Tom's concern the day he rescued it from the oblivion of its contemporaries.

"I got those from the old Benedict farm up above Warwick, New York," he continued. "But wait till you see these!"

He lifted the lid on the second box. These candles were deep yellow with age, and had bumpy imprints of the maker's fingers, where he or she had squeezed the fresh tallow in the palm of the hand, to press together firmly the strips wound around the center wick.

"Sometimes they rolled out their fat when it cooled, like pie crust, cut it into narrow strips, and wound them about the double strands of cotton web," he explained. "Several years ago at Clinton, New Jersey, they tore down an old barn, well over two hundred years old, and in between the weather boards they found these candles that must have dropped from the rafters where they were hung up to dry."

From his mantel above the hearth hung four or five very old grease lamps.

"Meet Betty and Phoebe," Uncle Tom chuckled as he turned and reached down a long iron piece, saw toothed at the side to make it adjustable in length. "I bought this from the Lewis and Conger collection, and it's a beauty."

It was hooked at the top to hang from a shelf, and at the bottom was a spoon-shaped piece which held common household grease and a strip of wick to burn in a feeble flame.

"The Pilgrims brought this Betty over in the Mayflower," he told me. "For a long time they used deer or bear fat, or fish oil, because there were only three cattle in New England around 1630. They didn't begin to import them much before 1675."

He hung back the Betty and lifted down another iron lamp, the Phoebe.

"Just as some automobiles are Fords and some Packards, so some of these were called Bettys and some Phoebes. But in all of them the principle was exactly the same."

We went into his snug library, which opened off from the living room. Glass cases lined the walls, filled with rare treasures from early Colonial America. He drew up two chairs side by side, and opened the first case.



"Along the New England shore there were a great many pine woods, and they used to remove the bark and take out the pith, cut it in candle lengths, and, after soaking it in grease, either stick it directly between the logs of their houses and light it or clamp it into some sort of iron stand."

There were several variations in size and shape of rush lights, but he chose a graceful tripod with a simple clip at the top, and passed it over for me to examine. Utility was the one thought in its creation; something to stand and to hold the burning "candlewood."

"Rush lights burned a long time," said Uncle Tom, "and were to be had for the mere cutting, but they smoked badly, and dripped a pitchy substance wherever they stood. Consequently, they were not popular."

Then he brought out a tiny clay piece, a little larger than a half dollar. It had two holes in it and a head carved on top, and it was interesting to note the same idea exactly, of a wick burning in grease.

"That one," he grinned, "is an old lady! It dates back at least five thousand years, and came out of an old Egyptian tomb. All my others are American—except this one," he amended.

Standing perhaps five inches high, and made of tin, was a little grease lamp with one short wick. Back of the flame was a round tin reflector, two inches in diameter.

"They used these in London, foggy nights," he told me. "They had narrow glass windows beside their front doors, and these lamps gave just a gleam of light for anyone to follow through the mist. But say, here's a curiosity!"

He held up a panel of natural pine, eight inches long, and a couple of inches wide. On the lower half was a square box filled with strange pointed quills.

"Spill box," said Uncle Tom. "That's very rare; early eighteenth century, anyway." He took out one of the long slender sticks, and showed me more closely. "They rolled paper into spiral tapers, and kept them handy. All they had to do was dip one in the hearth embers, and they had a light. Then they poked them into a box of sand to put them out, and saved them for another time." His eyes were twinkling.

"And here's the next step in lighters," he continued.

He reached far back into the case and drew out what looked at first to be an old revolver. The handle was the same, but the trigger when pulled made a steel hammer fly down against a rough edge of flint. The sparks fell into a little tinder box directly underneath, and a charred bit of linen caught fire. At one side there was a round box where they kept sulphur-tipped wooden pieces, and the housewife blew on one of them over the lighted tinder in order to "strike her match." Ingenious it was, but so different from the simple methods of today!

There were more candlesticks of all sorts and sizes. One with a larger base than the rest Uncle Tom displayed with interest.

"This is probably an individual piece," he commented. "Some farmer made it for his own need." It had a base eight inches square and at least four inches deep, around a center holder ten inches tall. "He probably wanted to use it out in the barn, and he made it so in order to safeguard against the flames or grease getting near to the hay. And this!"

He held up a sturdy tin candlestick with broad rounded base. "It's a hog scraper," he said. "They killed a pig in the fall, scalded it, and this was the very thing to scrape off all the bristles. Nothing slow about our ancestors! Everything was made to serve a double purpose. But speaking of hogs—"

What he held up next was ugly beyond words. It looked exactly like its name, "pig lamp." Short and round with squat legs, it had three short wicks down its back, and just where the curly tail belonged was a curved handle which rounded up over the first wick, and ended in a tiny inch-square tray.

"Due respect, please!" Uncle Tom's eyes were twinkling again. "This was a guest lamp, very special. The three wicks gave extravagant light, and because the nasty whale oil smelled so badly they used to drop a pinch of some fragrant incense or herb on that tray, which when heated helped to counteract the odor."

Another design in tin was a petticoat lamp, not more than four or five inches tall, and, as its name implied, below the



short wick and oil receptacle a second "flounce" or "petticoat" base.

Next to that were glass time-and-light lamps, three of them, six or seven inches high. The hours were marked on regular levels down the side, and when the oil had burned to nine or ten it was doubtless time for the early Americans to retire.

The bed lamp was clever, too. Stairways were narrow, and the loft bedrooms were dark. These little lamps were tin, with shallow oil container. Hooked to the handle loop was a top or chimney of tin, to shade the tiny flame on one side, and in front it had a small window of mica or isinglass.

"Their oil fillers were like small flower pots," Uncle Tom showed me two of them, thoroughly cleaned up and shining, as they had probably been in their days of active use.

"When Benjamin Franklin came along," he continued, "he began to experiment with wicks. He put two alongside one another, and found that two wicks gave twice as much light, yet burned no more oil. Then he figured if two were good, three and four would be that much better. But they weren't, so these are rare lamps today." He picked out one with three wicks and one with four for me to see. "They were not successful, so only a few were made."

By now we were on the third case. These lamps were mostly of brass.

"I have a pair of little brass oil lamps here," said Uncle Tom, reaching in carefully to bring one out, "and no one has ever seen any like them; nor can anyone tell me anything about them; not even the lamp man from the Brooklyn Museum."

There was a small round brass bowl for oil, five inches high, resting on a wall bracket; the wick was entirely enclosed in a fine glass case or cover and topped by a tiny glass bulb. A delicate trigger at one side raised or lowered the wick. It was most unusual.

"Brass was nineteenth century," Uncle Tom went on, "and from 1800 to 1850 there were more patents for lamps than ever before or since. They used camphene some, a product refined from turpentine, but it was highly explosive, and the wicks had to be projected two or three inches above

the reservoir, because of the danger when heated. You noticed, didn't you, that the whale-oil lamps had very short, stubby wicks that went down inside? The oil was thick, and the wicks had to carry heat down to thin it, so it could be drawn up and give a brighter light after it had been burning awhile. But it was horrible, smelly stuff!" he added.

Designs became rapidly more elaborate, and homes more luxurious. Sandwich glass made at Sandwich, Massachusetts, after 1825 made beautiful glass bases possible. Glass chimneys followed, and crystal gerendoles with gilt statue bases seemed the last word in perfection. Uncle Tom had a group of three of these above his case.

"That's the Earl of Leicester and his lovely peasant wife Amy Robsart in Scott's 'Kenilworth,'" he said, pointing to the delicate figures beneath the tinkling crystal prisms. "H-m-m, he deserved to lose his head, too, the rascal!" he added.

On a little side table I happened to see a buck's horn with sterling-silver tip and small urn swinging on silver gimbles. It was odd but lovely, I thought.

"Old to you, maybe," said Uncle Tom, "but I can remember when they used those things. The urn has a wick in oil, and the maid passed it lighted on a tray, after a formal dinner. Gentlemen smoked cigars then, but they don't so much today. They use cigarettes and throw them on the floor!" He chuckled good naturedly as he spoke, but there was food for thought in what he said.

"Of course kerosene revolutionized the lighting question," he continued. "Indians used it first for medicine, internally. They believed the Great Spirit sent it to them. But one day an Erie Railroad conductor discovered some floating on a swamp, and he drove some wells. People thought he was crazy, but we can thank him for the beginning of America's great oil industry."

I rose to go, thinking how wonderful it is that *things* outlive human beings for many generations! These mute relics of bygone days preserve for us in their practical simplicity much of the wonderful spirit, the courage, fortitude, and ingenuity of those people who claimed our country out of a wilderness.



MADAM PELÉNYI, FORMERLY SUE HARMAN OF CLEVELAND, WIFE OF THE HUNGARIAN MINISTER

## Your Capital City—and Mine!

HAZEL WHITAKER-VANDENBERG

**I**F your geography is clear, you will realize that the three European countries—Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Hungary are adjacent. And naturally they are all intimately affected by the troubled European situation. It struck me as such a coincidence that the Ministers from these three particular countries should each have married an American woman that I thought you might be interested in a bit of history review centered around them.

John Pelényi, the present Hungarian Minister in Washington, came to the United States to fill his first foreign post in Chicago. After Chicago came Cleveland. And with Cleveland, romance. But it took ten troubled years for the romance of John Pelényi and Sue Harman to culminate in marriage. For those war-time years interrupted the course of true love as it did many other affairs. He was called home to service and she to do Red Cross work in Europe. After the war he was the first of his countrymen to return to the United States, and they

were married shortly afterward. When the independent kingdom of Hungary was established and diplomatic relations begun, he came to Washington as Counselor of the Legation from 1921 to 1929.

After serving as permanent delegate to the League of Nations for several years, Mr. Pelenyi again returned to Washington as Minister to take the place of the late Count Laszle Szechenyi, whose widow is Gladys Vanderbilt. Back in the days when Mr. Pelenyi was consul in Cleveland, he presented a check for \$10,000 on behalf of his government to the flood sufferers of Dayton, Ohio. Last spring he again presented a check from his government, a token of payment on his country's post-war debt to the United States, the first installment to be deposited with the United States outside of Finland's payment. Last year was a memorable one for the "kingdom without a king," not only because of the debt issue, but due to observance by some one million Hungarians in this country of the nine-

hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Stephen, the Maygar's national saint and first king.

It is always a pleasure to be with the Pelenyis, for in no country could you ever find a more cultured, gracious, and genuinely charming pair. Happiness radiates from their personalities. Madame Pelenyi has made an intimate study of Hungarian history and customs and is most enthusiastic over her "adopted" country. We had a happy time at the birthday party of the Prochniks, listening to the reminiscences of "the boys" and enjoying the Viennese music which they all love so well. The Pelenyis have taken a beautiful home outside of Washington, where they have gathered together priceless etchings, rare paintings, and their choice collection of furnishings.

Mr. Pelenyi is one of the handsomest diplomats in Washington, and in full-dress diplomatic uniform he is the reincarnation of our "Prince of Pilsen," for the uniform is really a national gala day attire dating back many centuries. The all-black short tunic is richly braided, edged in fur, and hung dashingly across one shoulder; the breeches are tucked in high, black, polished boots. Under his arm the Minister carries a kepi ornamented with a white aigrette. A black-and-silver saber hangs at his side.

The Pelenyis are confident of the future of their country. Considering what it has been through in the past, it should be safe in the future!

WHEN MADAME HURBAN, nee Olga Boor, wife of the Czechoslovakian Minister, came in for tea one day recently, I couldn't help marveling at her poise and calm.

When the Hurbans arrived in Washington a few years ago there was no sign of trouble ahead, except in their fight with the termites which had completely undermined the beautiful legation on Massachusetts Avenue. And what a fight it was! Instead of buying a new home, the Czechoslovakian Government ordered the old legation remodeled; but the more they investigated, the more they found to do. So in the end it cost over \$100,000, far more than would a new legation. And it was almost a year before the Hurbans could move in and have a house-warming; but when they did we

found a totally transformed legation. So cool, so trim, so spotless, and yet so very homelike and inviting, with its paneled walls and beautiful pictures.

The Boors and the Hurbans had been family neighbors in Slovakia for years. The Boors came to the United States and settled in Pennsylvania, where the head of the household continued his preaching profession. Olga and Vladimir, the heroine and the hero of this story, met for the first time when the Boors went back home for a visit. But an interim of many years followed before their paths crossed again. This time they were married, when Colonel Hurban found himself in the United States on a round-about return from Russia, where he had been teaching military tactics to the Czar's officers when the World War broke out. He had enlisted immediately under Masaryk, Czechoslovakia's great leader and president. Later, Colonel Hurban became military adviser to his hero, but due to an injury had to retire from the army. It was then that he entered the diplomatic service, which took this interesting pair first to Cairo, then Stockholm, then Norway, and finally to Washington. In the Colonel's experiences he has conquered an unbelievable number of native tongues—French, Russian, Polish, Serbian, Hungarian, Swedish, German; and he does very well with his English.

MADAME IRIMESCU, wife of the Rumanian Minister, is the other American woman in this trio. I had a nice visit with her at a recent dinner of His Excellency the Polish Ambassador; and we had much to talk about, for gathered there besides her husband were the Envoys of Belgium, Yugoslavia, and Lithuania as well as a very interesting group of Washingtonians. Not by coincidence but by definite planning of the Ambassador had these envoys been invited. He remarked that as long as all these countries were more or less "mixed up" at home he wished to extend the olive branch here. This was especially meaningful, for not in many years have the Envoys of Poland and Lithuania exchanged hospitalities. Only the recent rapprochement between the two countries made it possible, I am told.

The life story of the Rumanian Minister is quite different from that of the others in this group, for he is not a career diplomat. This is his first diplomatic assignment, and it was due entirely to his technical knowledge and business ability, for he has been a successful business man both in the United States and in Rumania as well as a soldier of high rank. The fact that he has never been a member of any political party makes him quite independent of the changes at home. In spite of his neutral attitude, he has been included in every cabinet formed since he returned to Rumania in the capacity of Minister of the Air and Navy. As illustrating the good graces in which he stands, with young Crown Prince Michael he represented Rumania last year at the coronation of King George VI. And when Queen Marie was here on her memorable visit in 1926, he, as a member of the Banker's Club of America, was host at a banquet in her honor attended by the most prominent leaders in the financial and industrial world.

During the years that Madame Irimescu lived in Bucharest she learned to love that fascinating city, and came to know the royal family well. In fact she is one of the few American women who has been honored with invitations to the royal palace.

So, there's no need to worry about the future of this forceful, square-jawed, personable man, nor that of his charming blond wife whom he met when he first came to New York a good many years ago. Both of her daughters by a previous marriage live in New York; one, Mrs. Dorothy Green, being a well-known pianist. The Minister himself, in his "idle moments," plays the violin.

Maybe the Irimescus won't ship caviar direct from Rumania for a dinner party, as did their predecessor, Mr. Davila; but you may be sure they will always faithfully and correctly represent their country, as they did at the housewarming party last spring in honor of the eighth anniversary of King Carol's accession to the throne.\*

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At another time I hope to continue this "American Wives" story, for this group is

\* A picture of Madame Irimescu appeared in the August number.

but a few of the American women who have married foreign diplomats.

Madame Loudon is the newest and youngest to join the Washington "colony" as the wife of the Netherlands Minister. Lady Lindsay, wife of Great Britain's Ambassador, is a long-time resident of Washington, as well as Madame Espil, wife of the Argentine Ambassador—all of them very important hostesses. The number of American wives of lesser diplomats is legion, and one can never tell when these secretaries and counselors may be promoted to the top ranks.

I'VE ALWAYS FELT that the ideal way to teach history was to center it about outstanding people of the times. And never could a better place than Washington be found in which to indulge this idea. "Sugar-coated lessons in history and economics," may I call them?

One of the most far-reaching organizations we have all come to take for granted is the Red Cross. As someone has said, "It's our national fire department; the gong taps and the Red Cross goes." So, may I center this bit of history around a personage whose life story spells accomplishments? Not the kind that are shouted from the housetops, but the "still waters run deep," quietly efficient type. Introducing—

#### MISS MABEL THORP BOARDMAN

*National Secretary of The American Red Cross,  
and National Director of Volunteer Service for  
almost forty years*

Not that she needs introducing anywhere throughout the world; but in case there are some who have not heard this oft-repeated but true remark of William Howard Taft, "She is not the president—she is not the chairman—she is the Red Cross."

Let's go back to her childhood days in Cleveland, Ohio. "Born with a gold spoon in her mouth," from a brilliant line of ancestors, she had every opportunity to become the proverbial debutante butterfly. And she did fly about happily for awhile, even as far as Berlin, where her uncle, Mr. W. W. Phelps, was our Ambassador at the court of Kaiser Wilhelm. But all the time she was enjoying the glitter of youth she was mulling over much more serious things. So she came to work regularly at the Children's Day Nursery



MADAME HURBAN, FORMERLY OLGA BOOR, PENNSYLVANIA-BORN WIFE OF THE  
CZECHOSLOVAK MINISTER

in Cleveland. And when the family moved to Washington she continued this work in the Children's Hospital. Even in those days she began to be known more and more for her faithful service to real philanthropies.

From then on she began to concentrate! She says it was quite by accident; but at

any rate she found herself on the board of incorporators of the Red Cross, which had been founded in 1881 by Miss Clara Barton. But it was not the Red Cross as we know it; it was just a small group noted for its merciful deeds. But here was the nucleus of an idea that appealed tremendously to the broad vision of this



young woman. Her youth, enthusiasm, and practical reorganization ideas she applied to the situation. It was she who conceived the then rather bold plan of making the Red Cross a semiofficial arm of the Government, and responsible to the Government. Mr. Taft, Secretary of War at that time, and John W. Foster, one-time Secretary of State and authority on international law, helped her work out these ideas in the form of a charter.

And thus in 1904, when the charter became law by act of Congress, the real Red Cross was born. So unbelievably vast was the scope mapped out that it doesn't seem possible that this young woman could have envisioned such a dream. But she did, and she has seen to it that the dream has come true—from less than 50,000 members to over 10,000,000!

Perhaps it might not be amiss to show how very practical a basis she planned:

- a. At all times the Red Cross was to serve as the intermediary between armed forces and civilians.
- b. Take care of the wounded soldiers of armies on the field.
- c. Relieve sufferers from disaster in times of peace.
- d. Furnish an annual report to Congress, not only of its activities but of all receipts and expenditures; its books to be audited by the War Department.
- e. Five of the eighteen members of the governing body (the Central Committee) must be members of the official family of the President of the United States.
- f. The Chairman, or the head of the Society, must be appointed by the President of the United States.

This brain-child of Miss Boardman proceeded to grow like a whirlwind; and, with the rapid development, new ideas grew in her fertile brain as fast as the last one was "able to walk." Naturally the tie-up with the Government increased the prestige of the organization tremendously.

From the very beginning Miss Boardman kept regular office hours on a strictly volunteer basis. But the little room in the War Department offices soon became far too small. What to do? Raise the money for a building of their own, to take care of not only the membership that kept piling up but the widening scope of the work. It was largely due to her efforts that \$400,000 was raised in public contributions and a similar sum voted by the Congress. Thus the mag-

nificent building adjacent to your D. A. R. center became a reality. In a short time another was needed, and a sister building was erected back of this main building.

Time and again Miss Boardman was urged to take the chairmanship, but being of the "old school" she maintained that a man should hold this position. So now, though almost forty years have elapsed, she still holds the more thankless, real work-a-day job of National Secretary, and ever since 1905 has been an active member of the Central Committee. In all these years she has refrained from being in any way associated with politics, for she firmly believes that a Red Cross official should not use his influence in a partisan way.

When the World War was declared she was one of the committee who organized the first national service school for the woman's naval service. It was she who helped plan the first aid and surgical dressing classes for the women students who came from all parts of the country. It was she who, against opposition, designed the rather snappy Red Cross uniforms which did so much to raise the morale of the workers.

But what of world catastrophes—how have they been met? For example, the Messina earthquake. It is said that within a half-hour after she had received the message Miss Boardman was mobilizing Red Cross relief for the sufferers. For this splendid service the Italian Government in 1909 decorated her with a specially made reproduction of an ancient Roman civic crown.

And here I must digress to tell you about one of those never-to-be-forgotten evenings at Miss Boardman's grand old home, where she reigns socially just as she does in the Red Cross. It was a dinner in honor of Chief Justice and Mrs. Hughes. As always, the dinner was the essence of culinary and social perfection. The women guests had gathered after dinner in the spacious drawing-room, when somehow she was persuaded to talk of her experiences. Finally, after a good deal more persuasion, she sent for the Italian decoration, which was enclosed in a gorgeous, heavily tooled leather box. As she raised the crown so that we could see it closely, the brilliance of the gold oak and acorn leaves was dazzling. "Do put it on!" came in chorus. And





MISS MABEL BOARDMAN, NATIONAL SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS FOR ALMOST FORTY YEARS

when she did someone said, "Now you really do look like Queen Mary of England"; a resemblance which is so striking as to have caused the Prince of Wales to say when he saw her coming down a reception line, "Why, there's Mama!"

This decoration is just one of the many tokens of respect Miss Boardman has received from grateful governments. In fact, she is known as "the most decorated woman in America"—the King of Sweden presented her with a personal order in 1909; the French Government made her a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; Belgium, Portugal, Serbia, and Japan have each added to her honors—for she has literally covered the globe in the wake of various disasters, planning and urging on the rescue work. In all of these years, whether in connection

with rescue work or attending international conferences, it has been a work of love for which she has paid all of her own expenses, besides giving generously.

Other honors have come to her during the years—honorary degrees from George Washington University, Western Reserve, and Converse. She is the second woman to be accorded the extraordinary master of arts degree from Yale University, because of her great accomplishments along humane lines. The National Institute of Social Sciences awarded her its gold medal in 1913. Not long ago the National Red Cross gave a testimonial dinner in her honor, attended by more than a thousand friends. And so we could go on and on, giving ample proof that President Taft was correct when he said he considered her one of the great women of the world.

Before I leave the Red Cross side of her life, I want you to know that it was Miss Boardman who, at the suggestion of Miss Emily Bissell, initiated the Red Cross Christmas Seals. It was she who started the Red Cross giving first aid and life-saving instruction all over the country. It was she who planned special services for disabled veterans, food and nutrition classes, rural public health nursing, Red Cross sewing projects, typhoid inoculations—it's simply an endless tale, this Boardman Red Cross Business. And so regular has she been in going to her office every day except Sunday that the neighbors set their clocks by her passing. So, you see, she *works* at her business!

One "extra-curricular" activity in which she has indulged was that of being the first woman Commissioner of the District of Columbia, appointed by President Wilson. Thoroughgoing as usual, she made a great success of this job, but found that her "first love" demanded her full time, so it was necessary to withdraw from this activity.

As a little "side line" she saved the famous old Wadsworth Home near hers from destruction as far as the neighborhood was concerned. At her call the neighboring property holders came together and plans were made to "lift" the mortgage. Thus came into being what has developed into a well-run, prosperous woman's club, of which she is president. Inasmuch as it was organized during the Washington Bicentennial, Miss Boardman suggested the name "Sulgrave," after the ancestral home of the Washingtons. Music, art, and literature are fostered at the Sulgrave Club by news-of-the-day lectures and concerts. Always one finds the kind of service and food typical of the best homes.

Speaking of concerts, Miss Boardman often sponsors young artists whom she wishes to encourage. Music is her great diversion. Luncheons she omits, as they interfere with her business routine; but she is a much-sought-after dinner guest. She entertains often, usually including some well-known artist. At a recent dinner one of her guests was the handsome, talented young English artist, Simon Elwes, who was here doing a portrait of Chief Justice Hughes for Cornell University.

At a recent successful party given by Miss Boardman at the Sulgrave Club the invitations read, "Welsh Rarebit Party after the Diplomatic Reception." These reception evenings are always quite a problem, because we get "all dressed up" and afterwards have "nowhere to go." So these post-reception parties are always welcome affairs.

Inasmuch as the diplomatic reception this year was rather small, ten Ambassadors and six Ministers being absent for various reasons, we were "in and out" the White House in little over an hour. But even so, by the time we got to the club many of the guests had already arrived. Miss Boardman and her sisters, Mrs. Murray Crane and Mrs. Frederick Keep, were busy receiving and introducing a very gay, festive group, the diplomats wearing their full dress uniforms and decorations. Dainty, picturesque Madame Rajamatri and her husband, the Siamese Minister; Vladimir Hurban, the Czechoslovak Minister, and Madame Hurban; the Danish Minister, Mr. Wadsted, in the gayest uniform of all; the dashing Polish Ambassador, and many, many more. And such Welsh rarebit, sizzling hot for all that crowd who gathered in congenial groups around little tables! This was followed by cold cuts of ham, duck, and turkey, with green salad. Then, if you could, there was ice cream and cake. All served perfectly by the efficient Sulgrave Club corps. Dancing in the great ballroom continued through the evening.

No wonder everyone agrees that the hostess is one of the world's great ladies, whose life has been marked by an utter selflessness and an understanding sympathy toward the world's afflicted. These social charms and generosity are the lighter side of her well-rounded, busy life. They are part of the picture because these friendly, human, personal contacts are part of her rare character. But they never interfere with her great labors in organized humanity. They are wholly subordinate to the great dedications of her life. She lives to serve. Her monuments are as countless as the broken lives she has helped to mend and the bitter sufferings she has helped assuage. And of all these monuments, as President Taft said, "She is the Red Cross!"

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## DISTINGUISHED DAGUERREOTYPES

### II

THE RESPONSE to the editor's urgent request to subscribers for daguerreotypes which she could publish during 1939, the centennial of the invention of photography, has been immediate and gratifying. She takes pleasure in printing herewith the largest family group which she has ever seen depicted through this process. The original plate was made in 1850. The skillful restoration and reproduction has been done by Edmonston. Seated from left to right are: Abner Humphrey Young, Thomas Humphrey Young, Mary Ann Randolph Young, Reverend Robert Kellen, and Euphemia Jane Young. Standing from left to right are: Samuel Harrison Young, Malinda Randolph Young, Caroline Rebecca Young, and William Hamilton Young.

This daguerreotype shows the family of Abner Humphrey Young and Mary Ann Randolph, both of Virginia Revolutionary ancestry, who were married in Washington, D. C., in 1826. It was made when the eldest daughter, Euphemia Jane, seated next to her fiance Reverend Robert Kellen, was about to be married and leave Washington for California. Reverend Kellen, who was a chaplain in the United States Army, was leaving with his regiment, which had been ordered to California due to disorders incident to the "gold rush." Samuel Harrison Young, the eldest son, was one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association in Washington, D. C. William Hamilton Young died on the battlefield at Gettysburg. The little boy of five years, seated at his mother's side, is Thomas Humphrey, a life-long resident of Washington, D. C., and father of the present owners of the daguerreotype, Colonel Charles Duncanson Young of Philadelphia, a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and Mary Elizabeth and Jane Randolph Young of Washington, D. C., members of the *Captain Molly Pitcher Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.*



# The Dies Committee Report

IMOGEN B. EMERY, *National Chairman*

*Committee on National Defense through Patriotic Education*

THE special House Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities, created in pursuance of House Resolution 282, has made its report to the Seventy-sixth Congress. Following a summary of the committee's authorization, and the difficulties encountered in its organization, is a definition of Americanism:

"In order to determine what activities and propaganda are un-American, we must first define Americanism. No scientific definition will be attempted, but we will undertake to set forth in simple and understandable language what some of the chief principles of Americanism are. In the first place, Americanism is the recognition of the truth that the inherent and fundamental rights of man are derived from God and not from governments, societies, dictators, kings, or majorities. This basic principle of Americanism is expressed in the Declaration of Independence, where our immortal forefathers said that all men are created equal and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, chief among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. From this declaration and the well-established interpretations that have been put upon it from the beginning of the Republic down to the present moment, it is clear that Americanism recognizes the existence of a God, and the all-important fact that the fundamental rights of man are derived from God and not from any other source. Among these inalienable rights which are the gifts of man from his Creator are: (1) Freedom of worship; (2) freedom of speech; (3) freedom of press; (4) freedom of assemblage; (5) freedom to work in such occupation as the experience, training, and qualifications of a man may enable him to secure and hold; (6) freedom to enjoy the fruits of his work, which means the protection of property rights; (7) the right to pursue his happiness with the necessary implication that he does not harm or injure others in the pursuit of this happiness. Upon this basic principle, the whole structure of the American Government was constructed."

Americanism is next contrasted with Communism, Fascism, and Naziism and the principles and history of each presented. The formation of the Communist Party within the United States and its activities and control are covered. Documents presented in proof of testimony offered are quoted to substantiate statements. The evidence introduced verifies the findings of the National Defense Committee of our Society, and has carried the danger warning to the far corners of the United States.

Proof of Trojan Horse tactics in the penetration of churches, schools, youth organizations, and labor unions is produced. Earl Browder's book, *What is Communism?* is quoted to prove the fallacy of churches uniting with Communism for human betterment. To quote, Browder says, "In fact, by going among the religious masses we are for the first time able to bring our anti-religious ideas to them." Much of the lawlessness and violence in the industrial world is attributed to Communist instigators and to their revolutionary program.

Analysis is made of "front organizations" set up by the Communist Party to foment the revolutionary idea in the minds of the American people. The control, aim, and scope of this movement is briefly told. The American League for Peace and Democracy, formerly the American League Against War and Fascism, is given first place among these "front organizations." Quotations from their own publications are used in each instance to establish reliability of statements.

It is shown that strong defense methods are built up on behalf of workers of revolutionary groups, claiming international membership of millions. The fact is established that international defense groups, which have among their leaders many Federal employees, have collected huge sums for agitation of the Spanish cause.

The influences at work among the youth of America are shown in testimony regarding the American Student Union, American Youth Congress, and other groups. The American Student Union claims as a revolu-

tionary technique to have led as many as half a million students out in annual student strikes against military training and military preparedness. There are over a dozen Communist groups within the American Youth Congress.

Particular attention is given to evidence of alien activities. That a large part of un-American activities is inspired and carried on by aliens resident within the United States is beyond doubt. The Bridges case is presented as an example.

The Nazi activities are here traceable to and linked with Government-controlled agencies in Nazi Germany. The Nazi minority is found to have had advance information on future happenings in Germany. It is revealed that there are approximately eighty Bund posts in the United States. From its membership the German-American Bund is believed to be able to muster within its own ranks a uniformed force of 5,000 storm troops. The committee failed to find any reason for their existence, but the fact remains that there is no Federal statute to prevent such formation and activity. Pistol and rifle ranges for storm troops are a part of the plans formulated, as are classes in military tactics, etc. The Bunds have well-organized youth units serving their program. The committee was hampered in its investigation of these Bunds by the destruction of records in anticipation of investigation.

American-Italian Black Shirts are organized to the number of 10,000, the committee reports, while 100,000 interested sympathizers look on. Their youth movement is carried on under the guise of cultural education.

Antiracial organizations, used to create racial and religious intolerance and hatred, have sprung up in great numbers.

The committee summarizes its findings, which are concise. A few of the findings with regard to Communism are of special interest:

"It is an integral part of a world revolutionary movement for proletarian internationalism."

"It rests upon brutal violence despite its present dishonest profession of belief in the processes of democracy."

"It aims at complete confiscation of private property in the means of production, including socialization of the land."

"It is unusually active in our schools, both openly and subtly insinuating its propaganda into the minds of students."

"It is boring from within the two major political parties."

"During the next two years it will concentrate much of its effort in the formation of a national farmer-labor party which it will seek to dominate."

"It is the enemy of all forms of religion and looks upon faith in God as an outworn superstition."

"It stifles the creative impulses of the individual by its deadening regimentation."

"It is basically a philosophy of hatred which seeks to promote class war."

"It is boring from within labor unions on a wide scale, seeking to dominate or wreck the unions for purposes that are alien to the interests of organized wage earners."

"It fears to have the spotlight of publicity turned upon its real aims and methods, and will stop at nothing to discredit, if possible, those who fearlessly expose its program and activities."

"It seeks to silence all hostile criticism by charging its critics with red-baiting, while, at the same time, it viciously baits those who dare to oppose it."

"It dangles the promise of economic security before the victims of economic distress, offering them a new slavery in the name of emancipation."

"Finally, it is diametrically opposed to the principles of Americanism, as set forth in the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence."

The summary of the findings of this committee strikes home to the reader the realization that we have before us factual material upon a menace that is widespread and deadly dangerous because of the many approaches made through channels where leadership based on the American way of living is expected. These activities cannot be catalogued or marked for us. We must be alert to the panaceas offered in the guise of education, religion, and government, and build up an enlightened public opinion against these activities while insisting upon protective legislation.



# GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

*Genealogical Editor*

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DELEGATES attending Congress are often commissioned by the home folks to obtain genealogical information while in Washington. For this reason it has been the established custom to admit members only to the library during April, in order to extend exclusive privileges to those who have little opportunity for research.

The Society is fortunate to have a librarian and assistants thoroughly familiar with the thousands of books and records now owned by the D. A. R., and, what is equally important, each is invariably courteous and helpful in suggestion for research.

We submit a few suggestions in preparation for use of the very limited time that can be taken from the regular sessions, committee and department meetings, social events, etc., that make this event such a strenuous week.

Arrange your lineage on charts similar to the one frequently published in this department of the Magazine. Note especially the residence of the family in each generation. Consult the index catalogue and list the books and records that probably contain the records you seek. The location of the family should decide the references you select. For instance, if the family lived in the northeast for generations it is unlikely that you will find their records in Kentucky, Tennessee, or Alabama.

Some of the cards are marked F. C., which means that these data are among the thousands of unpublished records the D. A. R. has been collecting through the Genealogical Records committees.

The work of cataloguing biographies that appear in county histories has been done through many years, yet the work is by no

means completed, so one may find such information in these county histories.

Examine first the genealogies, then the county histories. Ascertain the date of county organization and the name of the parent county, since your record may have been in the original county. If you have the name of the ancestor and state in which he lived in 1790, the census of that state may give a clue for further research. This may be followed for the succeeding decades at the Bureau of the Census at the Department of Commerce Building. The Census of 1850 gives the name of each member of the family, age, state of birth, etc.

If the Revolutionary soldier was pensioned, he may be listed among the thousands of bound copies of Pensions on file in our library, and others are available at the Navy Department near our headquarters. The records of military service are located in the adjoining Munitions Building.

The Magazine through the years has listed accessions to our library as part of the report of the Librarian General in the minutes of each board meeting. These will serve as a guide in the selection of books; a preparation of such a list prior to your visit will be a time saver.

The library is open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. and on Saturday previous to Congress and on the following Saturday.

We realize that these are A B C instructions to those who frequent our library, but they may be helpful to the majority of our members who are unable to enjoy that privilege.

\* \* \*

The response to our invitation to submit completely filled charts before February 1



for publication in the April Magazine has exceeded all expectations. The committee that will make the selection has a difficult task. All charts will be on display near the Magazine office during Congress. The plan has met with such favor that it will be repeated next year.

\* \* \*

Names of Prisoners taken to Saint Augustine, Florida, during the Revolution, that being an English territory at that time.

Copied by Carolyn A. Miller from *Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War in America*, by Alex Garden, page 165.

Exiles to Saint Augustine

Edward Blake

John Budd

Joseph Bee

Richard Beresford

\*John Berwick

Robert Cockran

Benjamin Cudworth

Henry Crouch

John Splatte Cripts

Elijah Isaac

Christian Peters

Griffith Futherford

David Ramsey (Historian of the Revolution)

Edward Darrer

Daniel De Saussure

John Edwards

\*Thomas Ferguson

George Flagg

\*Christopher Gadsden (Lt. Gov. of South Carolina)

William H. Gibbs

Thomas Grimball

G. A. Hall

William Hall

Thomas Hall

\*Thomas Hayward, Jr., Signer

Isaac Holmes

Richard Hudson

William Johnson

Noble Wimberly Jones

William Lee

Rev. John Lewis

William Logan

William Livingston

John Lovejay

Richard Lushington

Arthur Middleton

William Massey

Edward M'Cready

Alexander Moultrie

John Morall

John Neufville

Edward North

Joseph Parker

John Earnest Poyas

Samuel Prioleau

Jacob Read

Hugh Rutledge

Benjamin Postell

John Sausum

Edward Rutledge, a Signer, taken prisoner and brought to St. Augustine and imprisoned in Fort Marion 1780.

Thomas Savage

\*Thomas Singleton

Josiah Smith

Phillip Smith

James Hamden Thompson

\*Peter Timothy

John Todd

Anthony Toomer

Benjamin Waller

Edward Weyman

Morton Wilkinson

Note: In 1822 but these survived.\*

\* \* \*

#### MARYLAND MARRIAGE RECORDS

The following marriage licenses and church marriages have been printed in the genealogical publications of states other than Maryland. In the interest of ready reference, it is suggested that librarians have these sub-titled in their Maryland indexes.

Caroline County, 1774-1815. *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, Vol. xxviii, pp. 209-15, 320-45, 428-55.

Dorchester County, 1790-1802. *Publications of The Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania*, vol. viii, pp. 252-60; vol. ix, pp. 85 et seq.

Harford Co. 1779-1838. *Publications of The Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania*, vol. viii, pp. 151-63.

Prince George Co. 1777-1824. *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, vol. 73, pp. 134-54, 217-32, 261-79.

St. John's Parish, Prince George Co., 1786-1794. *The Genealogical Quarterly Magazine* (Putnam's), vol. i, pp. 39, 246.

St. Michael's Parish, Talbot Co. 1672-1704. *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, vol. xxix, pp. 427-38.

Ref.: Notes, Queries and Corrections—  
Publications of Genealogical Society of  
Pennsylvania, page 89.

#### THE CLARKE FAMILY

Of the Clarke family there were seven brothers, six of whom were professional men, and one a farmer. Among them were Dr. Deodatus Clarke, born July 27, 1762, died January 10, 1847. In 1795 he settled on Lot 66 (Town of Pompey, Onondaga Co., N. Y.) and owned the whole of Lot 52. He removed to Oswego, N. Y., in 1807, where he died. Henry Clarke, farmer, settled in Pompey about 1795, but removed to Manlius (about eight miles from Pompey) prior to 1805, where he died in 1810. Thaddeus Clarke, born February 12, 1770, settled on Lot 81 (Pompey) in 1820, moved thence to Fabius, N. Y., about 1830, and died in Pennsylvania in 1854. Erastus Clarke, born May 11, 1768, owned the whole of Lots 81 and 54, and about 200 acres on Lot 37, Pompey. He was an attorney, and took the petition for the incorporation of the Pompey Academy to Albany, and procured the passage of the law incorporating the institution.

Dr. HEZEKIAH CLARKE, eldest of the five brothers, was born December 19, 1758, in Lebanon, Conn. His father was a physician and his ancestors came to America in 1640, settling at Hartford, Conn. His maternal grandmother was a sister of President Jonathan Edwards. He studied medicine with his father and at the age of twenty-one years was appointed surgeon's mate in the 3rd Connecticut Regiment of the Army of the Revolution. He rendered efficient and valuable service in the War, and particularly at the attack of the British on Fort Griswold. Soon after the War he settled in Pittsfield, Mass., where he remained one year, after which he married and located in Lanesborough, Mass. During the following eighteen years he devoted himself to his profession in that place and in 1805 removed to Pompey, N. Y., where he arrived on the 3rd of November.

He remained at Pompey one year and then settled on a farm two miles southeast of that village, where he continued his professional labor. He had a great practice and was especially eminent as a surgeon. In the spotted fever epidemic, as it was

termed, of 1813-14, his services were so extensive as to finally prostrate him, and he was in one instance carried on a bed to the couch of a patient. Dr. Clarke took a deep interest in the public affairs of his adopted town and was a member of the first board of trustees of the Pompey Academy. He was a father of eight children who grew to maturity. His death occurred March 4, 1826. I believe that John J. Clarke is a descendant of Hezekiah Clarke. His address is Apartado 15 Bis. Mexico, D. F., Mexico.—E. E. Clemons, Manlius, New York.

#### Queries and Answers

**Q**UERIES must be submitted in duplicate, typed or written double spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to sixty words. Name and address of sender will be published unless otherwise requested. Unsigned queries, indicated by \* \* \*, desire no correspondence so letters cannot be forwarded by this department. Queries received since June 1, 1938, will be published as soon as possible if above rules are observed. Unpublished queries may be resubmitted. Answers to queries are solicited.

#### QUERIES

**C-'39. Tucker - Griswold.** — John Tucker, born Essex Co., N. J., 1766, and Hannah Jones Tucker, had daughter, Phebe, born 1796, son, David, born 1805. Phebe married Lott Griswold, lived near Bennington, N. Y. Would like to correspond with a descendant of the Griswolds.—(Miss) Mabel L. Day, 1020 W. Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

**C-'39. (a) Walker-Shaw.** — Wanted ancestry of Lucretia Walker who married Elisha Spear at Vershire, Vt., in 1832. Both gave Chelsea, Vt., as residence. Did she have Revolutionary ancestors? Also ancestry of Grata Shaw who married Frederic Spear at Brookfield, Mass., 1786. Was her father Joseph Shaw descendant of Abraham Shaw and wife Bridget Best? Was there Revolutionary ancestry?

**C-'39. (b) Dawson-Holmes.** — Ancestry wanted of James Dawson, born Sept. 1, 1805 in Va., and wife Sarah Tinsley Holmes born Jan. 26, 1810, mar. Dec. 20, 1827 in Ky. Lived in Spencer Co., Ky., in 1832 where 3rd child Geo. Riley Dawson was born. Removed to Louisville, later to Illinois. Did she have Indian ancestry thru the Tinsleys? Was there Revo. service

in either line?—Miss Elva G. Spear, Petersburg, Illinois.

#### ANSWER

**L-38. Prather.**—I have in my Prather Family Records 1. Jonathan Prather, who lived in Calvert Co., Md., d. in 1680 leaving surviving him his wife, Jane Prather and children later mentioned. Jane later married John Smith. She died in 1713 and her Will dated July 7, 1710, proved Dec. 7, 1713 (Annapolis Wills P. 623) mentions the following children—

1<sup>st</sup> George Prather (b. 1668 m. Mary — no heirs)

2<sup>nd</sup> William Prather (b. 1670 m. Ann — no heirs)

3<sup>rd</sup> Thomas Prather (d. 1712 or 3 m. Martha Sprigg)

4<sup>th</sup> Jonathan Prather (d. before 1710 m. Elizabeth — no heirs)

5<sup>th</sup> John Prather (d. abt. 1718 m. Katherine — no heirs)

6<sup>th</sup> Jane Prather (m. James Mullikin—no heirs)

Martha (Sprigg) Prather later married Capt. Yoakley. Her will dated June 19, 1742 proved Nov. 13, 1742 mentions the following children:

1<sup>st</sup> Thomas Prather m. Elizabeth Clagett

2<sup>nd</sup> John Smith Prather m. Elizabeth Nuthall Feb. 17, 1726

3<sup>rd</sup> Philip Prather

4<sup>th</sup> Aaron Prather m. Oct. 10, 1738 Jane Prather (dau. of Jonathan and Elizabeth)

5<sup>th</sup> Eleanor Prather m. Thos. Williams

6<sup>th</sup> Rachel Prather m. James M. Simmes. —Mrs. Elizabeth Ruth B. Slade, 925 North 4th St., Atchison, Kansas.



### Bible Records

#### AHAB BEAN FAMILY BIBLE

##### Births

Ahab Bean was borned January the 10th, A.D., 1778.

Isabel Bean was borned A.D., October the 24th, 1790.

##### Children:

Elizabeth Bean was borned May 18, 1810.

Mary Bean was borned Oct. 15, 1811.

William S. Bean was borned Nov. 20, 1812.

Alzinah Bean was borned Dec. 18, 1813.

Huldah Bean was borned April 5, 1815.

Stephen D. Bean was borned April 10, 1817.

Jerome B. Bean was borned Feb. 13, 1818.

Cordelia Bean was borned January 30, 1822.

Robert Irwin Bean was borned Jan. 27, 1825.

Ahab Karr Bean was borned Sept. 23, 1828.

Louisa Bean was borned Dec. 25, 1830.

##### Deaths

Died January 25, 1847, Huldah Looney, aged 30 years.

Mary Bean, died Dec. 4, 1851.

Died on the 12 day of December, at 1/2 past 11 o'clock, Ahab Bean, aged 79 years and eleven months and 2 days. 1857.

Isabel Bean, died 15 January 1856.

##### Marriages

Ahab Bean was married in the year A.D., 1809 to Isabelle Walker.

James Bean was married to Sarah Anne Bonzater Oct. 28, 1852.

Louisa Bean was married to Joseph Underwood, July 20, 1848.

Stephen D. Bean was married to Miss Lizanne Brana Nov. 11, 1849.

Wm. S. Bean was married to Sophrony G. Gear, Oct. 27, 1841.

J. B. Bean was married Aug. 3, 1848, to Mary Ferguson.

The above records were copied from the Ahab Bean Family Bible by Helen Hird Prehm, a descendant of Ahab Bean. This Bible is now in the possession of Mr. Frank J. Bean of Elwood, Nebraska, a grandson of Ahab and Isabel Walker Bean.—Mrs. Helen H. Prehm, Northwood, Iowa.

## GREENE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, MARRIAGE BONDS

(Continued from February issue)

1796

(The following bonds are the first issued under the new state)

				Security
May 10	Charles Smith	to	Martha Lowry	Alexander Lowry
May 26	Samuel Tankersley	to	Rachel Scruggs	Richard Scruggs
June 11	Andrew McMachin	to	Mary Johnson	James McMackin
July 25	Edward McNew	to	Mary O'Neil	John Henderson
				John McDonald
				James Magee
July 25	Daniel Rawlings, D. C. C.	to	Elizabeth Pursell	James Loyd
July 26	William Kennedy	to	Margaret McKeen	James McKeen
July 27	Jeremiah Broyle	to	Sarah Jones	(or McKeen)
				John Jones
Aug. 4	George Moyer	to	Rebecca Wilson	James Penney
Aug. 25	John Ragon	to	Jane Hood	Nathaniel Hood
Aug. 27	James Coffel	to	Sarah Wyatt	John Hays
				Samuel Wyatt
Aug. 30	James Swagerty	to	Delilah Meek	William Whitenberger
Aug. 30	Joseph Williams	to	Martha Logan	Alexander Williams
Sept. 3	James Adams	to	Catherine Casick	William Adams
(or Adames)				
Sept. 22	James Brown	to	Jane Newberry	John Henderson
Sept. 26	James Lauderdale	to	Sarah Walker	John Kirk
Oct. 7	Jeremiah Pively (?)	to	Hannah Roberts	John Newman
Oct. 7	William McNinch	to	Doshea Dosey	John Newman
Oct. 10	Jonathan Milburn	to	Nancy Emberson	William Milburn
(Bond, license and cetificate)				
Oct. 12	Henry Reynolds	to	Catherine Skiles	John Skiles
Oct. 14	Hugh Cunningham	to	Margaret Wear	John Wear
Thomas Kennedy, C.				
Oct. 18	David Wilson	to	Jenny Wear	Hugh Wear
Oct. 18	George Leeper	to	Sarah Stuart	John Luttrell
Oct. 24	Charles Magill	to	Elizabeth Lester	William Magill
Oct. 26	John Henderson	to	Catherine Roberts	John Puvely (?)
Nov. 5	Moses Reves	to	Sarah Gibson	George Jameson
Nov. 5	Edmund Harrison	to	Mary Stinson	James Harrison
Nov. 7	John Kincaid	to	Rhoda English	John English
(Letter from Andrew English, 'my daughter, Rhoda')				
Nov. 7	Shobal Ellis	to	Sarah Wright	Abner Frazier
Nov. 12	Alexander McCollum	to	Esther Dunwoody	Thos. Rodgers
Daniel Rawlings, D. C. C.				
Nov. 15	William Kilgore	to	Jane Henderson	Daniel Walker
Nov. 17	Patrick Neil	to	Elizabeth Hood	Mitchel Reed
Nov. 18	Solomon Stonecypher	to	Elizabeth Hawkins	Jacob Bowman
Nov. 21	John Ballah	to	Rachel Rice	Spencer Rice
Nov. 23	Aaron Cunningham	to	Elizabeth Hopkins	Matthew Cunningham
Dec. 3	Futhias (?) Loyd	to	Elizabeth Gable	John Moyer
Dec. 6	William Kelly	to	Margaret Johnson	John Robinson
Dec. 22	Jesse O'Neil	to	Rebecca Collet	Robert O'Neil
				1797
Jan. 3	Agastine Brumly	to	Elizabeth Wagg	Barnet Brumly
(or Augustine)				
Jan. 5	Alexander Wm. Anderson (?)	to	Mary Kelsay	Samuel Kelsay
Jan. 5	Jacob Bowman	to	Catherine Starns	Samuel Kelsay
Jan. 5	Isaiah Forster	to	Sarah Johnson	Thomas Richardson
Jan. 6	William Gragg	to	Annas Smart	John Harris
Jan. 6	John Harris	to	Abigail Gragg	William Gragg
Jan. 10	Michael McDonald	to	Eliz(abeth) Hill	John McDonald
Jan. 14	Holden Shanks	to	Jenny Campbell	James Wilson
Jan. 23	Ellis King	to	Elizabeth Carter	William Millsaps
Feb. 1	John Dodd	to	Sarah Stonecypher	Moses Millsaps
				James Robinson
Feb. 3	Samuel Adams	to	Mary Smith	Barnet Brumly
(No clerk)				Larkin Brumley

## Security

Feb. 3	James Davis.....	to	Mary Bowers.....	William Patterson
Feb. 6	Peter McCain..... (Bond, license and certificate)	to	Mary Glaze.....	William Glaze
Feb. 6	George Weems.....	to	Nancy Carter.....	Daniel Duggar Daniel Rawlings
Feb. 13	Peter Miller.....	to	Mary Bunch.....	Gasper Miller
Feb. 14	John Fitzgerald..... (or Fitzgerald)	to	Sarah Ballard.....	Christopher Bullard
Feb. 16	Thomas Rodgers.....	to	Hannah Roberts.....	John Rodgers Robert McCall
Feb. 27	Jacob Chesnut.....	to	Margaret Blake.....	Ewen Allison
Mar. 1	Elijah Wilhoit.....	to	Elizabeth Seeton (?).....	John Bird
Mar. 8	Francis Pearce..... (or Pierce)	to	Elizabeth Graham.....	Daniel Rawlings George Graham
Mar. 18	James Donaghee..... (or Donagha)	to	Sarah Willobee.....	Benjamin Willobee
Mar. 22	David Key.....	to	Margaret Williams.....	John Jones
Apr. 1	Charles Lowrey.....	to	Margaret Smith.....	Alexander Lowrey
Apr. 3	Thomas Donaghee.....	to	Margaret Willoughby.....	Benjamin Willoughby
Apr. 3	Benjamin Bonham..... (Letter from father, John Saffell)	to	Olive Saffell.....	Samuel Saffell
Apr. 15	John Brumly.....	to	Mary Brumly.....	Barnet Brumly Agastine Brumly
Apr. 18	John Vansandt..... (or Vanzandt)	to	Nancy Wilson.....	John Lascallour (?) John Wilson
Apr. 24	Aaron Hughes.....	to	Sarah Macky.....	John Kennedy Sparling Bowman
May 8	George Hisaw..... (or Hysaw)	to	Jane Crockett.....	John Newman
May 10	Obediah Richardson.....	to	Sarah Goodman.....	William Hankins
May 12	William Richman.....	to	Mary Hopkins.....	Elisha Baker
May 25	John Bowes..... (or Bowers)	to	Ann Frazier.....	Abner Frazier
May 25	John White.....	to	Margaret Lister.....	Samuel White
June 1	Montgomery Carrick.....	to	Elizabeth Vance.....	Robert Wyly
June 14	William Temple.....	to	Jane Smith.....	Thos. Temple
June 22	Henry Gay..... (or Guy)	to	Elizabeth Wilkison.....	Enoch Carter George Passons
July 3	Obediah Mayboy..... (or McBee)	to	Catherine Fann.....	Jacob Hise
July 3	Frederick Scruggs.....	to	Rebecca Lindsay.....	John Hurst (or Hust)
July 7	Jacob Bowman.....	to	Margaret Johnson.....	James Magee
July 7	Joseph Posey.....	to	Jane Reaves..... (or Reeves)	Moses Moore
July 8	William White.....	to	Anne Wilkes Balch.....	Hugh Magill
July 7	William Gamble.....	to	Anne Wilkes Balch.....	Claudius Buster
July 12	John Bible.....	to	Rebecca Coffett..... (or Coffelt)	John Wilson
July 15	James Green.....	to	Charity Pope.....	Friderick Haile
July 19	David Shaw..... (bond, license, and certificate)	to	Anne Fox.....	Andrew Fox
Aug. 4	James McKeehen..... (or Mcchehen)	to	Elizabeth Lauderdale.....	George Jameson
Aug. 19	James Harrison..... John Hamilton, C.	to	Sarah Breed..... (or Bruce)	Edmund Harrison
Aug. 26	Joseph Walker.....	to	Elizabeth Black Kilgore.....	William Magill
Sept. 1	John Lindsay.....	to	Elizabeth West.....	Ellet Rutherford
Sept. 5	Robert Wyly..... (or Wily) (letter from Rev. Hezekiah Balch, asking for license)	to	Dorcas Balch.....	Rev. Hezekiah Balch
Sept. 13	Joseph Matthews.....	to	Margaret Burgess.....	George Kesterson
Oct. 2	John Allison.....	to	Vise Reeves.....	Henry Farnsworth
Oct. 4	Philip Howell.....	to	Elizabeth Fox.....	Feliz Earnest
Oct. 7	William Cox.....	to	Mary Gass.....	James Gass
Oct. 12	John Robinson.....	to	Sally Leeper.....	Robert Allen
Oct. 24	Richard Armstrong.....	to	Mary Lester.....	James Penny
Oct. 25	David Lawson.....	to	Elizabeth Jeffers.....	William Jeffers Thomas Brothertin

(To be continued)

## On the Continent—France

**I**N general, the same heraldic rules and practice applied elsewhere were also used in France, although there were some differences in methods of blazoning. These, however, are of interest to the herald and artist rather than to the genealogist. There was more emphasis on showing by means of the devices on the shield honors, estates, or acknowledging feudal obligations.

During the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, the crested helmet was reserved for the "military nobility". As an example of this, the bourgeoisie of Paris were, in 1372, given the right to use armorial bearings, but the use of the crested helm was denied them; and the edict of Charles IX in 1568 prohibited the use of the crested helm to any who were not noble by descent. A man might earn wealth or the king give him rank, but he could only become "noble" by inheritance of noble blood.

After coats of arms were no longer used for identifying knights in battle, the helmet was seldom used; instead, above the shield would be shown a coronet indicative of the rank of the user, with the crest arising therefrom. In this connection, it must be remembered that "titles" were much more common on the Continent than in England; that a knight in England was not considered as having a title, but that almost every knight in France was a Count; and also that in England only the eldest son inherited the title of his father, while in France all sons inherited it. In later years, crests were used even less, and now in many cases it is difficult to find a record of crests once used with arms that are still being used and are well-known.

In France, as in Wales, the coat of arms is far more important than the surname in tracing the genealogy of a family. This is due to several causes: surnames came into use by the higher classes at a rather late date; landed proprietors were often called by the names of their property rather than by their family names; and branches of a large family would each be designated by an additional name, such as that of an estate or the mother's maiden name (especially if she was an heiress), to distinguish them from one another. As a result, the surname was frequently dropped or forgotten and the estate name or additional name adopted and used in place of the surname. But through all these changes, the arms would remain the same, or suffer only some slight modification, chiefly as a result of intermarriage. Thus the arms often furnish

the only authentic clue to the blood descent.

An example of this change of name is found in one of the arms selected as an illustration this month. These arms are borne in the United States by the descendants of the St. Julien family of Charleston, South Carolina, and are on an old seal ring that has been in the family for many generations. It is usually referred to in the United States as "the St. Julien Arms". Now there are at least a dozen St. Julien families in France, that bore arms, as well as some fifteen of the name of Julien, but none of the arms are those used by the Charleston family. On investigation, it is found that the coat of arms known in the United States as "St. Julien" of Charleston, from France, is actually that of the family of Emé of Dauphiné, France. It was in the fifteenth century that one of the Emé family married an heiress of Berenger de St. Julien. Their descendants were called Emé de St. Julien. In the seventeenth century a descendant married an heiress of de Marcieu; and their descendants became known as Emé de Marcieu. It was one of the Emé de St. Julien family that left France and whose descendants on coming to America became known simply as "St. Julien". But through this change of name, the arms remained the same, and identifies the family. The crest furnishes an additional clue. The St. Julien who came to America was born in Normandy, yet the family was not seated in that province. The question was, from whence did they come. In the crest, the griffin carries a flag—the banner of Savoy, so clearly they rendered homage, at one time, to or had some connection with the House of Savoy. Looking in the provinces near Savoy, the family is found.

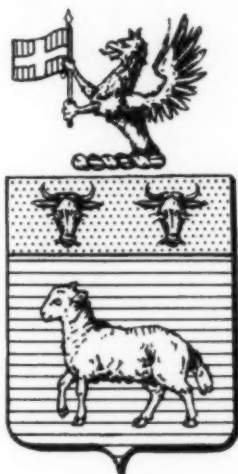
There are many more French Arms described in print than there are English arms, but even so, less than one-tenth of the arms used are to be found in books. The manuscripts of the noted student of heraldry, d'Hozier, in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris, describe over twelve thousand coats of arms from Normandy alone. Of the printed works, Rietstap's *Armorial General* is to be found in most libraries. For almost every province there are specialized works on the noble families which give many coats of arms; these should be consulted. Other good reference works are:

Mailhol; *Dictionnaire historique et heraldique de la noblesse française* (1896).

Baron; *L'art heraldique* (1687).

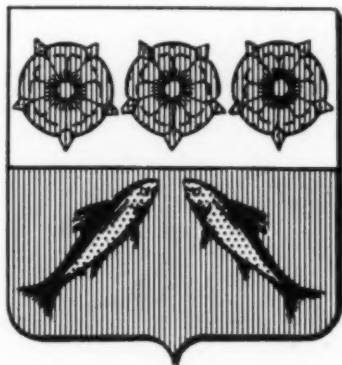
Geliet; *La araye et parfaite science des armoires*.



**Emé de St. Julien**

*Arms:* D'azur, a l'agneau passant d'argent, au chef d'or chargé de deux recontres de taureaux de sable.

*Crest:* Un griffon issant, portout l'étendard de Savoie.

**Barbeau**

*Arms:* Coupe; au 1 d'argent a trois roses de gules; au 2 de gules, a deux barbeaux affrontée d'or poses en chevron.

THERE are in print descriptions of over twelve arms borne by families named St. Julien and over fifteen by families named Julien, in France alone. However, the best known "St. Julien arms" in the United States was not originally that of a St. Julien family at all, but of Emé, the "St. Julien" being the name of a fief or estate which was added to the family name to distinguish that branch, as explained on the opposite page.

The branch of the family that continued resident in Dauphiné used three bulls heads instead of two, as used by the branch that moved North.

There were several English families named Julian and Julien which bore arms. The majority of commercial concerns furnishing a copy of a coat of arms for a fee furnish that given in Burke's *General Armory* of one of these families. It is entirely different from those borne by any of the French families of the name.

SEVERAL families named Barbou and Barbeau bore arms, living in as far separated parts of France as Normandy and Provence. The one selected to be shown here is that of Provence, as it is a good example of "canting" or allusive arms, the barbeaux being a species of fish plentiful in the waters of France.

It is interesting to note that this is probably (it has not been definitely proven) the coat of arms of Jean Baptiste Barbeau who as one of the leading citizens and commander of the French militia forces at Prairie Du Rocher, Illinois, cooperated with George Rogers Clark in capturing and holding the Illinois Country for the American Colonies during the Revolution. His descendants can be Daughters of the American Revolution because of such services. Many of these French settlers of the Illinois Country brought armorial seals with them.

*Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures*

## (FRENCH)

Or Argent Sable Gules Azure Sinople

## (ENGLISH)

Steel Gold Silver Black Red Blue Green



# BOOK REVIEWS



**The Book of Antiques.** Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. \$3.00.

The latest addition to the collection of books on antiques lures the casual observer's close attention by its charming illustrations, which riot over 80 pages and with their definite and informative captions are bound to persuade any lover of antiques to forthwith become a collector.

The authors have made their text equally appealing by anecdotes of their beginnings in this field and also of the joys and rewards their quest has brought them through the years.

"The Book of Antiques" is so interesting and genially informative that it should be secured for a reference work or practical guide book, as it clarifies so many questions bound to confront any novice who makes the quest for antiques a hobby.

The authors make clear that the charm and appeal of antique furniture lies not in its age; nor does its value depend upon its years but upon the fact that the real antiques were all handmade and are therefore more beautiful than the modern products of machinery. If to the artistic proportions and graceful lines of the bygone era of the handmade may be added the distinction of historic and distinguished association with famous people or places, then the article is a true antique.

Following the trail of a rare piece of Sheraton, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, or a treasure of pewter, Lowestoff lustre, original brasses, Empire chair, ancient clock, or wedding chest, the search is exciting, whether of days or years, and the reward of possession beckons while life and purchase price remain.

EDNA M. COLMAN.

**Clay Acres.** Pauline Benedict Fischer. Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. \$2.50.

"Clay Acres" presents an interesting and comprehensive picture of life in a rural community of southern Michigan as it was about eighty years ago. This section had been settled sparsely about 1820 by sturdy eastern pioneers who preferred the independence of isolation.

The story opens shortly before the beginning of the Civil War and deals with the descendants of the first settlers. They, like their forbears, clung to their strong, almost fanatical, religious beliefs and customs and their determined opposition to acceptance of any deviation from the manners and practices to which they had been reared.

The author, Pauline Benedict Fischer, whose family roots were transplanted to Michigan at the time of the first settlement, has full knowledge of her own locality and the history and traditions of its people. Girlhood in the Grand River territory gave her acquaintance with the later families of people around whom she wrote "Clay Acres." They followed the pioneers and preceded the industrially minded who came after the close of the Civil War.

Mrs. Fischer made herself conversant with this bygone period of the last century by careful research in county records and histories, and in tune with the social customs and dress by reference to Godey's fashion magazine, the mentor of its day. Thus reinforced with authentic data, she has written her third book, "Clay Acres," on the vicissitudes in the life of an American family through twenty-five years. Her characters are very real people, combatting their adversities and solving their prob-

lems in a manner typical of their period and environment.

The dominating love of the land and the pride and power in its possession inherent in all of English ancestry, that inspired the patient and often bitter toil involved in wresting a living from it, is the motivating influence throughout the story.

"Clay Acres" is a good story, well balanced and with sustained interest. The lessons it carries lose none of their force by the dramatic situations through which they are presented. In the reminiscent setting of this community of eighty years ago, with its quaint customs, oddities of speech, and firmly fixed traditions, the author has added a valuable page to the great American pageant of the past hundred years.

Mrs. Fischer, versatile and gifted, expresses her staunch Americanism and her pride of family background in her patriotic services in various channels. Outstanding in her club work are her D. A. R. affiliations. In her literary work, her plays have brought her enviable attention, as is true of her two previous novels. EDNA M. COLMAN.

**The Ramparts We Watch. George Fielding Eliot. Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., New York. \$3.00.**

It is indicative of the interest of the American citizen in world and domestic affairs that this book is included in the list of best sellers. For it is not a book particularly easy to read. Its purpose is to place before the reader "a clear presentation of the military principles upon which their security rests and of the military instruments by which that security may be conserved."

Mr. Eliot was formerly major in the Military Intelligence Reserve, United States Army, so the reader may be certain he knows the material about which he is writing.

The analysis of America's position in an army world is clearly set forth, with avoidance of jingoism. The book should allay foolish fears and stimulate intelligent thinking, which in turn should result, let us hope, in support of a necessary military program. Such a program, Mr. Eliot points out, does not look toward further conquest but to protection. He makes

clear, however, that a defensive military program means that the country that would protect itself successfully must be ready not only to defend but to strike.

"Force remains the final arbiter of nations"; and the American tradition, both in the army and the navy, is a fighting tradition. We might add that recently President Roosevelt corroborated this statement by saying that the American tradition is also that of always winning its wars. Such wars have been won, Mr. Eliot thinks, during war time by America's belief in the offensive principle. The normal American soldier's battle cry is "Let's go!"

Mr. Eliot successfully lays the ghost of a foreign invasion so long as there is no great change in the relative naval power and supporting resources of the nations. He supports a large navy as being our greatest insurance in time of war, and looks forward particularly to that necessity should the loyalist cause lose (as has since happened) in Spain.

At times he writes with passion, although the more impressive because he seeks to restrain it. Such are the pages describing the traditions which have molded the spirit of the navy and the army; and such are the pages which compare American youth trained in the spirit of free inquiry, with "natural predilection for machinery, a vast enthusiasm and a boundless curiosity." In such men does the writer trust as against those of the dictator nations bludgeoned into blind and unquestioning obedience, set in a pattern of uniform mediocrity.

If you are interested in our military institutions, our foreign and domestic military policies, the make-up of our army and navy; in short, if you are interested in the preservation of our country itself, you should by all means read this book. Dorothy Thompson declares it should be "required reading for all wide-awake American citizens." But, of course, such citizens are not "required" to read any book. It is to be hoped many will desire to.

"We cannot bring peace to a warring world; but we can keep the peace of our own part of that world. We cannot settle the troubles of distant continents; but we can prevent the peoples of those continents from transporting their wars to the Western

Hemisphere. We cannot shut ourselves off from every contact with other nations; but we can make sure that we command the seas which are a medium of those contacts—the seas which are our ramparts, and upon which we must stand our watch.”

To compromise with the necessary minimum military necessities, the author warns, is to compromise with disaster.

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

**The Horse and Buggy Doctor.** Arthur E. Herzler. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.75.

Some books show us our own times more clearly and comprehensively than we ourselves can observe them. Some books are like windows to the future out of which we may glimpse the road that lies ahead. Some books are windows to the past. Occasionally we find a book which makes us turn to look out of our own particular windows to our own individual experience. Many a person reading “The Horse and Buggy Doctor” will call to mind a physician who was the sort of doctor the author of this book reveals himself to be: a kindly, conscientious person who was equal to all emergencies, and on whom one could depend for relief from pain, for assistance to health, for a listening ear to one’s personal difficulties, sometimes merely for the look which indicated an understanding heart. The ministry of such physicians is beyond all other earthly ministry.

In this book one sees the difficulties, the struggles which the average physician must surmount after years of preparation for his profession.

The demands upon his time, his strength, even his family are enormous. The demands upon his skill and sympathies are greater. Perhaps that is why the physician develops the sense of humor found sprinkled generously through this book. Only by its development can the conscientious physician bear his burden.

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is entitled “Me and My Patient.” Here one reads in every line the care with which the physician faces every case brought to his attention, the necessity of alertness not only to physical conditions, but to the lurking fear, anger or selfishness

in the background which may have caused the simulation of dangerous physical conditions. For if the physician is not so skilled an operation may be worse than useless to alleviate the conditions apparently present. The alert mind, the sympathetic heart are apparently as necessary as the physician’s pills or his instruments, perhaps, according to Dr. Herzler they are more so.

One is astonished at the progress of medicine which has been made in this man’s lifetime or service, progress due to the physicians themselves, and not, as this man makes clear, to public demand. The physician has always been and is now far ahead of his time in his vision for the best good of the people.

After all, as Dr. Herzler points out, no man wants to be a failure. But the death of a patient means to the physician just that. On the other hand advancement means the conquering of disease. It spells achievement, new power over our common enemy—disease, suffering, death. The physician has always been a conqueror.

You will be proud of the physicians typified by Dr. Herzler if you read this book. You will be astonished at what one person has accomplished. You will have amusing stories aplenty when next you discuss “operations.” You will feel more secure in your own future.

This was a book written for the physician’s family and personal friends. An alert publisher thought the public would read it. It has become one of the mostly widely read and quoted books of the past year.

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

**Song of Years.** Bess Streeter Aldrich. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York. \$2.50.

The crop of historical novels continues to be abundant, and the reader with a natural taste for these need not hesitate to invest in one after the other, for each seems to have its own outstanding characteristics as well as its individual setting. For instance, the scene of “And Tell of Time” is laid in Texas, and its quality is idyllic. Now “Song of Years” comes along, lusty and vital, with all the stirring sweep of the Iowa prairie.

The years under observation stretch from 1854 to 1867, and the book that sings about them so buoyantly is dominated by a family rather than an individual. Moreover, Jeremiah Martin, the father of this family, is a much more arresting person than Wayne Lockwood, the alleged hero, a laggard in love who fares better than he deserves when his eleventh-hour return from the Civil War halts the wedding ceremony which would have united his sweetheart, Suzanne, with his hated rival, Cady Bedson. This rescue is described in a melodramatic manner, now generally considered outmoded, and it does not compare favorably with the fresh and vigorous treatment of the rest of the book.

The seven Martin sisters are a rollicking lot, and though the stories which we are repeatedly assured sent them into gales of laughter do not seem especially side-splitting as we read them, the spirit of their merrymaking is contagious. The grim little mother, Sarah, with her genius for cookery and her skill in sickness, is very real from start to finish, and gradually she endears herself to us. It was with the advent of women like her that the West opened up. But it is her husband, black-bearded Jeremiah, with his taste for talk and his flair for politics, who remains our favorite. The cheeriness of his maxims is not hidden; neither is the courage which inspires them. "When you get stuck, use your gumption. Pull yourselves through," he constantly admonishes his family. "You can put polish on everything from hair to shoes, but you can't give a man horse sense and levelheadedness and gumption." He was happy in knowing that he had dowered his daughters with this rare quality. And when the minister, Ambrose Willshire—who, incidentally, married one of the daughters in course of time—said that they should lean on the Lord and ask Him for more help, Jeremiah exploded in one long blast:

"Leave it all to the Lord! Ask him for more help! Maybe I don't do as much leanin' on the Lord as some. Maybe I'm wrong. But this is the way I figger. The Lord equipped me, so to speak. He give me a brain, two good eyes, speech, sharp hearin', smellin', hands, feet, health like a ox. Then he turned me loose in a world

where there were fish in the streams, meat in the woods, bread in the ground, timber for houses, and springs all up and down the valley. But, by granny, he expected me to fish for it and hunt for it and sweat puttin' in the seeds and harvestin' what come, to cut down the timber and fetch the water. Now what'd I be doin' always askin' the Lord for help? Why in tunkit should I always be sayin', 'Lord, help in this and gimme that?' Thank him, humblelike, every day. But by granny, I'm agin prayer that's continual askin'. When he was good enough to give me health and courage, he ain't required to keep on handin' out other benefits."

This is sound philosophy, applicable not only to western pioneers, but to all kinds and conditions of people, living here, there, and everywhere.

In no small measure, the merit of this book, lies in the author's acceptance of the universal nature of certain inescapable experiences and emotions, and her excellent interpretation of these. "Humanity remains much the same," she reminds us. "Only the setting and the times change. 'I love you,' spoken in whatever tongue or generation, springs from the same rapturous feeling. 'He is dead' brings the same black despair."

Despair and rapture both permeate the pages she has written. The reader, inevitably acquainted with both, scans these pages with an eager eye, and treasures their challenge in a thoughtful heart. F. P. K.

**The Romance of American Transportation.** Franklin M. Reck. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.50.

This book is well named. In spite of the fact that the treatment of the subject with which it deals is factual rather than descriptive, the story of American transportation stripped of all floridity is sufficiently thrilling to make the reader feel as if he were plunging forward from one romantic episode to another.

Few of us realize that when Washington traveled by coach from Mt. Vernon to New York for his inaugural in 1789, "the steamboat canal system, railroad and automobile all had their shadowy beginnings." Yet Mr. Reck proves to us that this was so. Especially poignant is the story of John



Fitch, to whom the author gives most of the credit for the invention of the steamboat. Some Vermonters may regret that he did not also make at least passing mention of Captain Samuel Morley, who conducted early and successful experiments on the small lake which now bears his name, with his boat the Sally Anne which "moved without oars or sails." (He chose Sunday mornings for his ventures, since at this period, all the good neighbors who scoffed at him were at the meeting!) But after all, the tale of John Fitch is stirring enough to stand by itself. There is tragic irony in the fact that he finally committed suicide because of the bitter belief that he was a failure and that he was buried in an unmarked grave near the Ohio River, which was soon to become one of the greatest steamboat highways in the world.

Another thrilling episode in the history of American navigation was written by Nicholas Roosevelt, a partner of Livingstone and Fulton of Clermont fame and incidentally a great uncle of Theodore. In 1809, Roosevelt, accompanied by his wife, "took a flat boat from Pittsburgh to New Orleans to see whether the Ohio and Mississippi weren't suitable for steamboat navigation. His report to his New York partners was a glowing one, and as a result, the company obtained from the Territory of Louisiana the exclusive right to operate steamboats on the waters of the Mississippi." Two years later when Roosevelt reached Louisville:

"The people of the town declared a holiday. They gave the Roosevelts a dinner at which they politely expressed the hope that the boat would not only get down to New Orleans, but also get back *upstream*. Nicholas Roosevelt gave a return dinner in the cabin of the ship, and while the guests were at the table, there was the sound of clanking machinery and hissing steam. The diners rushed out on deck to discover that the *New Orleans* was leaving shore and going upstream! Here was a boat actually going against the current without the help of oars, wind, or a long rope thrown to shore and towed by a crew of men!"

Shortly after this, the steamboat shot unscathed through the dangerous rapids below Louisville, reaching safe waters beyond with an extra passenger abroad—a baby which

had been born to Mrs. Roosevelt in the meantime. The advent of babies was certainly accepted more casually in "the good old days" than it is now!

The stagecoach and its successor, the railroad train, wrote still another chapter in this romantic story. The moving scene that took place when the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific finally met at Promotory Point, Utah, has been told so many times that most of us are familiar with it already; but it loses nothing in the retelling; and the story of the "Pioneer", first "palatial" Pullman car, is less familiar. It was in 1864 that George Pullman went to work on his new sleeper.

"This car was fifty-four feet long and ten feet wide, with more headroom than the two older cars. It was finished in handsome woods and luxurious upholstery, with larger washrooms and every comfort, including sheets and towels. The cost was \$20,000.

"Railroad men said the car was too wide to enter station platforms and too high to go under bridges, to which Pullman answered, 'Then alter the platforms and bridges to accommodate larger cars.'

"That was asking a little too much, and Pullman's car might have rusted in the yards had not an historic tragedy occurred on April 14, 1865. The assassination of Abraham Lincoln, which plunged the nation into the chaos of Reconstruction days, also forced the acceptance of the new Pullman car. Lincoln's body was to be transported in state to Springfield, Illinois, and the 'Pioneer' was commandeered for the funeral train between Chicago and Springfield. Platforms and Bridges, which could not be altered for an oversized sleeping car, could certainly be altered for a martyred President. So the 'Pioneer's' first trip was the solemn one of accompanying the Emancipator to his final resting place."

To the average reader, the first part of this book will doubtless be more intriguing than the latter part is. Perhaps because we are still too close to the development of the automobiles and the airplane to regard them as romantic. The past has a way of giving glamour which the present never can. Be this as it may, the book is throughout worth reading for pleasure and worth keeping for reference. And the romantic reference book is rare indeed!

F. P. K.



# COMMITTEE REPORTS



## Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

**M**ARCH! The month of spring! New life, new vitality, new hopes, new plans for a glorious future; hopes that the little seed dropped into the ground will be tended and cared for until it comes forth a beautiful blossom, shedding its sweetness on all around it, giving cheer to those who pass by, and inspiration and courage to all who behold it.

We cherish the little seed. We believe in its destiny to lie in the dark ground and come forth shyly, and then, with more confidence, to shoot up strong and beautiful. We spend time on the care of the little seed, and watch it for days on end.

If we can care so much for a little seed, what should we do for the little children of this country? If we cherish the little seed, believing in its destiny, what do we think of the minds of boys and girls and the seeds of thought that are planted therein? Are they good seeds? Will they bring forth good thoughts, noble ideals, that will grow strong and upright?

Sometimes I think the little seeds of the garden get more attention than the minds of boys and girls. But surely one who loves the spring and its meaning will be guided at this time to thoughts of what the minds of boys and girls need today. They need an understanding of what the United States of America means to boys and girls living in this land. They need to know why the Constitution of the United States of America is the finest document of government in the world today. They need to know the fundamental principles of good citizenship, and to have them so well grounded that no man or woman can sway them with tales of fairer lands and better governments and greener fields in the opposite pasture!

It has been pointed out that crime is mostly committed by boys just out of high school or in their early twenties. If the foundations of good citizenship were firmly enough established in the minds of these youths no such statement could be made.

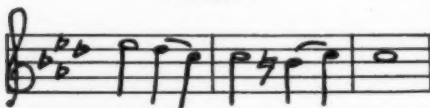
So the Junior American Citizens clubs offer to the boys and girls of the United States of America today an opportunity to learn the joy of living in these United States of America, and to foster a loyalty born of an understanding of this government of the people, by the people and for the people; and through the clubs and the work which they propose to do these Junior American Citizens take a real stand in the life of the country, as helpful, obedient citizens who recognize their place in the scheme of things, and therefore fulfill it.

The National Chairman looks forward to the tenth of March, when every state will have sent her the final report on the year's work. The state chairmen will point with pride to the interest being shown by so many educators and community workers in Junior American Citizens clubs.

In Washington, on April 19, at 7:30 in the morning, the National Chairman and her committee and all interested friends will have breakfast together at the Hotel Mayflower, to tell of this year's work. Please plan to come, and make your reservations through Miss Jean Warfield, 2701 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. (\$1.00). There you will be inspired by reports, and impressed with the importance of this splendid work. Please remember the breakfast!

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,  
*National Chairman,  
Junior American Citizens Committee.*

## Advancement of American Music



### *Through the Year with American Music*

**E**ASTER, one of the greatest days of the church calendar, falls this year in April and offers an excellent occasion for musical expression.

The promise of life eternal that is contained in Easter has inspired composers of all ages. Our own American musicians have felt the spell and have written very worthwhile music.

The spirit of the Lamb of God is even carried over into a secular song of the month. The atmosphere created is so fine that a chorus setting has been made and used with great success.

There is one phase of secular music for April that is of special interest to the citizens of the United States of America. This is the music with a patriotic flavor, inspired

by the happenings at Concord and Lexington and dedicated to the "Spirit of '76." In one chorus Paul Revere can be heard galloping through the pages of music that depict his famous ride. Also from the same section of the country comes the beloved Concord Hymn, which has been fittingly set to music.

When we examine the seasonal music for April we find that it sings much more strongly of the "bursting spring" than it did in March. Love awakes, as evidenced in a waltz song, "Awake! Awake! My Love, 'Tis Spring." Much descriptive music bears evidence that all nature is definitely awake. One composer pipes "spring is nigh" for "a robin sat on a tilting spray and merrily sang a song of May." Several compositions address April as if she were a charming maiden, in one case "sandal'd with amethyst." Other compositions speak in terms of the flowers of the month—in short, the season seems to be in general a time for making songs. There is a wealth of material from which to choose a program. Only a few can be mentioned here.

### I. OCCASIONAL MUSIC—Easter

#### Mixed Chorus

- The Day of Days.....C. F. Mueller  
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)  
In Joseph's Lovely Garden.....Clarence Dickinson  
(H. W. Gray Co.)

#### Violin

- A Prayer.....Henry Hadley  
(Carl Fischer)  
Exultation.....F. C. Bornschein  
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

#### Duet—voice

- Be Comforted, Ye that Mourn (Violin Obligato).....Wm. A. Fisher  
(Oliver Ditson Co.)

#### Solo—voice

- The Promise.....Mary Turner Salter  
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)  
Sheep and Lambs.....Sidney Homer  
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

#### Piano

- The Vast Heavens.....G. B. Nevin  
(Theo. Presser Co.)

### April 19

#### Mixed Voices

- The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere.....J. Alfred Scheel  
(Willis Music Co.)

### II. SEASONAL MUSIC—Solo—Voice

- Over the Land is April.....Ernest Charles  
(R. L. Huntzinger, Inc.)  
The Year's at the Spring.....Mrs. H. H. A. Beach  
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)  
'Twas April.....Ethelbert Nevin  
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Violin	
April, Op. 17, No. 1.....	Cecil Burleigh
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)	
Joy of Spring.....	Ethel Glenn Hier
(Clayton F. Summy)	
Women's Voices	
Spring.....	Elizabeth M. Butterfield
(Danielson Music House)	
Piano	
A Spring Morning, Op. 10, No. 1.....	Edward Burlingame Hill
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)	
Chorus	
Spring Bursts Today.....	Van Denman Thompson
(H. W. Gray)	
Organ	
Idyl.....	H. Leroy Baumgartner
(H. W. Gray Co.)	
Pastorale.....	Arthur Foote
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)	
III. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN APRIL	
Recessional—for Mixed Voices.....	Reginald De Koven
(Oliver Ditson Co.)	(April 3, 1859)
The Headless Horseman—for Piano.....	Edgar Stillman Kelley
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)	(April 14, 1857)
Four Rocky Mountain Sketches, Op. 11.....	Cecil Burleigh
For Violin and Piano	(April 17, 1865)
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)	
The Village Blacksmith—Cantata.....	Samuel Richard Gaines
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)	(April 23, 1869)
Inketunga's Thunder Song.....	Arthur Farwell
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)	(April 23, 1872)
Ye Olde New England Psalm Tunes.....	William Arms Fisher
(Oliver Ditson Co.)	(April 27, 1861)

JANET CUTLER MEAD,  
National Chairman, Advancement of  
American Music Committee.

## MOTION PICTURES

GIVE ME LIBERTY is the story of the greatest orator of his day, and a hot-headed patriot to boot, who shook the young colonies that were seething with resentment against the autocratic government of George III, when he flung to the air those words that have become immortal— "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death."

When we stand and sing the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER", do we realize how it burst out of the heart of Francis Scott Key, interned on a British ship while a night-long bombardment went on at Fort McHenry, how he thrilled when morning broke to see the Stars and Stripes still afloat, and how his song has set other hearts thrilling for over one hundred years? The picture is called THE SONG OF A NATION.

If anyone is indifferent to the privilege of being an American, let him see what it would mean to have no fatherland, no flag, no thrill of belonging to one's own family nation among all the families of nations of the earth, in THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE is the story of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. Those few immortal sentences that phrase not only tender memory of heroes but also democratic ideals.

In the SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE, the "servant" is the Constitution of these United States. Our government is the only one that was founded on an ideal. That remarkable group of men who gathered in Philadelphia 150 years ago tried to create a government with a maximum of individual liberty combined with unity of spirit and efficiency. That it still lives and still is capable of elasticity and growth is its greatest glory.

**T**HE following pictures are listed as suitable for the type of audience indicated, and a synopsis is given to aid in selecting motion-picture entertainment.

**DARK VICTORY** (Warner Bros.)

Bette Davis, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

A highly dramatic story dealing with the final days in the life of a woman who has been told by her physician that she has only eight months to live. Music lovers will enjoy the fine scoring by Max Steiner, whose exceptional work will be remembered in *White Banners*, *The Sisters and Four Daughters*. One of the great dramatic productions of the year, with an outstanding musical background. Adults.

**HOTEL IMPERIAL** (Paramount)

Isa Miranda, Ray Milland.

A story of the World War, dealing particularly with espionage. The locale is eastern Europe and the musical score is a mixture of Hungarian, Austrian, Russian, and Polish themes and treatments. Richard Hageman, former conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, who composed and recorded the score for *If I Were King*, is responsible for the scoring of the music. Adults and young people.

**JUAREZ** (Warner Bros.)

Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Brian Aherne, John Garfield.

A story dealing with some of the most important events in the history of Old Mexico while Maximilian and Carlotta governed the country. The fact that Paul Muni plays the part of the patriot is an indication of the fine dramatic interpretation that is given to this outstanding figure in history. Adults and young people.

**MIKADO** (Universal)

John Barclay, Kenny Baker, Martyn Green, Jean Colin.

A British presentation in technicolor of one of the best known of the ever-popular Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Kenny Baker, familiar to radio fans, plays in delightful fashion the part of Nanki-Poo, the son of the Mikado of Japan. Members of the D'Oyly Carte Company and its chorus contribute greatly to enjoyment of the production. The director is Victor Schertzinger, who directed Grace Moore in *One Night of Love*. A musical treat for everyone. Family.

**ONE THIRD OF A NATION** (Paramount)

Sylvia Sidney, Leif Erikson.

A story dealing with the current economic problem of slum clearance. It is a strong social melodrama with overtones of the familiar rich man

and poor girl formula. A cast of exceptional worth offers a rich and sincere interpretation of a theme which should be of interest to every thinking person. Adults.

**UNION PACIFIC** (Paramount)

Joel McCrea, Barbara Stanwyck.

A picture of historic and dramatic value, filmed in the Virginia hills, dealing with the building of the Union Pacific Railroad and the part it played in the opening of the West. The music of George Antheil, one of the best known of the modern composers, contributes effectively to the production. Adults and young people.

**Shorts**

**THE GREAT HEART** (M. G. M.)

The dramatic story of the life of the famous Belgian priest, Father Damien. The industry is to be commended for bringing to the public not only the tale of his heroic and sacrificial work among the lepers on the Hawaiian Island of Molokai but a better understanding of the dread disease. Family.

**KING VULTURE** (Columbia)

Marvelous camera shots of the capture of a king vulture in the high Sierras of California. Family.

**LINCOLN IN THE WHITE HOUSE**  
(Vitaphone)

An inspiring dramatic sketch of the high lights of the great president's career. It presents a rare combination of his human qualities and his sympathetic understanding as he stressed national unity of the problems of both North and South. The theme is timely and the delivery of the Gettysburg Address by Frank McGlynn, Sr., is masterly. Of great historical appeal to young and old alike. To be noted by schools and libraries. Family.

**SHOOTING FOR PAR** (20th Century-Fox)

An interesting and instructive lesson in good golf form, demonstrated by four of the greatest American players, three men and a woman. Family.

**WASHINGTON PARADE** (Columbia)

The scenes of interest in our capital city include the White House, Library of Congress, Treasury, Supreme Court and other government buildings, and the Lincoln Memorial. An excellent narration ends with Lincoln's words at Gettysburg. Highly commended. Family.

MARION LEE MONTGOMERY  
(Mrs. LeRoy Montgomery),  
National Chairman,  
Motion Picture Committee.

## Insignia

IT is well to review rulings made for use of the insignia of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The insignia should be worn by members only and on the left breast. It should not be worn by former members. To wear it proclaims membership; nonmembers wearing it proclaim falsely.

The insignia of deceased or resigned members may be disposed of in several ways: Sometimes it is buried with the deceased member; it may be returned to the Treasurer General as a gift to the Society; the name and number may be erased and re-engraved with another name and number; another name and number may be engraved beneath the present engraving; or the Chairman of the Insignia Committee can supply names of regents who might purchase them.

The Society protects its insignia as its own private property, and forbids any person using the insignia without permission of the National Board of Management.

It is improper for a print of the insignia of the Society or the name of the National Society to be used for any advertising purpose or for the promotion of any business enterprise. The use of our insignia by members should conform to the dignity and importance of the Society it represents.

All chapters have the privilege of using the insignia on their paper and otherwise. It should be accorded the place of honor on all forms of stationery, programs, year books, and conference reports. It should be either at the top center or the upper left-hand corner, without any wording whatever above it.

The insignia may be used in connection with publicity.

Caldwell and Company is the official jeweler for the insignia and all officers' pins.

The official chapter regent bar is the property of a chapter. Permission has been given for the purchase of the official insignia by a chapter and a junior group, to be worn by the regent and chairman during their term of office and passed on to the next in succession.

Any firm desiring to manufacture D. A. R. markers must secure permission from the National Board of Management and have the approval of the Insignia Committee. Seven firms have been given this permission. Their names can be secured from the chairman.

No manufacturing concern may use our insignia in any way whatsoever without previously obtaining the written consent of the Society.

BESSIE B. PRYOR,  
*National Chairman,  
Insignia Committee.*

## Conservation

IT has been my ambition ever since I was appointed as the National Vice-Chairman in charge of Indians, to stimulate a deeper interest in the educational phase of the Indian work, for there are so many intelligent boys and girls who are desirous of a higher education in order to be of efficient service to their people. We can point with a great deal of pride to hundreds who have finished and have gone on to other higher institutions and have been entirely successful in their chosen field. It is time that we white people take more interest in this fine race of people within our doors and not leave it all to the government.

GRACE BERGER WEEKS,  
(Mrs. B. D. Weeks),  
*Vice-Chairman in  
Charge of American Indians,  
Conservation Committee.*

## NOTICE

For the compilation of a paper on the Founders of the National Society for inclusion in our files, we are desirous of locating a copy of the pamphlet written by Miss Mary Desha which was published in 1891, entitled "The True Story of the Origin of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution." If any member has a copy, we will appreciate it if she will communicate with the National Chairman of the Filing & Lending Bureau, Mrs. Frank W. Baker, at National Headquarters, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

## Junior

1939 Junior D. A. R.  
Assembly Committee

A MEETING of the Executive Committee for the 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly was held at the Orrington Hotel in Evanston, Illinois, on January 16 at 9:30 A. M. The meeting was particularly happy because Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary General and National Chairman of Junior Membership, and Mrs. William H. Pouch, who last year was Organizing Secretary General and our Director, were with us. Plans for the 1939 Junior Assembly are in the final stage.

There were many delightful incidents at this meeting we shall long remember. Mrs. Edmund A. Blowers, editor of *Echoes*, came from Detroit, Michigan, and Mrs. Frank L. Harris, one of our advisers and chairman of last year's Assembly, came from Racine, Wisconsin. Members of the committee were again luncheon guests of Mrs. Schermerhorn, wearing her gifts, white gardenias. After the meeting we all enjoyed a program as the guests of Fort Dearborn Chapter, Evanston; a dinner at the home of the Regent, Mrs. Reid R. Bronson, followed by a Junior Group meeting at another home. The Evanston Chapter had long anticipated Mrs. Pouch's visit, and because of her we too had a more enjoyable day there.

Another pleasant incident to be remembered was the reading of a letter of greetings from our President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., by Mrs. Schermerhorn. The thought that inspired the letter also inspired the recipients, and it is our hope that the things we are planning will prove worth while in every respect for all those interested in the Junior Assembly.

DOROTHY EVANS,  
Chairman 1939 Junior D. A. R. Assembly.



JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP  
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

## Membership

Junior Bazaar

THE 1938 Junior D. A. R. Assembly favorably carried the recommendation from the Executive Committee of the Assembly to hold the Bazaar again in 1939 as a means of helping finance the Assembly. This Bazaar Committee is headed by the same capable chairman, Mrs. John Franklin Boyd, Jr., 1840 Hillside Drive, Charlotte, North Carolina. If you wish to help on this committee during Continental Con-

gress week, write to Mrs. Boyd and she will have a place for you.

Any small salable articles are welcome. Some groups are sending tallies, stickers, Junior Membership stickers, pot holders, anything that will sell at a bazaar table. Mrs. Schermerhorn has kindly offered space in her office to store our parcels. Send, by April 13, to Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., c/o Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, with Bazaar and Mrs. John Franklin Boyd's name marked on all packages.

### C. A. R. Membership Prizes

MRS. WILLIAM H. POUCH is giving two prizes for the Junior Groups sponsoring a C. A. R. Society that have the greatest number of new members from March, 1938, to April 1, 1939. The chairman for this committee is Mrs. Thomas C. Gray, 2143 Lincolnwood Drive, Evanston, Illinois. Any Junior group sponsoring a C. A. R. Society may win one of these prizes, first prize \$10.00 and second prize \$5.00. Send, by April 10, the name of your group and the name of the C. A. R. Society you are sponsoring, together with the number of new members you have gained during this time, to Mrs. Gray.



*Houston, Texas, Juniors*

THE Junior Group of Alexander Love Chapter, D. A. R., Houston, Texas, was formed November 3, 1937, with eight members. Over a period of one year the group has grown to eighteen members.

Early in December, 1937, the group entertained our State Regent, Miss Marion Mullins, with a dinner at the Plaza Hotel, with the members of all four Houston chapters as guests.

We sponsor a girl at Tamasee, exchange letters with her, and have sent boxes at Christmas and Easter, also a box at Thanksgiving containing underwear. Christmas, 1938, we sent her a silk dress.

On February 22, 1938, the group assisted the chapter with a colonial tea, in colonial costumes. For the 1939 Chapter Year Book the group took over the advertising on a commission basis, thereby earning some money. The parent chapter remits to the group one dollar per member yearly to help finance our projects.

We made pledges at the state convention to the Valley Forge Bell, Tamasee, and Kate Duncan Smith School. We filled the cookie jar at the Children's Tuberculosis Home in July and August, the cookies being baked by the members.

We had charge of the chapter Christmas party. Our subject was, "The Magazine," being anxious to create more local interest in the Magazine after hearing Mrs. Keyes talk to the Houston chapters about it. We took the covers as the basis for our program, explaining the significance of the cover and contents in each one. A member, Miss Elizabeth Martin, of Humble, Texas, was dressed as the cover for February, 1938; her costume, an exact replica of this dress (except the mitts), being made by herself. One of our members, Mrs. McNeil, is a descendant of the Witmans for whom the centennial was held by the Walla Walla Chapter, Hood River, Oregon.

Our members act as a courtesy committee at regular meetings. We are sponsoring a bridge party January 23, 1939, to raise funds to carry on a worth-while project. We meet the first Wednesday of each month, have our business program, and serve a covered-dish luncheon.

We enjoy our Junior Group and are learning constructive D. A. R. work. Our chairman is a member of the chapter board of managers.

*Greater Boston Junior Group*

ON February 24, 1938, a group of six young women met, with the State Regent as adviser, to form the Greater Boston Junior Group, D. A. R. These girls, four of whom were D. A. R. members from different chapters, feeling the necessity of active participation and being unable to be active in their regular meetings in the afternoon, were anxious to form a Junior Group to keep alive the interest of young women in the D. A. R. In less than a year we have nine accepted and fourteen prospective members, a working group of twenty-three.

The New England Peabody Home for Crippled Children received a gift of \$25.00 to help repair the ceilings damaged during the hurricane. We have contributed toward the Helen Pouch Scholarship and the organ in Memorial Continental Hall. We have given a Good Citizenship Pin and are helping our Becker Girl financially.

Many hands make light work and bring profitable returns. We have been busy: 450 surgical dressings in one evening, 2,174 pages of scrapbooks for children in hospitals, painted spools and tops made from spools. Before Christmas we made strings of painted pine cones, milkweed, and balsam cones; also table decorations and balsam-cone corsages which we sold at the state board meeting. Our latest project has been the selling of moisture-proof salt-shakers. OLIVE WEBSTER, *Chairman*.

**In Memoriam**

We announce with sorrow, the passing, on January 21, 1939, of Miss Myra Hazard, Curator General of the National Society, 1932-1934, and State Regent of Mississippi, 1930-1932.

# What the C. A. R. Means to Me

UNITED loyalty and staunch patriotism are two very basic points in the support of a nation by its followers. An organization which develops and inspires this loyalty and patriotism is surely one to which every American boy and girl should be proud to belong. The C. A. R. is just such a society, and is today teaching and training our youth to be the staunch patriots of the United States of tomorrow.

The C. A. R. has meant much to me during the many years that I have been a member. It has brought me many new friends during these years, friends who are today doing their part to make these United States a land where we can enjoy the absolute freedom that our ancestors fought for. At the same time, the C. A. R. has given me many pleasant moments, times when I was able to enjoy to the fullest the gay and united spirit of the social side of the C. A. R. The annual conventions have provided me with moments which I shall never forget. They have given boys and girls from all over the Nation a chance to unite and exchange ideas as to how this program of furthering Americanism can be carried out. These conventions should certainly be a source of inspiration to all those who attend. At the last convention there were many exhibits from various parts of the country, especially the prize winning display from Mississippi. These exhibits proved the fact that we are working toward a goal and wish to demonstrate this idea to our fellow members.

Our flag is an emblem which is respected over the entire globe, and when witnessing

the massing of the colors at convention time I know that every heart is full of pride in the fact that those stars and stripes belong to us and are always before us leading us on.

I have much to thank the C. A. R. for, in pure experience. In many projects which the Governor Thomas Welles Society has undertaken I have, as its junior president, been able to participate and enjoy to the fullest. As a society we are giving the boys and girls a chance to enjoy every form of study in true American business and pleasure.

The C. A. R. has given me a chance to help others in many ways, and I am sure that this is one of the greatest factors in the advancement of a great nation such as ours: To help other persons succeed over the route which you have already travelled, to point out to them the difficulties and rough places so that they may go ahead in life prepared to help others when the opportunity to give aid arrives—and no one knows when this time will arrive in such a troubled world as this is now.

To sum up these ideas of the C. A. R., I can only state how proud I am to be an active member in an organization which believes in preparing its members for the advancement of their country toward peace with other nations, instead of preparing its members, with the military advancement of their country, toward domination of other nations!

GRAHAM T. SMALLWOOD,  
*Jr. President, Gov. T. Welles S.  
Children of American Revolution.*



## MARCH

MARTHA CLOUGH CHAMBERLIN

*Boisterous March comes rushing in  
Where others fear to tread.  
The promise which he brings is sweet—  
Of lovely flowers at our feet  
And deep blue skies o'er head.*

*March, we are glad to have you come,  
And glad we'll be to see you go,  
You bid us welcome summertime,  
You say goodbye to winter's snow.*

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ANNA CHURCH COLLEY

## ❧ CRITICS ❧

THERE is a very general impression that an editor's chief delight lies in rejecting manuscripts. On the contrary, most editors bitterly regret the limitations of space and funds which force them to reject many contributions which they would be glad to accept. As a matter of fact, their moments of delight for whatever reason are comparatively limited; but they do sometimes have these, and an event which never

fails to occasion them is the discovery of literary merit in unexpected places.

In the autumn of 1937 the manuscript of a full-length novel was sent to this office. A cursory examination sufficed to reveal that as it stood it was unsuited to our needs. And still the editor could not let it alone. She kept it on her desk and continued to dip into it, here and there. Though this process proved unfruitful, the "hunch"

that the manuscript was a treasure trove still obsessed her. She carried it home with her and made it a point to spend fifteen minutes every night leafing it through. At last she took it with her on a long journey, and the instant she was settled in her Pullman seat started to read it through from beginning to end.

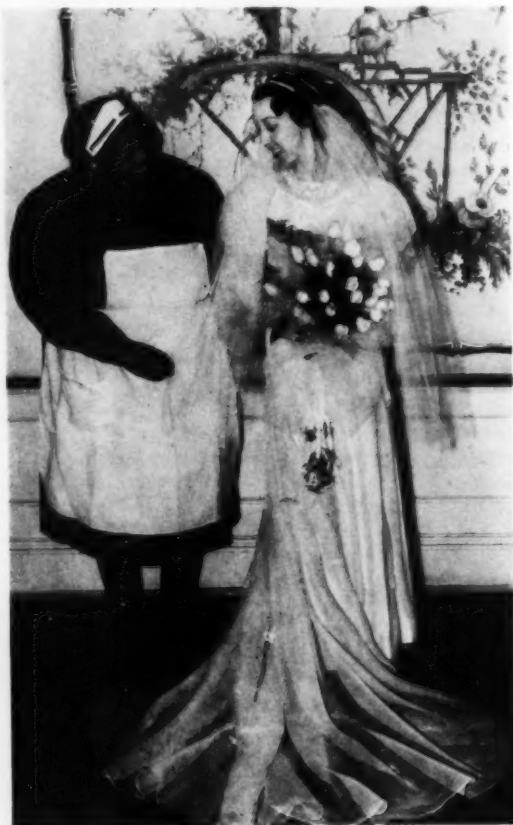
The outcome of this persistence was gratifying in the extreme. The editor's original opinion that the narrative lacked sustained interest was confirmed. But scattered here and there through it were exquisite fragments, mostly in the form of isolated legends, told with rare delicacy and real reverence. They were so poetic in conception it was plain they could be made poetic in form as well. The editor sent these few sheets back to the author, and asked her to try her hand at a different medium of expression.

This trial has resulted in some of the most charming contributions it has been her privilege to print. Beginning with "The Willow Tree" and "Heartsease," which appeared in February, 1938, the poems of **Anna Church Colley** have graced the pages of this Magazine at intervals during the past year. In this number we are fortunate in having

three especially suited to our Indian number.

One of the most valuable articles in the current number is the story of the first white settlement in the lower Mississippi Valley, entitled "Where the Wild Grape

Twines." Its author, **Dr. Margaret Roe Caraway**, is a charter member and ex-regent of *Gulf Coast Chapter*, and also served as parliamentarian of the *Mississippi Society* for five years. In spite of the demands made upon her by numerous patriotic activities, she is also an enthusiastic housekeeper, and great harmony reigns in her home. Her faithful colored mammy, **Marie Narcisse**, has been with her ever since the birth of her daughter **Margaret McClure**. This dusky servitor, whose name is as poetic as her proportions are substantial, was



MISS MARGARET MCCLURE CARAWAY AND "MAMMY" MARIE NARCISSE

one of the proudest spectators at **Margaret McClure's** recent wedding. Incidentally, **Margaret**—now **Mrs. S. J. Waits**—was the first baby born to a member of the *Gulf Coast Chapter* after its organization in 1916, and was adopted as the chapter baby. She has been very active, first in the *C. A. R.* and later in the *D. A. R.*

The editor's American dolls have their abiding place in the big shelved closet of her outer office. Occasionally they emerge to go visiting. They did so when the *Good Citizenship Pilgrims* had their party last year and more recently when the *World Fellowship Committee* of the Y. W. C. A. had an exhibition at the association's national headquarters. But now they are at home again, and it has occurred to her that you might like to see how some of them look—the Indian dolls for instance, since we are rather concentrating on Indians this month. For illustrations we have chosen a group of Guaranis from Paraguay, a lovely young Inca from Peru, and three North American Indians—an Apache and two Hopis. One of the Hopis is a Blue Mountain Kachina, so called because it represents a mythical being by that name. The Blue Mountain is suggested by the headdress. This doll and the Apache squaw, which comes from the Jicarilla reservation, were both given the editor by **Miss Leonora Curtin** of Santa Fe, New Mexico. The other Hopi was given her by one of our most popular contributors, **Catherine Cate Coblenz**, who sent the following little sketch with her gift:

"The Kachinas are the lesser gods of the Hopi, and are said to dwell in the San Francisco Peaks. 'Every man, woman and child is initiated into the Kachina cult, and every man takes an active part in its dances throughout his life. Furthermore, fully half the year is devoted to the various ceremonies which are part of the cult and the ideas associated with it are constantly reflected in the daily life and folklore.'\* The dolls that the girls play with are made by the men, carved from cottonwood driftwood for the most part, and often obtained from long distances away. These dolls are painted and feathered in the same way as the Kachinas. The doll you have is a butterfly dancer.

"The Kachina dolls are given the children by men masked likewise as Kachinas. 'It is generally believed that the spirits of the dead go to the west where they become Kachinas and return to the village as clouds. When a man dies, a white cotton batting is placed over his face, referred to as his cloud mask.'\*

"All ceremonies are for rain, and the

dances invocations or prayers for rain. 'Apart from their supernatural power and the blessings they bestow with the rain, the Kachinas are thought of as friends and they are endowed with many human characteristics.'\*\*

Three Washington papers have recently commented with praise upon articles which we have published: *The Star*, in a feature article about Arletta Phillips Ahrens, referred to "Pan American Passage," which she wrote for our October issue. The *News* devoted a paragraph to "His Name Lives On," the sketch on Joel Roberts Poinsett by Clara Childs Puckett which appeared in the December issue. The *Post* said of "Your Capital City—and Mine!" in the February issue, "Hazel Whitaker Vandenberg's article in the current National Historical Magazine is a smooth job. Legislative ladies and the Folger Library are the subjects discussed, and facts that Mrs. Vandenberg has unearthed in both directions make interesting reading."

The authors of the aforementioned articles and the editor of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE join in saying, "Thank you, *Washington Star*!"—"Thank you, *Washington News*!"—"Thank you, *Washington Post*!"

Pleasant letters also continue to drift into the office, characterized by the same quality as the gentle rain from Heaven which Portia so gloriously described. Among the com-

\*Dr. Edward A. Kennard, "Hopi Kachinas," illustrated with Kachina paintings by Edward Earle.



GUARANIS FROM PARAGUAY



LEFT TO RIGHT: APACHE SQUAW, HOPI BRIDE, AND  
HOPI BLUE MOUNTAIN KACHINA

ments which have been especially welcome are the following:

"Greetings from the *Alaska Chapter*. We have enjoyed so much the Alaska Number of the 'National Historical Magazine' as well as all other numbers."

"Your prompt publication of the first installment of our Greene County Records was indeed appreciated. May I say that this printing was, and will be, appreciated by many more, for I had hardly seen the Magazine myself before I received a letter from Iowa asking for more information concerning two names which appeared merely in the list of Securities." (This comes from Tennessee.)

"The book reviews are the best we have ever had. It would be a sorry day for me if I had to give up the magazine." (This comes from New Jersey.)

"This is to send you all good wishes and to compliment you on the December number of the magazine. It was great. Your heretofore critic, S— N— B—." (This comes from Colorado.)

Many other persons seemed to have especially liked the December issue. For instance, a letter from Miss Marion Mullins, Regent of Texas, indicates that the num-

ber met with particular favor in that state:

"I found and read the lovely article on the Texas flag in the December magazine while I was over in East Texas. One of my stops was with the chapter at Palestine and they were overjoyed at the fact that the Joanna Troutman picture you used was one painted by a Palestine artist, one whom they all knew."

"The magazine is lovely this month (January). It grows in grace each moon that comes! I love the Polly Storey snow photographs, and Catherine Coblentz always makes my heart sing." (This comes from South Carolina.)

A gratified advertiser is even rarer than a gratified subscriber. Therefore the following comment from no less a person than Anna Steese Richardson, Director of the Consumer Division of the Crowell Publishing Company, means much to us:

"We like the typography and especially the position in the book of our advertisement. It may interest you to know that already we have had a request for a set of the leaflets."

So much, indeed, that we feel the quotation of anything after it would be an anti-climax!



AN INCA FROM PERU



# THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL  
Seventeenth and D Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

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Mrs. ROLLA ROBERTS HINKLE, 303 So. Missouri Ave., Roswell.

**NEW YORK**

Mrs. GEORGE DUFFY, Orchard St., Fort Plain.  
Mrs. STANLEY THORPE MANLOVE, 360 Carpenter Ave., Newburgh.

**NORTH CAROLINA**

Mrs. EUGENE NORFLEET DAVIS, Mansion Park Hotel, Raleigh.  
Mrs. CURTIS WAYNE SPENCER, 514 Princess St., Wilmington.

**NORTH DAKOTA**

Mrs. RAYMOND W. SHINNERS, 607 6th Ave., N. W., Mandan.

**OHIO**

Mrs. JAMES F. DONAHUE, 2850 Chadbourne Rd., Shaker Heights, Cleveland.  
Mrs. ALONZO HATHAWAY DUNHAM, 318 Grafton Ave., Dayton.

**OKLAHOMA**

Mrs. JESSE WILLIAM KATZER, 302 South 13th St., Chickasha.  
Mrs. T. C. GIBSON, 802 Bixby Ave., Ardmore.

**OREGON**

Mrs. GILBERT E. HOLT, 225 River Drive, Pendleton.  
Mrs. HOWARD P. ARNETT, 4166 N. E. Beaumont St., Portland.

**PENNSYLVANIA**

Mrs. JOSEPH G. FORNEY, 85 Spencer Ave., Lancaster.  
Mrs. BENJAMIN RAMAGE WILLIAMS, 428 N. McKean St., Butler.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**

Miss RUTH BRADLEY SHELTON, 1903 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis.  
Mrs. MARIE R. CARLSON, P. O. Box 2137, Manila.

**RHODE ISLAND**

Mrs. JOHN TELLINGHAST CARDNER, R. F. D. No. 2, East Greenwich.  
Mrs. T. FREDERICK CHASE, 209 Point St., Providence.

**SOUTH CAROLINA**

Mrs. JOHN LOGAN MARSHALL, Clemson College.  
Mrs. WM. SUTHERLAND ALLAN, 5 Bennett St., Charleston.

**SOUTH DAKOTA**

Mrs. JAMES BROOKS VAUGHN, Castlewood.  
Mrs. MACDONALD TAYLOR GREENE, 415 E. 5th Ave., Mitchell.

## National Board of Management—Continued

## TENNESSEE

Mrs. WALTER M. BERRY, Route 5, Box 870, Memphis.  
Mrs. CLARENCE G. KING, 519 Alabama St., Bristol.

## TEXAS

Miss MARION D. MULLINS, 1424 Cooper St., Fort Worth.  
Mrs. J. D. SANDERF, 2202 Hickory St., Abilene.

## UTAH

Mrs. O. ALVIN FARMLY, 730 25th St., Ogden.  
Mrs. ROBERT WELLES FISHER, 511 E. 3rd South St., Salt Lake City.

## VERMONT

Mrs. CLARENCE RAYMOND ARKINSON, 19 Messenger St., St. Albans.  
Mrs. BIRNEY BATCHELLER, Wallingford (acting).

## VIRGINIA

Mrs. C. A. SWANN SINCLAIR, 305 Bradnock Road, Alexandria.  
Mrs. GEORGE C. STONE, 109 Hawthorne Drive, Danville.

## WASHINGTON

Mrs. PELAGIUS M. WILLIAMS, 2667 Park Drive, Bellingham.  
Mrs. STARR SHERMAN, 709 University St., Walla Walla.

## WEST VIRGINIA

Mrs. DAVID E. FRENCH, 2126 Reid Ave., Bluefield.  
Mrs. WILSON H. S. WHITE, Shepherdstown.

## WISCONSIN

Mrs. HELEN C. KIMBERLY STUART, 406 E. Wisconsin Ave., Neenah.  
Mrs. WILLIAM H. CUDWORTH, 2403 E. Bellevue Place, Milwaukee.

## WYOMING

Mrs. HUBERT WEBSTER, 448 4th St., Rock Springs.  
Mrs. WILBUR KEM MYLAR, 2514 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne

## CANAL ZONE

Mrs. WALTER D. CLARK, (Chapter Regent), Box 55, Balboa Heights.

## PUERTO RICO

Mrs. GEORGE A. STUCKERT (Chapter Regent), Box K, Puerta de Tierra, San Juan.

## ITALY

Mrs. KATHERINE SMOOT TUCCIMEI (Chapter Regent), Via Taro 39, Rome.

## GERMANY

Mrs. FRIEDRICH EICHBERG (Chapter Regent), Keedysville, Washington County, Md.

## CHINA

Mrs. HOLLIS A. WILBUR, 170 South Marengo Ave., Pasadena, California.  
Miss LILLIAN THOMASON, Berkeley Inn, Haste and Telegraph Sts., Berkeley, Calif.

## CUBA

Mrs. EDWARD G. HARRIS, The Argonne, 1629 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. ROLANDO A. MARTINEZ, San Rafael 12, Havana.

## ENGLAND

Mrs. R. A. ROTHERMEL, 8 Aldford House, Park Lane, London W. 1.  
Mrs. VOLNEY ALLEN BRUNDAGE, 1733 Newton St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

## FRANCE

Mrs. HARLAN P. ROWE, "Littlebrook," Chamant par Seville, Oise.  
Mrs. TRYPHOSA DUNCAN BATES-BATCHELLER, 12 rue du Mont Valerien, St. Cloud.

## HONORARY OFFICERS ELECTED FOR LIFE

## Honorary Presidents General

Mrs. GEORGE THACHER GUERNSEY  
1200 N. 2nd St., Independence, Kans.  
Mrs. GEORGE MAYNARD MINOR  
East Meadows, Litchfield, Conn.

Mrs. ANTHONY WAYNE COOK  
"Waylons", Cooksburg, Pa.  
Mrs. GRACE H. L. BROSSAU  
445 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.  
Mrs. LOWELL FLETCHER HORATY  
3128 Fairfield Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Mrs. RUSSELL WM. MAGNA  
178 Madison Ave., Holyoke, Mass.  
Mrs. WILLIAM A. BECKES  
77 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.

## Honorary Vice-Presidents General

Mrs. WILLIAM BUTTERWORTH, 1923  
Hillcrest, Moline, Illinois  
Mrs. THOMAS KITE, 1927  
192 Chelsea Place, Cincinnati, Ohio  
Mrs. JOHN LAIDLAW BUEL, 1933  
Litchfield, Conn.  
Mrs. HENRY BOURNE JOY, 1935  
301 Lake Shore Road,  
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

Mrs. HOWARD L. HOCKINS, 1935  
1821 Kalorama Rd., Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. ALVIN VALENTINE LANE, 1936  
Melrose Court, Dallas, Texas  
Mrs. WILLIAM B. BURNET, 1937  
1817 Senate St., Columbia, S. C.

Mrs. ROBERT JEFFREY REED, 1938  
Emerson Road, Wooddale,  
Wheeling, W. Va.  
Mrs. CHARLES BEACH BOOTHIE, 1938  
2036 Oak St., South Pasadena, Calif.  
Mrs. WM. N. REYNOLDS, 1938  
"Tanglewood", Winston-Salem, N. C.  
Mrs. ELLY GRANT DRAKE, 1938  
601 N. 6th St., Beatrice, Nebr.

## The Approved Schools of the N. S. D. A. R.

AMERICAN INDIAN INSTITUTE  
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE  
BEREA COLLEGE  
THE BERRY SCHOOLS  
BLUE RIDGE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL  
CARR CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER, INC.  
CROSSNORE SCHOOL  
HILLSIDE SCHOOL  
HINDMAN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL  
KATE DUNCAN SMITH D. A. R. SCHOOL  
LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY  
MARYVILLE COLLEGE  
MONTVERDE SCHOOL  
NORTHLAND COLLEGE  
PINE MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL  
SCHAUFFLER COLLEGE  
TAMASSEE D. A. R. SCHOOL

Mr. Robert M. Muir  
Dr. C. S. McGown  
Dr. William J. Hutchins  
Miss Martha Berry  
Dr. George P. Mayo  
Mr. W. T. Francis  
Dr. Mary Martin Sloop  
Mr. Lemuel Sanford  
Miss May Stone  
Mr. Wilson Evans  
Dr. Stewart W. McClelland  
Miss Clemmie J. Henry  
Mr. H. P. Carpenter  
Dr. J. D. Brownell  
Mr. Glyn A. Morris  
Dr. Raymond G. Clapp  
Mr. Ralph H. Cain

Wichita, Kansas  
Springfield, Massachusetts  
Berea, Kentucky  
Mount Berry, Georgia  
Bris, Virginia  
Carr Creek, Kentucky  
Crossnore, North Carolina  
Marlborough, Massachusetts  
Hindman, Kentucky  
Grant, Alabama  
Harrogate, Tennessee  
Maryville, Tennessee  
Montverde, Florida  
Ashland, Wisconsin  
Pine Mountain, Kentucky  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Tamassee, South Carolina

# National Committees, 1938-1939

## NATIONAL CHAIRMEN

ADVANCEMENT OF AMERICAN MUSIC	Mrs. EDWARD G. MEAD, 304 E. Church St., Oxford, Ohio.
AMERICANISM	Mrs. JOHN Y. RICHARDSON, 325 Failing Bldg., Portland, Oregon.
APPROVED SCHOOLS	Mrs. SAMUEL JAMES CAMPBELL, 111 W. Broadway, Mt. Carroll, Ill.
CAROLINE E. HOLT SCHOLARSHIP FUND	Miss RUTH BRADLEY SHELTON, 1903 N. 49th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
CONSERVATION	Mrs. ORRIS D. WARTHEIN, 299 Durden St., Vidalia, Ga.
Vice-Chairman in Charge of American Indians	Mrs. B. D. WEEKS, Bacone College, Bacone, Okla.
CORRECT USE OF THE FLAG	Mrs. CHARLES B. KERSEE, "Chaskeokee", Martinaville, Va.
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION	Mrs. ROSCOE C. O'BRYNE, 912 Main St., Brookville, Ind.
GOOD CITIZENSHIP PILGRIMAGE	Mrs. CARL S. HOSKINS, Lisbon, N. H.
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION	Mrs. WILLARD STEELE, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
MANUAL FOR CITIZENSHIP	Miss CLAUDINE HUTTER, 122 Harrison St., Lynchburg, Va.
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION	Mrs. SMITH H. STEBBINS, 590 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
MUSEUM	Mrs. FRANK W. BAKER, 4833 Farnum St., Omaha, Neb.
STUDENT LOAN FUND	Dr. JEAN STEPHENSON, Apt. 1100, The Conard, Washington, D. C.
ELLIS ISLAND	Mrs. ALICE LANE NEWBURY, 1822 Bennett Ave., Dallas, Texas.
FILING AND LENDING BUREAU	Mrs. ELMER H. WHITTAKER, 124 E. Arrellaga St., Santa Barbara, Calif.
GENEALOGICAL RECORDS	Mrs. LELAND S. DUXBURY, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
GIRL HOME MAKERS	Miss ELEANOR GREENWOOD, Shadow Lawn, Pepperell, Mass.
GOOD CITIZENSHIP PILGRIMS CLUBS	Miss GEORGE D. SCHENBERG, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
HISTORICAL RESEARCH	Mrs. LEROY MONTGOMERY, 7 Fairfield Ave., So. Norwalk, Conn.
JUNIOR AMERICAN CITIZENS	Mrs. IMOGEN B. EMERY, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP	Mrs. VICTOR ARNOT BINFORD, Roxbury, Maine.
MOTION PICTURES	Mrs. FRANK L. NASON, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
NATIONAL DEFENSE THROUGH PATRIOTIC EDUCATION	Mrs. STERLING BOCKOVIN, 3039 Macomb St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE	Mrs. FRANK BOUDINOT WHITLOCK, 94 Lincoln Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.
NATIONAL MEMBERSHIP	Mrs. HENRY BOURNE JOY, 301 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.
PRESS RELATIONS	* * *
RADIO	Mrs. KEYSER FRY, 325 Douglass St., Reading, Pa.
REAL DAUGHTERS	Miss EMELINE A. STREET, 259 Canner St., New Haven, Conn.
	Mrs. JOSEPH E. FRYOK, 127 Whittidge Rd., Summit, N. J.
	Mrs. JOHN KNAUF, 404 6th Ave., S., Jamestown, N. Dak.

## ADMINISTRATIVE COMMITTEES

EXECUTIVE	Mrs. HENRY M. ROBERT, JR., Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
FINANCE	Mrs. JOHN S. HEAUME, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
AUDITING	Mrs. VINTON EARL SISON, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
PRINTING	Miss PAGE SCHWARZWAELDER, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.
BUILDING AND GROUNDS	Miss ALINE E. SOLOMONS, The Connecticut, Washington, D. C.
ART CRITICS	Mrs. C. W. S. MUSGRAVE, Laurel, Md.
D. A. R. HANDBOOK	

All questions on State and Chapter By-Laws which it is desired be checked or inspected for conflicts with National Rules should be sent to

MRS. JOHN TRIGG MOSS, *Parliamentarian*, 6017 Enright Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

## Board of Management National Society Children of the American Revolution

National President  
Mrs. WILLIAM H. POUCH

National Vice Presidents  
Mrs. EDMUND BURKE BALL, Indiana  
Miss MARIE L. BEYERLE, Pennsylvania  
Mrs. AMOS A. FRIES, D. C.  
Mrs. HENRY BOURNE JOY, Michigan  
Mrs. ROY N. LAMBERT, Oklahoma  
Mrs. WILLIAM A. BECKER, New Jersey  
Miss AIMEE E. POWELL, D. C.  
Mrs. GRACE H. L. BROSSAU, New York  
Mrs. JOHN FRANCIS WEINMANN, Ark.

National Chaplain  
Mrs. CHARLES CARROLL HAIG

National Recording Secretary  
Mrs. JOHN LESTER BARR

National Organizing Secretary  
Mrs. JOHN MORRISON KERR

National Corresponding Secretary  
Mrs. PERCY M. BAILEY

National Treasurer  
Mrs. THADDEUS M. JONES

National Registrar  
Mrs. RYLAND C. BRYANT

National Historian  
Mrs. LEE R. PENNINGTON, Jr.

National Librarian-Curator  
Mrs. CHARLES S. GROVES

Honorary National Presidents  
Mrs. FRANK W. MONDELL  
Mrs. JOSIAH A. VAN ORSEL  
Mrs. PERCY EDWARDS QUIN  
Mrs. SAMUEL SHAW ARENTZ  
Mrs. C. A. SWANN SINCLAIR

Honorary National Vice Presidents  
Mrs. HENRY M. ROBERT, JR.  
President General, D. A. R.  
Mr. MESSINGORE KENDALL  
President General, S. A. R.

(Elected for five years)  
Mrs. LAKE ANDERSON, Mass., 1937  
Mrs. HERBERT ALLEN BLACK, Colo., 1937  
Miss MARGARET LOTHROP, Calif., 1937  
Mrs. FRANK S. RAY, Maryland, 1936  
Mrs. HORACE TOWNER, Iowa, 1935

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**SUPPLEMENT**  
**March 1939 Issue**  
**National Historical Magazine**

**MINUTES**

**NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT**

**REGULAR MEETING**

**February 1, 1939**

## INDEX

February 1, 1939

	PAGE
Report of Recording Secretary General .....	3
Report of Corresponding Secretary General .....	3
Report of Treasurer General .....	4
Report of Finance Committee .....	9
Report of Auditing Committee .....	10
Report of Registrar General .....	10
Report of Organizing Secretary General .....	10
Report of Librarian General .....	10
Report of Curator General .....	15
Report of President General .....	16
Report of Buildings and Ground Committee .....	21
Report of Kate Duncan Smith and Tamassee D.A.R. Schools .....	22
Report of National Historical Magazine Committee .....	23
Supplemental Report of Registrar General .....	24
Supplemental Report of Organizing Secretary General .....	24



# MINUTES

## NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT

### REGULAR MEETING

February 1, 1939.

THE regular meeting of the National Board of Management was called to order by the President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., in the Board Room, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, February 1, 1939, at 9:30 a. m.

In the absence of the Chaplain General, Mrs. Loren Edgar Rex, the President General, led in repeating the Lord's Prayer, followed by the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. John S. Heaume, called the roll. The following members were present: *National Officers:* Mrs. Robert, Miss Street, Mrs. Mauldin, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Binford, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Belk, Mrs. Rowbotham, Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Haig, Mrs. Heaume, Mrs. Herrin, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Miss Schwarzwaelder, Mrs. Nason, Mrs. Sisson, Mrs. Steele; *State Regents:* Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Latimer, Mrs. Scott, Miss Chenoweth, Mrs. Hightower, Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. Schlosser, Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Blakeslee, Miss Hersey, Mrs. Geagley, Mrs. Chiles, Mrs. Crockett, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Duffy, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. Forney, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. French, Mrs. Stuart; *State Vice Regents:* Mrs. Maguire, Mrs. Baldwin.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, moved That Mrs. David Baldwin, former State Vice Regent of Vermont, recently resigned, be permitted to attend this Board meeting as a non-voting representative of Vermont. Seconded by Mrs. Rowbotham. Carried.

The President General read letters of greeting from Mrs. Knight, State Regent of Nebraska; Mrs. Baughman, Vice President General of Louisiana; also a letter from Miss Bonnie Farwell, Vice President General of Indiana, spending the winter in Honolulu, stating she had met with the chapters there and marveled at their knowledge of the work of the organization. She stated that Mrs. Guernsey, Honorary President General, had fallen and broken her hip, and suggested that a message be sent her.

Mrs. Sheppard of Pennsylvania moved That we send affectionate greetings to Mrs. Guernsey, Honorary President General, regretting her unfortunate accident. Seconded by Mrs. Wallis. Carried.

The President General stated that without objection her report would be given after those of the other officers.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. John S. Heaume, read her report.

#### Report of Recording Secretary General

Since the October Board meeting the various details of the office of the Recording Secretary General have been performed.

The minutes of the Regular Board meeting, October 26, and Special Board meeting, December 8, were prepared for publication in the Magazine and proof read. Notices of Board meetings were sent to members of the Board, as well as notices to members of the Executive Committee of its meetings.

Verbatim has been transcribed; rulings of Board meetings and Executive Committee meetings have been typed and distributed to the various offices, also typed for the Statute Book, and indexed. Official notices with regard to motions passed have been sent to those concerned.

Since my last report there have been issued 3,157 membership certificates. All current work pertaining to this department is up to date.

The minutes of the Executive Committee meetings have been written, and rulings and information furnished those affected, also copies of minutes made for members of the committee.

Prompt attention has been given to the correspondence received in this office; questions regarding rulings have been looked into and answered, as well as information on various matters. Letters touching upon work of other offices have been promptly referred.

The work of this office regarding indexing of old subject matter is progressing as rapidly as limited time and office personnel permit.

JULIA D. HEAUME,  
Recording Secretary General,  
N. S. D. A. R.

The Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. William Kennedy Herrin, read her report:

#### Report of Corresponding Secretary General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

Since the October Board meeting the following supplies have been issued from the office of the Corresponding Secretary General:

Application blanks .....	14,484
Leaflets of How to Become a Member .....	1,429
Leaflets of General Information .....	1,007
Constitution and By-Laws .....	340
Transfer Cards .....	1,278
Pamphlets of "What the Daughters Do" .....	6,439
Applicants' Working Sheets .....	7,505
Ancestral Charts .....	311
Miscellaneous .....	407

Orders for Manuals have been filled to the number of 124,366. The distribution according to languages follows: English—91,604; Spanish—1,309; Italian—7,210; Hungarian—1,444; Polish—6,575; Yiddish—1,153; French—2,541; German—5,117; Russian—1,752; Greek—873; Swedish—742; Portuguese—674; Lithuanian—95; Norwegian—1,324; Bohemian—910; Finnish—883; Japanese—160.

One thousand six hundred and forty-eight let-

ters were received and either referred to the proper department to which they were intended or answered in my own office where 1,422 were written.

DIXIE COTTON HERRIN,  
*Corresponding Secretary General,*  
N. S. D. A. R.

The Treasurer General, Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, read her report.

### Report of Treasurer General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

I herewith submit the following report of receipts and disbursements from October 1, 1938 to December 31, 1938.

### CURRENT FUND

Balance at last report, September 30, 1938 ..... \$68,945.80

#### RECEIPTS

Annual dues \$74,694.00; initiation fees \$10,690.00; reinstatement fees \$505.00; supplemental fees \$1,284.00; ancestors lists \$3.00; application blanks \$313.80; awards of merit \$12.35; certificates \$6.00; certificate folders \$62.00; charters \$20.00; collection on check \$.21; commission, Insignia \$51.00; copying lineage \$.75; D. A. R. reports \$2.00; duplicate papers \$238.00; exchange \$1.20; flags \$10.50; flag booklets \$43.31; flag codes \$263.03; genealogical charts \$31.22; Genealogical Extension Service \$201.00; handbooks \$576.26; historical papers \$67.37; interest \$222.76; lantern slides \$21.84; library contributions \$226.00; lineage \$1,390.80; Magazine: subscriptions \$9,260.45; advertisements \$1,671.85; single copies \$79.69; reprints \$.25; pictures \$.30; pilgrimage posters \$43.44; proceedings \$19.50; regents lists \$50.00; rental of flags \$.60; ribbon \$1.96; rituals \$.65.93; song \$.60; stationery \$.60; statuettes \$41.02; Constitution Hall Events \$10,579.14; Memorial Continental Hall Events \$438.50.

Total Receipts ..... \$113,202.03

\$182,147.83

#### DISBURSEMENTS

Refunds: annual dues \$406.00; initiation fees \$35.00; reinstatement fees \$20.00; supplemental fees \$30.00 ..... \$491.00

President General: clerical service \$1,185.00; official expenses \$1,500.00; postage \$40.00; telephone and telegrams \$35.59; cleaning and repairs \$32.75; supplies \$31.03; binding \$1.65; typewriter repairs \$1.00; express \$.40 ..... 2,827.42

Chaplain General: supplies ..... 6.85

Recording Secretary General: clerical service \$805.00; reporting \$60.00; stamped envelopes \$8.46; supplies \$8.00; binding \$7.35; typewriter repairs \$.50; express \$.15 ..... 889.46

Certificates: clerical service \$495.00; postage \$235.22; engrossing \$2.25 ..... 732.47

Corresponding Secretary General: clerical service \$510.00; supplies \$113.50; postage and stamped envelopes \$108.46; express \$14.98; typewriter repairs \$1.00 ..... 747.94

Organizing Secretary General: clerical service \$915.00; regents lists \$184.00; postage and stamped envelopes \$38.00; supplies \$22.01; engrossing \$4.50; telegrams \$2.13; express \$1.02 ..... 1,166.66

Treasurer General: clerical service \$3,795.00; postage and stamped envelopes \$454.17; supplies \$176.45; binding \$8.00; telephone \$.60; transportation \$.27; repairs \$2.50; typewriter repairs \$1.50 ..... 4,446.67

Registrar General: clerical service \$6,855.00; postage and stamped envelopes \$269.68; supplies \$105.35; binding \$48.75; express \$2.40; typewriter repairs \$2.00 ..... 7,283.18

Lineage: clerical service \$300.00; Vol. 164 \$1,197.00; supplies \$29.45; express \$26.08; refund \$3.00 ..... 1,555.53

Genealogical Extension Service: clerical service \$1,509.00; postage and stamped envelopes \$41.85; typewriter repairs \$2.46; telephone \$1.75; supplies \$.88 ..... 1,555.94

Historian General: clerical service \$375.00; postage \$3.00; supplies \$1.20; telephone and telegrams \$.50; express \$.24 ..... 379.94

Librarian General: clerical service \$1,340.00; books \$89.50; postage and stamped envelopes \$58.08; binding \$33.00; supplies \$5.76; dues \$3.00; express \$1.87; telephone \$1.20	\$1,532.41
Curator General: clerical service \$375.00; postage and stamped envelopes \$19.36; telephone and telegrams \$1.93; express \$.24	396.53
Reporter General: clerical service \$101.50; miscellaneous \$3.84	105.34
General Office: clerical service \$1,160.00; brochures \$868.53; pay roll tax \$857.14; supplies \$228.51; Christmas gifts \$223.00; postage and stamped envelopes \$105.13; lunches and tips \$31.00; wreaths \$17.50; telephone and telegrams \$11.56; repairs \$2.00; express and cartage \$1.90; binding \$1.65	3,507.92
Committees: clerical service \$435.00; Approved Schools—postage \$33.99; Buildings and Grounds—supplies \$4.26; express \$1.96; Date of Organization—clerical service \$2.50; Filing and Lending—postage and stamped envelopes \$33.24; express \$13.48; printing \$3.70; Finance—postage \$10.00; Girl Home Makers—supplies \$31.60; printing \$30.00; postage \$12.82; Junior American Citizens—buttons \$550.35; supplies \$121.33; reprints \$54.60; express \$12.67; telegrams \$.48; Motion Pictures—postage \$48.99; supplies \$25.25; telephone \$14.82; Music—postage \$3.00; Radio—postage \$18.00; telephone \$2.00; supplies \$1.50	1,465.54
Buildings Expense: services \$7,330.46; electric current and gas \$622.06; fuel oil \$523.28; painting \$430.16; supplies \$352.99; apartment rent \$225.00; water rent \$80.71; cupboard \$75.00; ice and towel service \$62.52; hauling \$6.50; elevator inspection \$3.75	9,712.43
Printing Machine: services \$450.00; supplies \$40.97	490.97
Constitution Hall Events: services \$3,126.00; business privilege tax \$137.76; care of organ \$50.00; pay roll tax \$41.40; rental of amplifiers \$40.00; admissions tax \$29.70; check room service \$20.00; telephone \$16.05; supplies \$4.37	3,465.28
Memorial Continental Hall Events: services \$54.00; refund \$46.00; electric current \$18.50; fuel oil \$10.00	128.50
Magazine: Editorial Dept.—services \$1,096.25; articles \$593.50; supplies \$48.34; photographs \$40.70; telephone and telegrams \$24.72; taxi fares \$2.10; Genealogical Dept.—services \$150.00; Publication Dept.—issues \$6,397.59; cuts \$1,322.36; postage \$527.03; minutes \$431.00; zoning \$21.25; Subscription Dept.—services \$378.75; postage \$282.90; circulation audit \$138.77; supplies \$72.71; express \$26.92; refunds \$5.50	11,560.39
Forty-eighth Congress: Credential—supplies \$41.64; postage \$12.00	71.64
House—postage	490.00
Auditing accounts	.70
Certificate folders: express	3.00
Duplicate papers: refunds	.74
Flag booklets: express	128.74
Flag codes: printing \$94.38; supplies \$20.58; postage \$6.87; express \$6.91	2.50
Genealogical charts: express	977.55
Handbooks: printing \$852.32; postage \$56.49; clerical service \$33.50; supplies \$15.00; express \$11.69; telephone \$6.70; fares \$1.85	1.50
Lantern slides: refund	69.53
Memorial Continental Hall: elevator repairs \$36.85; painting \$32.68	82.90
Office furniture and fixtures	360.97
Parliamentarian: services \$250.00; clerical service \$100.00; postage \$10.00; express \$.97	.30
Pilgrimage posters: express	3.95
Proceedings: express	.15
Rituals: express	469.90
State Regents' postage	63.19
Stationery	1.04
Statuettes: express	15.67
Telegrams	505.47
Telephone: operator's salary \$330.00; service \$175.47	
Total Disbursements	\$ 57,697.81
Transfer to Permanent Fund	\$124,450.02
	3,000.00
Balance, December 31, 1938	\$121,450.02

## PERMANENT FUND

Magna Tablet:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 635.25	
Receipts: contributions	18.25	
Balance, December 31, 1938		\$ 653.50
Memory Book:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 1,052.38	
Receipts: contributions	255.50	
Balance, December 31, 1938		1,307.88
Guernsey Organ:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938		
Receipts: contributions	3.00	
Balance, December 31, 1938		3.00
Library Room:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938		
Receipts: contributions	20.00	
Balance, December 31, 1938		20.00
State Rooms:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 894.30	
Receipts: contributions	10.00	
	\$ 904.30	
Disbursements: Michigan Room \$155.25; Ohio Room \$10.00	165.25	
Balance, December 31, 1938		739.05
Museum:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 1,088.16	
Receipts: contributions	663.75	
	\$ 1,751.91	
Disbursements: case \$267.50; express \$4.56	272.06	
Balance, December 31, 1938		1,479.85
Buildings and Grounds:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938		100.00
Constitution Hall:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 2,804.77	
Receipts: interest	45.00	
Transfer from Current Fund	3,000.00	
	\$ 5,849.77	
Disbursements: interest	1,500.00	
Balance, December 31, 1938		4,349.77
Total Permanent Fund		\$ 8,653.05

## PETTY CASH FUND

Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 1,200.00
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## SPECIAL FUNDS

Life Membership:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 3,600.00	
Disbursements: refunds	100.00	
Balance, December 31, 1938		\$ 3,500.00
Manual:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$14,669.55	
Receipts: contributions \$2,609.20; sale of copies \$104.25	2,713.45	
	\$17,383.00	

Disbursements: postage \$300.00; express, freight, and cartage \$128.51; messenger \$90.00; supplies \$70.00 .....	\$588.51	
Balance, December 31, 1938 .....		\$16,794.49
Approved Schools:		
Receipts .....	\$19,152.66	
Disbursements .....	19,152.66	
Carpenter Mountain Schools:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938 .....	\$ 165.00	
Receipts: interest .....	555.00	
	\$ 720.00	
Disbursements: Crossnore School, N. C. \$230.00; Lincoln Memorial University, Tenn. \$230.00; Maryville College, Tenn. \$230.00 .....	690.00	
Balance, December 31, 1938 .....		30.00
Liberty Loan:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938 .....	\$ 381.13	
Receipts: interest .....	1,500.00	
Checks cancelled (Mary H. Hallock) .....	50.00	
	\$ 1,931.13	
Disbursements: pensions \$810.00; estate of Mary H. Hallock \$50.00 .....	860.00	
Balance, December 31, 1938 .....		1,071.13
Angel and Ellis Island:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938 .....	\$ 3,958.15	
Receipts: contributions .....	1,767.31	
	\$ 5,725.46	
Disbursements: services \$1,295.00; supplies \$274.27; Angel Island \$90.00; Christmas gifts \$75.00; immigrant aid \$50.00; postage \$19.35; repairs \$10.00; telephone \$7.50; miscellaneous \$14.38 .....	1,835.50	
Balance, December 31, 1938 .....		3,889.96
Historical Research:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938 .....	\$ 29.05	
Receipts .....	3,169.38	
	\$ 3,198.43	
Disbursements .....	3,143.38	
Balance, December 31, 1938 .....		55.05
Library:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938 .....	\$ 697.21	
Receipts: interest .....	385.00	
	\$ 1,082.21	
Disbursements: books .....	232.32	
Balance, December 31, 1938 .....		849.89
Relief:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938 .....	\$ 13.55	
Receipts .....	11.00	
	\$ 24.55	
Disbursements .....	2.00	
Balance, December 31, 1938 .....		22.55
National Defense:		
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938 .....	\$19,777.85	
Receipts: contributions \$2,598.90; sale of literature \$238.65; sale of medals \$177.00 .....	3,014.55	
	\$22,792.40	

Disbursements: services \$1,892.00; messenger \$210.00; literature, subscriptions, fees, etc. \$719.18; handbooks \$445.00; traveling expenses \$369.68; postage \$232.68; supplies \$143.82; pay roll tax \$82.50; telephone and telegrams \$30.33; refunds \$12.63; express \$11.65; typewriter repairs \$1.00; miscellaneous \$12.77		\$4,163.24	
Balance, December 31, 1938			\$18,629.16
Good Citizenship Pilgrimage:			
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 3,304.50		
Receipts: contributions	1,309.95		
		\$ 4,614.45	
Disbursements: supplies \$4.90; express \$1.10	6.00		
Balance, December 31, 1938			4,608.45
Conservation:			
Receipts	\$ 271.85		
Disbursements	271.85		
Employees' Pension:			
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 7,260.68		
Receipts: interest	296.90		
		\$ 7,557.58	
Disbursements: pensions	1,898.94		
Balance, December 31, 1938			5,658.64
Press Relations:			
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$2,651.13		
Receipts: contributions \$516.80; sale of handbooks \$1.95	518.75		
		\$ 3,169.88	
Disbursements: services \$300.00; supplies \$44.56; postage \$35.00	379.56		
Balance, December 31, 1938			2,790.32
Student Loan:			
Receipts	\$ 440.00		
Disbursements	440.00		
Reserve for Maintenance and Improvement of Properties:			
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$27,530.50		
Receipts: interest	1,275.00		
Balance, December 31, 1938			28,805.50
Philippine Scholarship:			
Balance at last report, September 30, 1938	\$ 1,711.59		
Receipts: interest	316.37		
Balance, December 31, 1938			2,027.96
Total Special Funds			\$ 88,733.10

## RECAPITULATION

Funds	Balance 9/30/38	Receipts	Disburse- ments	Balance 12/31/38
Current	\$ 68,945.80	\$113,202.03	\$ 60,697.81	\$121,450.02
Permanent	6,574.86	4,015.50	1,937.31	8,653.05
Petty Cash	1,200.00			1,200.00
Life Membership	3,600.00		100.00	3,500.00
Manual	14,669.55	2,713.45	588.51	16,794.49
Approved Schools		19,152.66	19,152.66	
Carpenter Mountain Schools	165.00	555.00	690.00	30.00
Liberty Loan	381.13	1,550.00	860.00	1,071.13
Angel and Ellis Islands	3,958.15	1,767.31	1,835.50	3,889.96
Historical Research	29.05	3,169.38	3,143.38	55.05
Library	697.21	385.00	232.32	849.89
Relief	13.55	11.00	2.00	22.55



National Defense .....	\$19,777.85	\$3,014.55	\$4,163.24	\$18,629.16
Pilgrimage .....	3,304.50	1,309.95	6.00	4,608.45
Conservation .....		271.85	271.85	
Employees Pension .....	7,260.68	296.90	1,898.94	5,658.64
Press Relations .....	2,651.13	518.75	379.56	2,790.32
Student Loan .....		440.00	440.00	
Reserve .....	27,530.50	1,275.00		28,805.50
Philippine Scholarship .....	1,711.59	316.37		2,027.96
	<u>\$162,470.55</u>	<u>\$153,964.70</u>	<u>\$ 96,399.08</u>	<u>\$220,036.17</u>

## DISPOSITION OF FUNDS

National Metropolitan Bank .....	\$218,836.17	
Petty Cash in Office of the Treasurer General .....	1,200.00	\$220,036.17

## INDEBTEDNESS

Constitution Hall Fund:		
Liberty Loan Fund Notes .....		\$100,000.00

## INVESTMENTS

Chicago and Alton R. R. Co. 3% Bonds, due 1949 (Par value \$3,000.00) .....	\$	2,314.84
Liberty Loan Fund:		
Constitution Hall Notes .....		100,000.00
Library Fund:		
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2¾% Bonds, due 1949 .....	\$	28,000.00
U. S. Postal Savings 2½% Bond, due 1952 .....		500.00
		<u>28,500.00</u>
Life Membership Fund:		
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2¾% Bonds, due 1949 .....	\$	16,200.00
U. S. Postal Savings 2½% Bond, due 1952 .....		500.00
		<u>16,700.00</u>
Carpenter Mountain Schools Fund:		
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2¾% Bonds, due 1949 .....	\$	12,000.00
Federal Farm Mortgage Corp. 3% Bonds, due 1949 .....		12,000.00
Federal Farm Mortgage Corp. 3% Bond, due 1949 (Par value \$1,000.00) .....		1,038.75
		<u>25,038.75</u>
Pension Fund:		
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2¾% Bonds, due 1949 .....	\$	8,500.00
Federal Land Bank 3% Bonds, due 1956 (Par value \$7,000.00) .....		7,041.42
U. S. Treasury 2½% Bonds, due 1949-53 (Par value \$6,000.00) .....		5,897.25
		<u>21,438.67</u>
Reserve Fund for Maintenance and Improvement of Properties:		
Federal Land Bank 3% Bonds, due 1956 (Par value \$30,000.00) .....	\$	30,177.50
U. S. Treasury 2½% Bonds, due 1949-53 (Par value \$30,000.00) .....		29,486.25
		<u>59,663.75</u>
Philippine Scholarship Fund:		
Home Owners' Loan Corp. 2¾% Bonds, due 1949 .....		22,000.00
		<u>\$275,656.01</u>

PAGE SCHWARZWAEELDER,  
Treasurer General, N. S. D. A. R.

The Chairman of the Finance Committee, Mrs. John S. Heaume, read the report of that committee.

## Report of Finance Committee

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

As Chairman of the Finance Committee, I have the following report to submit: From October through December, 1938, vouchers were approved to the amount of \$91,670.53, of which \$19,152.66 was received for Approved Schools and Americanism; \$3,143.38 for Historical Research; \$440.00 for Student Loan Funds.

Following are the largest disbursements:

Clerical service .....	\$22,886.50
Services of Superintendent, Manager and employees .....	10,650.46
Magazine .....	11,560.39
Expense of National Defense Committee .....	4,163.24
Expense of Angel and Ellis Islands Committee .....	1,835.50
Postage .....	2,917.14
Pensions .....	2,758.94
Printing 164th volume of Lineage Book .....	1,197.00

The Finance Committee recommends to the

National Board that postage and stationery for State Regents be discontinued.

JULIA D. HEAUME,  
Chairman.

Mrs. Heaume moved *That consideration of the recommendation of the Finance Committee be postponed until the April Board meeting.* Seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Carried.

The Chairman of the Auditing Committee, Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, read the report of that committee.

### Report of Auditing Committee

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

The Auditing Committee met on January 31, 1939, and examined the report of the Treasurer General for the period of October 1 to December 31, 1938, inclusive. All accounts checked with the statement of the Auditing Company.

ADELAIDE H. SISSON,  
Chairman.

Mrs. Sisson moved *the acceptance of the report of the Auditing Committee, carrying with it the reports of the Treasurer General and the Finance Committee.* Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Frank Leon Nason, read her report.

### Report of Registrar General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

I have the honor to submit the following report of the work of this office since my last report:

Number of applications verified	1,100
Number of supplementals verified	431
Total number of papers verified	1,531
Papers returned unverified:	
Originals	11
Supplementals	18
New records verified	282
Permits issued for official insignias	232
Permits issued for miniature insignias	338
Permits issued for ancestral bars	349

ISABELLE C. NASON,

Registrar General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Nason moved *That the 1,100 applicants whose records have been verified by the Registrar General be elected to membership in the National Society.* Seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Carried.

The Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwaelder, moved *That 282 former members be reinstated.* Seconded by Mrs. Herrin. Carried.

Miss Schwarzwaelder moved *That the reinstatement of Iley Myrtle Hill Thomsen be rescinded.* Seconded by Mrs. Herrin. Carried.

The Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, read her report.

### Report of Organizing Secretary General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

It gives me pleasure to report as follows:

Through their respective State Regents the following members-at-large are presented for confirmation as Organizing Regents:

Mrs. Velma Maude Hamilton, Linton, Indiana.  
Mrs. Frank Anna Gerhard, Girard, Kansas.  
Mrs. Mary Harris Owen McKennon, Ashwood, Tennessee.

Mrs. Martha Fitzgerald Boothe, Sweetwater, Texas.

Mrs. Jane Attaway Bounds Powell, Stanton, Texas.

The State Regent of Virginia requests a Chapter be authorized at Round Hill, Virginia.

The authorization of the Chapter at Littleton, New Hampshire, has expired by time limitation and the State Regent requests it be renewed.

It is with regret that I present the following Chapters for official disbandment:

Ada-Oklahoma, Ada, Oklahoma.

Edgerton, Edgerton, Wisconsin.

The following Chapters have met all requirements according to the National By-laws and are now presented for confirmation:

Milly Barrett, Wilshire-La Brea, California.

Joel Barlow, Redding, Connecticut.

Farmington, Farmington, Illinois.

Dr. Manasseh Cutler, North Manchester, Indiana.

Capt. John Waller, Lexington, Kentucky.

William Winchester, Westminster, Maryland.

Sandhills, Hyannis, Nebraska.

Great John Mathis, Manahawkin, New Jersey.

Major Thomas Wickes, Douglaston, L. I., New York.

Col. Henry Bouquet, Ambridge, Pennsylvania.

John Coolidge, Rapid City, South Dakota.

French Lick, Edenwold, Tennessee.

HAZEL F. SCHERMERHORN,

Organizing Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved *The confirmation of the five Organizing Regents, the authorization of the chapter at Round Hill, Virginia; the reauthorization of the chapter at Littleton, New Hampshire; the official disbandment of the two chapters; and the confirmation of the twelve newly organized chapters.* Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

The President General stated that the Historian General, Mrs. Duxbury, was detained at home because of illness of her husband.

The Librarian General, Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, read her report.

### Report of Librarian General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

Your Librarian General is happy to report a decided increase of interest in the facilities offered by our Library. Daily visitors from all parts of the country spend considerable time in genealogical research and many have reported that they have been able to find genealogical data in our records that they have not found elsewhere.

It is gratifying to note the increased enthusiasm of our State Librarians in trying to gather in the books needed for our Library with the result that contributions of books, pamphlets and manuscripts have increased materially since the October report. Among these have been some very valuable books that have been on the "wanted" list for years.

Only five States are still lacking bookplates to be used in gifts from their States. Two of these

are hopeful of presenting theirs in the near future. Many of the District of Columbia members are rendering valuable service to the Library in preparing indexes of certain books.

Maryland is financing the typing and binding of the "Unpublished Records of Maryland" by Margaret Hodges. One volume has been copied and another is well under way.

The inventory of books, pamphlets and manuscripts in the Library is going forth in spite of the interruption of the holiday season and illness of one of the staff. Four state inventories have been completed and copies sent to those State Librarians. Your Librarian General is still doing some wishful thinking about a printed catalogue when the inventory is finally completed.

The following 175 books, 74 pamphlets and 26 manuscripts have been received since October.

## BOOKS

## ARIZONA

*Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground.* E. R. Forrest. 1936. From Charles Trumbull Hayden Chapter.  
*Guide of Arizona.* R. Manning. 1938. From General George Crook Chapter.

## ARKANSAS

*Report of Thirtieth Annual State Conference Arkansas D. A. R.* 1938. From Arkansas D. A. R.

## CALIFORNIA

*The Silsby Family.* From Mrs. May T. Jarvis.

## COLORADO

*Midas of the Rockies.* F. Waters. 1937. From Zebulon Pike and Kinikinnik Chapters.  
*Doctor at Timberline.* C. F. Gardiner. 1938. From Kinikinnik Chapter.

## CONNECTICUT

*East Side of New Haven Harbor 1644-1668.* M. F. Hayward. 1938. From Mary Clapp Wooster Chapter.  
*Eastern Connecticut, embracing counties of Tolland, Windham, Middlesex and New London.* 3 vols. P. Le R. Harwood. 1931-32. From Mrs. Bertha Ladd, of Nathan Hale Memorial Chapter.  
*Saybrook at the Mouth of the Connecticut, First One Hundred Years.* G. C. Gates. 1935. From Nathan Hale Memorial Chapter.  
*Old Burying Ground of Ancient Westbury and Present Watertown.* From Sarah Whitman Trumbull Chapter.  
*Yester-Years of Guilford.* M. H. Griswold. 1938. From Mrs. Nellie D. Buell, through Agnes Dickinson Lee Chapter.  
*Plymouth Congregational Church in New Haven, Connecticut, 1831-1931.* 1931. From Eve Lear Chapter.

## DELAWARE

*Delaware, A Guide to the First State.* Federal Writers' Project. W. P. A. 1938. From Delaware D. A. R. State Conference of 1938.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

*Counties of Porter and Lake, Indiana.* W. A. Goodspeed and C. Blanchard. 1882. From Miss Isabella G. Beer.  
*History of the Family of Morgan, from year 1009 to present times.* A. Morgan. From Mrs. Henry Venn, through Susan Riviere Hetzel Chapter.  
*Genealogy of the Mather Family, from about 1500 to 1847.* 1848. From Mrs. Lars Anderson, through Susan Riviere Hetzel Chapter.  
*Additions and Corrections for Thomas Hungerford of Hartford and New London, Connecticut, and his Descendants in America.* E. P. Leach. 1932. From Lucy Holcomb Chapter.  
*The Historic Peasage of England.* W. Courthope. 1857. From Mrs. George W. McIver, through Army and Navy Chapter.  
Following 2 books from Mrs. William F. Pearson, through Army and Navy Chapter:  
*Constitution and Register of Membership of General Society of War of 1812, June 1, 1908.* 1908.  
*Memorial of John, Henry and Richard Townsend and Their Descendants.* 1865.

Following 5 books from D. C. D. A. R.:

*Wright Family of Oysterbay, L. I., with Ancestry of, and descent from, Peter Wright and Nicholas Wright 1423-1923.* H. D. Perrine. 1923.

*Junkins Family, Descendants of Robert Junkins of York County, Maine.* H. A. Davis. 1938.

*Genealogy of the Folsom Family, A Revised and Extended Edition including English records, 1638-1938.* E. K. Folsom. 2 vols. 1938.

*Bible, Court, Genealogical, Pension and Other Records.* Vol. 1. 1937.

## FLORIDA

*Year Book 1938-1939 Florida D. A. R.* From Florida D. A. R.

## GEORGIA

*History of the Baptist Denomination in Georgia.* 1881. From Mrs. C. S. Hodges.

## ILLINOIS

*The Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony.* L. H. Harper. 3 vols. 1898-1909. From Mrs. Vinton Earl Sisson, Librarian General, N. S. D. A. R., through General Henry Dearborn Chapter.

Following 2 books from Indiana D. A. R.:  
*Roster of Soldiers and Patriots of the American Revolution Barred in Indiana.* Mrs. R. C. O'Byrne. 1938. (2 copies.)

## IOWA

*39th Annual Conference Iowa D. A. R.* 1938. From Iowa D. A. R.

*Ex-Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Living in Iowa.* 1886. From Mrs. E. G. Senly.

*Des Moines, Iowa, Pictorial and Biographical.* 1911. From C. F. Patterson, through Abigail Adams Chapter.

## MAINE

*Captain Nathaniel Lord Thompson of Kennebunk, Maine, and the Ships he built, 1811-1869.* M. J. Thompson. 1937. From Miss Margaret J. Thompson, through Elizabeth Wadsworth Chapter.

## MARYLAND

*The Shipleys of Maryland.* 1937. From Maryland D. A. R.  
*Maryland Revolutionary Records.* H. W. Newman. 1938. From Mrs. Mary T. Layton, in Honor of Mrs. Madora T. Dashiell, Regent of Nanticoke Chapter.

*Jamestown and St. Mary's.* H. C. Forman. 1938. From Washington Custis Chapter.

## MASSACHUSETTS

*Burial Hill, Plymouth, Massachusetts, Its Monuments and Gravestones, Numbered and Briefly Described.* Inscriptions and Epitaphs. B. Drew. 1894. From Mrs. J. Walter Allen.

*History and Genealogy of the Briggs Family, 1254-1937.* 3 vols. L. V. Briggs. 1938. From Chief Justice Cushing Chapter in Honor of Mrs. Mary L. Power and Mrs. Frank L. Nason, members of the chapter.

Following 3 books from Massachusetts D. A. R.:  
*The Founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.* S. S. Smith. 1897.

*History of Dracut.* S. R. Coburn. 1922.  
*Richard Gale, Yeoman of Watertown, Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1614-1678.* E. C. Gale. 1932.

## MICHIGAN

*Diehl Families of America.* E. H. Diehl. 1915. Addenda. 1930. From Michigan D. A. R.

## MINNESOTA

*Wildbore in America.* Vol. 2. J. R. Wilbur and B. F. Wilbour. 1938. From Mrs. W. T. Thompson.

## MISSISSIPPI

*Bench and Bar of Mississippi.* J. D. Lynch. 1881. From Ashmead Chapter, through courtesy of Mrs. Louis P. Cashman, Librarian.

## MISSOURI

*Missouri Daughters of the American Revolution Year Book 1938.* From Missouri D. A. R.

## NEBRASKA

*History of Dixon County.* W. Huse. 1896. From Mrs. E. W. Huse and family, through Douglas King Chapter.

## NEVADA

*Nevada, from earliest times through the Civil War.* E. M. Mack. 1936. From Nevada Sagebrush Chapter.

## NEW JERSEY

*Story of Salem County.* 1937. From School Boys and Girls of Salem County, through Mrs. Elsie F. Shuck.

*A Civil and Political History of New Jersey, from Its Early Discovery to Present Time.* I. S. Mulford. 1851. From Mrs. W. H. More, through Orange Mountain Chapter.

*Old Bergen History and Reminiscences with Maps and Illustrations.* D. Van Winkle. 1902. From Orange Mountain Chapter.

*Sketch of the Fisher Family of Old Amwell Township in Hunterdon County.* C. W. Larison. 1890. From New Jersey D. A. R.

Following 12 volumes listed in the Supplement to the National Historical Magazine for December 1938, page 25, as the gifts of the Genealogical Records Committee, should read, gifts of the Historical Records Committee:

*Historical Sketches of Belleville and Naitley, Essex County.* Mrs. W. A. Sayre. (Nova Caesarea Chapter.) 1938.

*History of Deckertown, Sussex County.* (Chinckhewunsa Chapter.) 1938.

*Historical Articles, Sussex County, Old Editions.* (Chinckhewunsa Chapter.) 1938.

*Historical Articles, Sussex County, Old Issues.* (Chinckhewunsa Chapter.) 1938.

*Historical Papers, Sussex County.* (Chinckhewunsa Chapter.) 1938.

*Articles on Historic Subjects Relating to Sussex County.* 3 vols. (Chinckhewunsa Chapter.) 1936.

*Copy of an Early Minute Book 1811-1851, Wantage Township, Sussex County.* (Chinckhewunsa Chapter.) 1938.

*History of the Crowell and Allied Families.* K. W. Buchanan. 1938.

*Historical Records.* (General William Maxwell Chapter.) 1937.

*Some Old Mills of New Jersey.* Mrs. Samuel Johnson. 1938.

## NEW YORK

*Shank-Rogers Genealogy.* B. S. Cadmus. 1931. From Mrs. Belle S. Cadmus.

*Records of the Town of Brookhaven, Suffolk County, from 1798-1856, 1856-1886, 1888-1893.* From Battle Pass Chapter.

Following 2 books from New York D. A. R.:  
*Three Centuries of Montauk.* J. E. Rattray.

*Portrait and Biographical Record of Seneca and Schuyler Counties.* 1895.

## OHIO

*Ancestry and Descendants of Griffith Thomas, A Pioneer Resident of Orange County, North Carolina.* G. H. Wingert. 1938. From Mrs. Lora Hidy Smith, William Horney Chapter.

*American Guide Series, Chillicothe and Ross County. Historical Writers' Project of Ohio.* W. P. A. 1938. From Nathaniel Massie Chapter.

*Wadsworth Center to City.* 1938. From Wadsworth Members of Cuyahoga Portage Chapter.

Following 2 books from Captain William Hendricks Chapter:

*Genealogy of Eber and Lydia Smith Baker of Marion, Ohio, and their Descendants.* 1909.

*Ancestors and Descendants of Joisah Snell Copeland and Katharine Guild, of Easton, Massachusetts.* 1907.

Following 2 books from Ohio D. A. R.:  
*Washington County and the Early Settlement of Ohio.* 1877.

*History of Jerome Township, Union County.* W. L. Curry. 1913.

Following 4 books from Mrs. Winifred Miller Trantman, through Lakewood Chapter:

*The Sights and Secrets of the National Capital.* J. B. Ellis. 1869.

*Republicanism in America, 1607-1869.* R. G. McClellan. 1872.

*Peculiarities of American Cities.* W. Glasier. 1883.

*Key-Notes of American Liberty.*

Following 2 books from Lakewood Chapter:

*Old Germantown.* H. Pullinger. 1926.

*Condensed United States History.* W. Swinton. 1874.

Following 4 books from Ohio D. A. R.:  
*Biographical Record of Clark County.* 1902.

*History of Union County.* 1883.

*Memoirs of Lucas County and City of Toledo.* H. Scribner. 1910.

*History of Granville, Licking County.* H. Bushnell. 1889.

*150 Years of Industrial Cincinnati.* 1938. From Miss Ramona Kaiser through Mariemont Chapter.

*Beginnings of Law and Order in the Northwest Territory of the United States.* Vol. 1. 1925. From Mrs. Sheldon R. Laning, through Fort Avery Chapter.

*Important Events of the Century.* 1877. From Mrs. Zoe Clark Loomis, through Lakewood Chapter.

*History of Crawford County.* J. E. Hopley. From Mrs. Nellie Stewart Gill, through Olentangy Chapter.

*History of Kent.* K. H. Grismer. 1932. From Aaron Olmstead Chapter.

*Handbook of American Genealogy.* Vol. 2. F. A. Virkus. 1934. From Dr. Elisha S. Loomis, through Lakewood Chapter.

*Cleveland's Golden Story.* J. Wallen. 1920. From Miss Cora L. Edgerton, through Lakewood Chapter.

## PENNSYLVANIA

Following 7 books from Miss Mary B. Peirce, through Philadelphia Chapter:

*Colonial and Revolutionary Families of Philadelphia.* Vol. 1. W. Jordan. 1933.

*Strassburger and Allied Families of Pennsylvania.* R. B. Strassburger. 1922.

*Lives of the Eminent Dead and Biographical Notices of Prominent Living Citizens of Montgomery County.* M. Aug. 1879.

*Annals of Miles Ancestry in Pennsylvania and Story of a Forged Will.* C. H. Baner. 1905.

*Historical and Topographical Guide to Valley Forge.* W. H. Burk. 1921.

*History of Delaware County.* G. Smith. 1862.

*A Genealogical Record of the Descendants of John and Mary Palmer, of Concord, Chester (Now Delaware) County, Pennsylvania, Especially through Their Son, John Palmer, Jr., and Sons-in-law William and James Trimble.* L. Palmer. 1875.

*History of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Uniontown.* R. F. Hopwood. 1938. From Great Meadows Chapter.

*Early Pittsburgh Presbyterianism, 1758-1839.* W. W. McKinney. 1938. From the author, in Honor of the State Librarian, Mrs. Harry R. Hummer.

*Dedication of the Benjamin Franklin Memorial, May 1938.* From Mrs. James E. Gibson, through Philadelphia Chapter.

*History of Potter County.* V. L. Beebe. 1934. From Allegheny Chapter.

*Flags of the World.* B. McCandless & C. Grosvenor. 1917. From Miss Mary B. Peirce.

*History of Old Pine Street, Being the record of an hundred and forty years in the life of a Colonial Church.* H. O. Gibbons. 1905. From Mrs. Alfred Barker, Librarian of Philadelphia Chapter, through the Chapter.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

*Landmarks of Charleston.* T. P. Lesesne. 1932. From Rebecca Motte Chapter.

## VERMONT

*Campbell-Deal Genealogy.* 1921. From General Lewis Morris Chapter.

*Progenitors and Descendants of Thomas Page Brown and Sarah (Sally) Parker.* B. B. Bryant. 1938. From the author, Mrs. Blanche Brown Bryant.

## VIRGINIA

*Wills and Administrations of Isle of Wight County Virginia 1647-1800.* Book 3. B. A. Chapman. 1938. From Virginia D. A. R.

*Narrative History of Wise County.* C. A. Johnson. 1938. From Point of Forks Chapter.

## WASHINGTON

*Beyond the Shining Mountains.* D. F. Gould. 1938. From Chief Whetson Chapter.

*Report of 38th Annual State Conference D. A. R. of Washington, March, 1938.* From Washington D. A. R.

## OTHER SOURCES

*Northcutt and Allied Families.* 1938. From the authors Miss Dolly Northcutt and Mrs. Amelia Sparkman Castleberry.

*Koon and Coons Families of Eastern New York.* W. S. Coons. 1937. From Mrs. Kate Keon Bovey.

*A Bartoo Genealogy.* E. and D. R. Bartoo. 1938. From Mr. Dor R. Bartoo.

*History of Woodbury and Cannon County.* Tennessee. 1936. From Miss Grace Brown.

Following 2 books from Mr. John D. Humphries:

*Descendants of Charles Humphries of Virginia, Nathaniel Pope of Virginia, Reuben Brock of Ireland and Aaron Parker of Virginia.* J. D. Humphries.

*Descendants of John Thurman of Virginia, William Graves of Virginia and James Jones of South Carolina.* J. D. Humphries. 1938.

*Jewell Register, containing list of descendants of Thomas Jewell of Braintree, Massachusetts.* 1869. From Mr. A. E. Jenks.

*Galt Families.* H. S. Galt.

*Newberry Genealogy, Ancestors and Descendants of Thomas Newberry of Dorchester, Massachusetts, 1634-1914.* J. G. Bartlett. 1914.

*The Times-Register, Roanoke County, Virginia, Centennial Edition, 1838-1938.*

*The Groton Avery Clan.* 2 vols. E. Mc K. Avery and C. H. (T.) Avery. 1912.

*Charles Stedman Macfarland Autobiography.* 1936. From Acme Book Service.

Following book for review:

*Roster of Soldiers and Patriots of the American Revolution Buried in Indiana.* Mrs. R. C. O'Byrne. 1938.

Following 35 volumes of Inventories of County Archives, from Historical Records Survey, W. P. A.:

Minnesota—No. 82, Washington County (Stillwater). 1938.

West Virginia—No. 42, Randolph County (Elkins). 1938.

Ohio—No. 1, Adams County (West Union). 1938.

Missouri—No. 26, Cole County (Jefferson City). 1938.

Missouri—No. 58, Linn County (Linneus). 1938.

Utah—No. 2, Box Elder County. 1938.

South Carolina—No. 17, Dillon County (Dillon). 1938.

Kentucky—No. 63, Laurel County (London). 1938.

Florida—No. 8, Charlotte County (Punta Gorda). 1938.

Illinois—No. 48, Knox County (Galesburg). 1938.

New York—No. 7, Chemung County (Elmira). 1939.

West Virginia—No. 31, Monroe County (Union). 1938.

New Mexico (Albuquerque) No. 1, Bernalillo County. 1938.

South Carolina—Jasper County (Ridgeland), No. 27. 1938.

Florida—No. 18, Flagler County (Bunnell). 1938.

Illinois—No. 10, Champaign County (Urbana). 1938.

New York—No. 6, Chautauque County (Mayville). 1938.

Minnesota—No. 52, Nicollet County (St. Peter). 1938.

West Virginia—No. 43, Ritchie County (Harrisville). 1938.

Washington—No. 29, Skagit County (Mount Vernon). 1938.

Colorado—No. 6, Brent County (Las Animas). 1938.

Following 5 miscellaneous volumes from Historical Records Survey, W. P. A.:

*West Virginia County Formations and Boundary Changes.* 1938.

*Inventory of Federal Archives in the States, Series 3, The Department of the Treasury, No. 22, Minnesota.* 1938.

*Inventory of the Parish Archives of Louisiana, No. 35, Natchitoches Parish (Natchitoches).* 1938.

*List of Records of State of Oklahoma.* 1938.

Following volume compiled and presented by Mr. Winthrop Alexander:

*Genealogy of the families of Philip Alexander of Woburn, Massachusetts, and Joseph Alexander of Mendon, Massachusetts.* 1938.

*Probate Records of the Province of New Hampshire, 1757-1760, Vol. 6 (State Papers Series Vol. 36).* O. G. Hammond. 1938.

Following 9 books from Mr. C. H. Cory, Jr.:

*Lineal Ancestors of Rufus Rennington Young and Jane Young and of their descendants.*

*Lineal Ancestors of Captain James Cory and of his descendants.* Vol. 1, parts 1 & 2; Vol. 2, parts 1 & 2; Vol. 3, parts 1 & 2; Vol. 4, parts 1 & 2.

*Sanxay Family and Descendants of Reverend Jacques Sanxay.* T. F. Sanxay. 1907.

Following book compiled and presented by Major Harry Alexander Davis:

*Descendants of Robert Junkins of York County, Maine.* 1938.

Following 16 books purchased from Hugh Vernon Washington Fund:

*Alabama Records (Sumter County).* Vol. 52. K. P. Jones & P. J. Gandrud. 1938.

*Alabama Records (Madison County).* Vol. 53. K. P. Jones & P. J. Gandrud. 1938.

*Virginia Colonial Abstracts, King and Queen County 16th Century Records.* B. Fleet.

*Supplement to the Vital Records of Hampstead, New Hampshire.* P. Hammond. 1938.

*Commemorative History of the Presbyterian Church in Westfield, New Jersey, 1728-1928.* W. K. McKinney, C. A. Philhower & H. A. Kniffin. 1929.

*Sequecentennial History of the Town of Greene, Androscoggin County, Maine, 1775-1900.* W. L. Mower. 1938.

*Family of Reverend David D. Field of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, with their Ancestors, from time of Emigration to America.* H. M. Field. 1860.

*History and Genealogy of the Dague Family.* C. M. Dague. 1938.

*Virginia Colonial Abstracts, Northumberland County Records, 1652-1655.* Vol. 2. B. Fleet.

*Virginia Colonial Abstracts, Northumberland County Records of Births, 1661-1810.* Vol. 3. B. Fleet.

*History of Durham, Maine, with Genealogical Notes.* E. S. Stackpole. 1899.

*Records of the Congregational Church, Frankling Connecticut, 1718-1860, and a Record of Deaths in Norwich Eighth Society, 1763-1778, 1782, 1784-1802.* 1938.

*Wilcoxson-Wilcox, Webb and Meigs Families.* R. W. Wilcox. 1938.

*Encyclopedia of American Quaker Genealogy.* Vol. 2. W. W. Hinshaw. 1938.

*Alabama Records (Madison County).* Vol. 54. K. P. Jones & P. J. Gandrud. 1938.

*Alabama Records (Madison County).* Vol. 55. K. P. Jones & P. J. Gandrud. 1939.

## PAMPHLETS

## CONNECTICUT

*Historical Address by Reverend George Herbert Johnson, First Congregational Church, New Milford, Connecticut, March 13, 1938.* 1938.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

*Recollections of John Johnston.* C. R. Conover. 1915. From Miss Isabella C. Beer.

Following 12 pamphlets from Mrs. Lelia D. Emig, through Abigail Hartman Rice Chapter:

*Florida Historical Society Quarterly.* Vol. 11, Numbers 1 & 4; Vol. 12, Nos. 2, 3 & 4; Vol. 13, Nos. 1, 2, 3 & 4; Vol. 14, Nos. 1 & 2.

*Ickesburg Homecoming Celebration and Ickes Family Reunion.* G. D. E. Doing.

Following 2 pamphlets from Mrs. George W. McIver:

*List of Signers in Charles County of Oath of Allegiance to Maryland in 1778.* C. R. Morehead.

*Year Book of the National Society Daughters of the Barons of Runnemeade 1937.*

## INDIANA

*Copy of—A Directory of Jefferson County, By T. V. Webb, 1859.* M. Hill. From John Paul Chapter.

## MASSACHUSETTS

*150th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Phillipston.* W. G. Lord. 1936. From Mrs. Emma N. Wallwork.

*Francis E. Merrifield's four Generations.* From Miss Flora L. Merrifield.

*Some Descendants of William Eldredge of Yarmouth.* Z. S. Eldredge. 1896.

## MINNESOTA

*The Wadsworth Trail.* C. C. Hall. 1937. From the author through Wadsworth Trail Chapter.

## NEBRASKA

*Historical Articles on Harlan County.* From Republican Valley Chapter.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

*Inscriptions on Gravestones in the Two Old Cemeteries on the East Hill in Peterborough.* From Miss Ariel Cutler, Peterborough Chapter.

## NEW JERSEY

Following 2 pamphlets from Mrs. Mabel Day Parker:

*Methodism in New Providence.* S. S. Day. 1898.

*50th Anniversary Methodist Episcopal Church 1907, Morris-town, N. J.*

## NEW YORK

*Early History of Military Tract.* C. E. Hall. From Miss C. Edith Hall.

*History of Early Sayville.* C. Edwards. 1935. From Colonel Josiah Smith Chapter.

## OHIO

*History of Green Camp 1838-1938.* From Captain William Hendricks Chapter.

*Early Lakewood, Published in the Lakewood Courier 1938.* From Lakewood Chapter.

## PENNSYLVANIA

Following 2 pamphlets from the author in honor of the State Librarian, Mrs. Harry R. Hummer.

*Historical Sketch of Boyds School, Westmoreland County, 1830-1927.* C. H. McLaughlin.

*Unity Presbyterian Church, near Latrobe.* C. H. McLaughlin.

*History of New Geneva.* E. Davenport. 1933. From Great Meadows Chapter.



*York in Its Relation to the Revolution.* J. C. Jordan. From Mrs. Aileen Lewers Langton through Yorktown Chapter.

Following 5 pamphlets from Mrs. James Edgar Gibson, through Philadelphia Chapter:  
*The Beehive.* February 1935 and April, May, September-October 1938.

*Out of the North.*  
*History of the Samuel Mansfield Family.* Z. M. Hoyt & H. O. Mansfield. 1933. From Mrs. T. C. Hoyt, Jr.

*Story of an Old English Hostelry.* From Mrs. Frederick C. Durant, through Philadelphia Chapter.

*Washington in Germantown (The Beehive, Vol. 20, Nos. 5 & 6, 1932).* From Mrs. Alfred Barker, Librarian of Philadelphia Chapter.

*Papers of the Lancaster County Historical Society, Volume 42, Number 6, 1938.* From Miss Eleanor J. Fulton.

*Musser Family Records.* From Mrs. Wyatt R. Campbell, Regent, Miss Garnet Rhodes, Historian, and Miss Rose M. Barber, Librarian, of Lawrence Chapter.

#### RHODE ISLAND

*House of Carr, 1450-1926.* W. L. Watson. 1926. From Mrs. Alfred W. Bowser, Regent of John Eldred Chapter.

#### TEXAS

*Story of Fort Sam Houston, 1876-1936.* L. Turner. 1936. From Isaac Gilbert Chapter.

#### VIRGINIA

*Beall and Edwards Families and their Descendants 360 to 1892.* A. S. Edwards. 1910. From Mrs. Addie Bell Baggerly Chase in name of Mrs. Lucille Kemp Alexander Smith.

#### WASHINGTON

*The City of Spokane Falls and Its Tributary Resources.* 1890. From Esther Reed Chapter.

#### OTHER SOURCES

*John Hamfrey, Massachusetts Magistrate.* E. McK. Avery. 1912.

*Mayham Family Reunion 1937.*

*Memoir of Billerica, Massachusetts, noticing Civil and Ecclesiastical Affairs of the town from first settlement to 1816.* J. Farmer. 1816.

*The Ancestors of James Montgomery and Descendants of James and Lydia Montgomery.* J. M. Riddell. 1938. From Mr. E. Horsnell.

*Genealogy of Glover Clans.* C. M. Glover. From the author. Following 4 pamphlets from Mr. Milton Rubincam:

*Who was Elsie Van Rencamp of New Amsterdam.*  
*German Background of the Rubincam-Revercomb Family of Pennsylvania and Virginia.*

*Family of Jacob Revercomb, the First of the Race in Virginia.*

*A Little-Known Adventure of Thomas Stokes, 1665.*

*75th Anniversary of Trinity Reformed Church, Plainfield, New Jersey.* J. Y. Broek. From Reverend John Y. Broek.

*Roster of the State Society of The Cincinnati of Pennsylvania.* 1938. From the State Society of The Cincinnati of Pennsylvania.

*Bloom Township, Chicago Heights, Illinois, 1833-1933.* From Chicago Heights Public Library.

Following 2 pamphlets from Federal Writers' Project, W. P. A.:

*Sweetman and West Charlton Cemeteries, Saratoga County, New York.* 1938.

*Private Burial Grounds in Schenectady County, New York.* 1938.

*Benjamin Wood, Jr., His Family and Home.* 1937. Compiled and presented by Robert Franklin Wood.

Following 8 pamphlets from E. Herbert Botsford, President of the Botsford Family Association:

*Band of Botsford Bulletin.* Vol. 1, Nos. 1-4; Vol. 2, No. 1. *Adventures in Ancestors.*

*Ancestors and Descendants of Edmond Ward Botsford.* 1932.

*Origins of the Botsford Family—A Supplement to An American Family (1932).*

*David Pollock of Westmoreland County Pennsylvania and his Descendants.* E. T. Pollock and H. C. Griffith. From Captain Edwin Taylor Pollock, U. S. N.

Following 4 pamphlets from U. S. Department of Interior, National Park Service, Region One:

*The Regional Review.* Vol. 1, Nos. 2 and 5 (2 copies).

Following pamphlet purchased from Hugh Vernon Washington Fund:

*Inscriptions from Six Cemeteries of Suffolk County, L. I., New York.* E. J. MacCormick.

#### MANUSCRIPTS

##### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Following 2 manuscripts from Mrs. M. L. Stover, through Frances Scott Chapter:

*Hulse Family Record.*  
*Brownrigg Family.* E. B. Waddell.

*Data from Richmond County, Virginia, Relating to the Elmore Family.* From Mrs. Charles H. Gordon.

##### MASSACHUSETTS

*Commissions of Daniel Smith of Massachusetts.* From Mrs. M. L. Carter.

*Blood Family Records.* From Miss Harriett Grace Scott through Miss Winifred L. Holman.

##### MISSOURI

*Dettweiler-Dettweiler and Allied Families.* From Mrs. Azalia Green Badgley, through Rachel Donelson Chapter.

##### NEW JERSEY

*Index to, Bible Records of Early American Families.* From Nova Caesarea Chapter.

Following 2 manuscripts from Mrs. Mabel Day Parker:  
*Index to Church Members, Marriages and Baptisms at Hanover Church 1764-1796.* M. D. Parker.

*Index to, Vital Records of the Westfield New Jersey Presbyterian Church History recorded in "Westfield Presbyterian Church History and Records 1728-1928."* M. D. Parker.

##### NEW YORK

*Sullivan County, New York Cemetery Inscriptions.* Vols. 5, 6 and 7. G. A. Barber. 1930. Volume 5 from Anne Hutchinson Chapter in Honor of Mrs. Helen Perry Reynolds, State Librarian 1938-1941. Volume 6 from General Nathaniel Woodhull and New York City Chapters. Volume 7 from the State Board of Management, New York D. A. R.

##### OHIO

*Will of John Torrence, Greene County, Aug. 24, 1840.* From Mrs. William P. McCulloch, through Lagonda Chapter.

Following manuscript compiled and presented by Miss Effie M. Russell, through James Fowler Chapter:  
*Local History of Westfield Township.*

##### WEST VIRGINIA

*General Elisha McComas and Some of His Descendants.* From Mrs. George W. Johnson.

##### OTHER SOURCES

*Genealogical Material Relating to Life and Family of John Kirkpatrick of East Tennessee.* E. S. McCollough. From Mr. E. Spears McCollough.

*Allen Family of Sandwich, Dartmouth, Fairhaven.* From Mrs. Anna Allen Wright.

*The Eastern North Carolina Hardy and Hardee Family in the South and Southwest.* D. L. Hardee. From Captain D. L. Hardee.

Following 5 manuscripts purchased from Hugh Vernon Washington Fund:

*Copy of Index of Swanses, Massachusetts Vital Records 1702-1800.* M. P. Carter. 1930.

*Baptisms of the First Dutch Reformed Church, Marletown, Ulster County, New York, 1746-1769.* Vol. 1. 1938.

*Abstracts of Wills, Letters of Administration and Guardianship, Schoharie County, New York, 1795-1820, 1820-1832.* 2 vols. G. A. Barber. 1938.

*Abstracts of Wills With Proceedings in Probate, Book "F," Surrogate's Office, Onondaga County, Syracuse, New York, 1834-1839.* M. L. C. Coleman. 1938.

##### PHOTOSTATS

##### MINNESOTA

*Brewer-Cook Family Records.* From Miss Beulah T. Gilman.

##### OHIO

*Deed from Adam and Janet McConnell of Woodford County, Kentucky, to John Torrence of Scott County, February 27, 1804.* From Mrs. William Paton McCulloch, through Lagonda Chapter.

##### CHARTS

##### OTHER SOURCES

*Sir Thomas West, 2nd Lord De la Warr.* From Honorable George C. Gregory.



## MAPS

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

*Collection of 18 maps of the United States and Original Colonies. From Mrs. R. C. Bannerman, through Martha Washington Chapter.*

## MISCELLANEOUS

## OTHER SOURCES

*Copy of the Mayflower Compact. From Mrs. Tilden F. Greer, Indiana Society of Mayflower Descendants.*

## BOOKPLATES

Massachusetts 2; New York 1; Vermont 1.

## GENEALOGICAL RECORDS COMMITTEE

## BOOKS

## IOWA

*Iowa Genealogical Records Committee Report (Jefferson County Marriages). Vol. 48. 1938.*

## NEW JERSEY

*Allen History and Genealogy. G. W. Allen.*

## VERMONT

*Vermont Genealogical Records Committee Report (Cemeteries in Vermont). Vol. 8. 1938.*

## WISCONSIN

*Branches of Our Family Tree, With Charts. L. M. Hatch. 1938.*

## PAMPHLETS

## MASSACHUSETTS

*Cemetery Records of Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Mrs. E. W. Harris.  
1803 Map of Marlborough, Massachusetts, Showing Homes of Revolutionary Soldiers.  
Selectmen's Report, Town of Wareham, 1871-1900. 30 numbers.*

## MANUSCRIPTS

## OTHER SOURCES

*Edgecombe County, North Carolina, Marriage Bonds. Genealogical Society of Utah. 1938. From the Genealogical Society of Utah, through D. A. R. Genealogical Records Committee.*

ADELAIDE H. Sisson,  
Librarian General.

The Curator General, Mrs. Willard Steele, read her report.

## Report of Curator General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

During the three months which have elapsed since your Curator General made her last report, continued interest has been shown in our Museum and many interesting articles have been added to our collection.

She has been especially gratified by the splendid letters sent out by the State Chairmen in their respective States and the enthusiastic letters with constructive suggestions she has received from many of the State Chairmen.

It is a real pleasure to announce that three new cases are installed in our Museum—one presented by Miss Edith Callaghan, member of Our Flag Chapter, D. C., in memory of her mother, Mrs. Sabine Drury Callaghan, a charter member of Thirteen Colonies Chapter, D. C. The second given by Miss Katherine Batcheller of New York

City in memory of her mother, Catherine Phillips Cook, wife of George Sherman Batcheller and daughter of James M. Cook of Saratoga Springs, New York. The third case was given by Mrs. William H. Belk, Vice President General from North Carolina in honor of Mrs. Eugene N. Davis, State Regent of North Carolina. This case will be formally presented to the National Society during the Continental Congress in April.

There are States, Chapters, and individuals considering gifts of cases as well as other gifts to the Museum and definite announcements concerning these will be made at our next Board Meeting.

The following articles have been accepted by the Museum:

*California:* Light blue Ridgway china ale pitcher with pewter cover, presented by Abbie Cutler Dyer through Sequoia Chapter.

*Connecticut:* Toile de joie, patriotic design with French and American Liberty design, 1790. Presented by Mrs. Frank E. Terry through Eliazabeth Clarke Hull Chapter, Ansonia, Conn.

*Indian scraper of Connecticut Indians. Presented by Mrs. John Parkinson through Stamford Chapter, D. A. R.*

*District of Columbia:* Copper Cent, 1804, presented by Mrs. Roscoe L. Oatley, past State Treasurer, D. C., D. A. R.

Pair of French paste and gold earrings and a ruby and pearl set ring presented by Mrs. Charles J. Newhard, former Chairman of D. C. room.

Large ale pitcher with Liverpool decoration of a cargo schooner with American flag at stern presented by Mrs. Hazel Chadsey through Fort McHenry Chapter, D. A. R.

*Methodist Hymnal, 1815, by John Wesley, belonged to Sarah Sparrow (Mrs. Alexander Reid, 1783-1851, mother of Mrs. Joel Munsell of Albany, N. Y.). Three embroidered caps and body of baby's dress. Presented by Mrs. Emma Munsell Hevenor through Gansevoort Chapter, D. A. R.*

*Florida:* Infant's knit cap and shoe, belonged to Mrs. George C. Bowens, Washington, D. C., presented by Mrs. Orra Stillman Rogers through the Cora Stickney Harper Chapter, D. A. R. Also a sheet brass pocket ink well with place for two quill pens, presented by Mrs. Orra Stillman Rogers through the Cora Stickney Harper Chapter, D. A. R.

*Idaho:* An Indian Bowl and an Indian Pipe, presented by Mrs. Henry P. Blodgett through Toponic Chapter, D. A. R.

*Indiana:* Copper jewel box which belonged to Mrs. Caroline Harrison. Presented by Mr. Bernard Batty, Ex-Trustee of Jordan Foundation. Given through Mrs. W. H. Schlosser, State Regent of Indiana.

*Maryland:* Book in Spanish, "Espectaculo de la Naturaleza," printed in Madrid, 1757. Owned and autographed by John Paul Jones. Presented by Mrs. Edwin F. Samuels, through John Eager Howard Chapter, D. A. R.

*Massachusetts:* One knee buckle of Ephraim Snow I, Revolutionary Soldier of Massachusetts, presented by Mrs. Florence Lillian Bordley through Old South Chapter, D. A. R.

Sampler, date 1745, made by five-year-old Sarah Johnson. Presented by Mrs. William F. Gilling through Paul Revere Chapter, D. A. R.

Spectacles worn by John Paul Jones. Presented by Mrs. P. H. Parker, New Bedford, Mass.

A map of the United States 1826 mounted on linen with wooden rollers. Presented by Mrs. A. W. Shaw through the Lexington Chapter, D. A. R.

*New Hampshire:* A gold wedding band ring with interesting history. Presented by Reprisal Chapter, D. A. R., who received it from one of the Chapter's charter members, Miss Marcia J. Eccles.

*New Jersey:* A luster cup and saucer and an early Dutch potter plaque. Presented by Mrs. Margaret Sip Throckmorton Sisson and Miss Alice Grandin Throckmorton through the Paulus Hook Chapter, D. A. R.

*New York:* "The English Physician," by Nich Culpepper, gent. Book printed London, 1752. Presented by Mrs. Smith V. H. Mesick through Gansevoort Chapter, D. A. R.

Large crystal and silver museum case presented by Miss Katherine Batcheller, in memory of her mother, Catherine Phillips Cook, wife of George Sherman Batcheller and daughter of James M. Cook of Saratoga Springs, New York.

*North Carolina:* Large crystal and silver museum case. Presented by Mrs. William Henry Belk, Vice President General, N. S. D. A. R., in honor of Mrs. Eugene N. Davis, State Regent, North Carolina, D. A. R.

Five wine glasses. Dew with raindrop pattern. Presented by Mrs. Eugene Norfleet Davis, State Regent of North Carolina.

*Virginia:* Doll (18 inches) Staffordshire China head, dressed in early 19th century clothes. Left to the D. A. R. Museum by Mrs. Franklin Williams, Ex-Regent of Fairfax County Chapter, D. A. R., through Dr. Jessie S. Scott, Regent, Fairfax County Chapter, D. A. R.

Your Curator General is happy to report the following improvements in the State Rooms:

An antique walnut corner cupboard was purchased through the Museum for the Delaware Room.

One pair of French China vases, 1780, covered urn type, yellow body with signed miniatures on front and back. About 17 inches high. Presented by Estella Lugar West in memory of her grandmother, Estella Lugar West (Mrs. James Oliver West), through Judea Chapter, Washington, Connecticut, for the mantelpiece in the National Board of Management Room.

Two cushions have been made for the sofa in the Kentucky Room.

Eight chairs have been completely refinished for the North Carolina Room and two gilt chairs, one formerly at Mount Vernon, the other once owned by Commodore Barney, have been done over and re-upholstered by Maryland for their room. Other States are making plans for additions and improvements in their rooms and these will be reported at a later date.

The Curator General wishes to express appreciation of the interest in and the services rendered to the Museum by Mrs. Katherine L. Allen as Secretary of the Museum for the past three years.

Until her place can be permanently filled, she will consult with and assist the Curator General,

State Room and State Museum Chairmen from time to time as needed.

KATE HINDS STEELE,  
Curator General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Steele displayed several recent gifts to the Museum: a pocketbook purchased in England, April 5, 1792, the property of William Andrews, containing copy of the Pension Act of 1789 signed by George Washington; a copy of pension application or voucher signed by Edmond Randolph, Governor of Virginia, and other papers; also a book in Spanish entitled "Espectaculo de la Naturaleza," printed in Madrid in 1757, owned and autographed by John Paul Jones; a light-blue Ridgway china ale pitcher from California; and a copper jewel box, with name engraved thereon, formerly owned by Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison.

Mrs. Steele moved *That a note of thanks be written to Mrs. Estella Lugar West, Washington Depot, Connecticut, for the pair of French china vases, presented by her for the mantel in the National Board Room, and for the pair of blue glass vases given for the mantel in the President General's private office.* Seconded by Mrs. Belk. Carried.

The President General, Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., read her report.

### Report of President General

Members of the National Board of Management:

During the months since election the President General has become increasingly aware of the power of the National Society, of the growing respect in which it is held and of its potentialities for enlarged service. At the same time she has become convinced that at present the Society does not reach its possibilities, that methods of internal administration have not kept pace with increasing demands, and that changes are necessary if the Society carries efficiently into future years its established program of activities. A definite idea of what the Society ought to try to accomplish and of what needs to be done to realize these aims is worthy of consideration at this time in order that, at the completion of its fifty years, the National Society may be in the best possible condition to continue and increase its enviable record of service to America.

The President General believes that her report should not be a diary of her activities, but that it should record facts for the better understanding of the Society and should explain to the membership the problems of its management, with suggestions for possible improvement. The account of visits, therefore, has been condensed to a minimum. The courtesies of all members and Chapters are deeply appreciated. Sometimes great inspiration for future effort comes from friendly little gatherings that cannot even be recorded. The kind messages of the holiday season brought from all sections of the country and from our Chapters abroad words of encouragement that will bear fruit in greater effort. Much as the President General would enjoy sending a personal acknowledgment of each card, to do so becomes a physical impossibility. For the friendliness, the true spirit of cooperation, she is deeply grateful.

Items of general interest from the President General's calendar are these:

October 26, the District of Columbia Society honored the President General, national officers and national chairmen with a beautiful reception at the Mayflower.

October 27, Navy Day, the Maryland Daughters entertained all members of the National Board of Management at a Day in Maryland in honor of the President General. The program included a pilgrimage to Carroll Mansion and to Fort McHenry, a luncheon and a reception. Each honor guest was presented with a key of wood from the house in which was made the flag flying over Fort McHenry when Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." On this same day, Mrs. George M. Grimes represented the National Society in placing a wreath at the tomb of John Paul Jones.

October 29, at her home in Chattanooga, Tennessee, the Curator General, Mrs. Willard Steele, entertained for the President General and national officers en route to Alabama. Members from Chapters in neighboring cities in Tennessee and Georgia were guests.

October 30, in company with national officers and national chairmen, attended dedication of Minette G. Mills Dick Health House at Kate Duncan Smith School, Grant, Alabama. Approximately seven hundred persons, including mountain people and members from Alabama and Tennessee, were present. The Honorable Joseph Starnes, Congressman of the district, and Mrs. Starnes showed their interest by journeying to the mountain for this dedication. The President General was impressed with the great improvement since her previous visit a year and a half earlier, largely made possible through those all-essential necessities, water and power.

October 31, events in Montgomery, Alabama, included meeting and luncheon of the Alabama State Board at the home of the State Regent, Mrs. Elly Ruff Barnes, a broadcast over Station WSFA, Montgomery, and ceremonies of marking the descendant of the Washington Elm at Cambridge, presented for the grounds of the State House some years ago by Mrs. James H. Dorsey of Maryland. Governor Graves, and Mrs. Graves who will be remembered as Senator Graves for a few months, and Mrs. Val Taylor, Vice President General, were among the speakers. At night the three Chapters of Montgomery entertained at dinner. Although at a number of State conferences the President General has spoken three times in one day, Montgomery is the first city in which, with the radio, she has made four separate talks in one day.

November 1, at Auburn, Alabama, the home of the former Vice President General, Mrs. Zebulon Judd, the President General reviewed sixteen hundred young men of the regiment of the R. O. T. C. at Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Many Alabama Daughters and visitors from Georgia were present when the President General was commissioned an Honorary Colonel of the regiment. An unusual buffet luncheon at the home of Mrs. Judd was prepared and served by the young women of the home economics courses of the Institute. After inspection of two CCC Camps the President General addressed the nearly two hundred young men in each camp. They were almost entirely of pure

early American stock. For the Light Horse Harry Lee Chapter the President General was privileged to present the Society's medal of good citizenship to a camp leader. Visits with directors convinced her of the sincerity of their efforts to teach standards of true Americanism. President and Mrs. L. N. Duncan entertained at tea in the President's home on the campus all visitors, together with the staff of officers at the camps and at the college.

November 3, the guest of Harvard College at the ceremonies of unveiling a statue of Major General Artemus Ward, first Commander in Chief of the armies of the American Revolution, erected at Massachusetts and Nebraska Avenues, Washington, through funds bequeathed by General Ward's grandson.

November 11, accompanied by Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Vice President General, and Miss Lillian Chenoweth, State Regent of the District of Columbia, placed a wreath on the tomb of America's Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery. On this day Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, Treasurer General, represented the Society at the dedication of the Court of Peace at the grounds of the World's Fair in New York City. On the same afternoon the President General broadcast an Armistice Day message over a national hookup, arranged through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company at the request of the National Chairman of Radio, Mrs. Whitlock. The Society should be gratified at this opportunity which, although but five minutes, was announced as "a message to the women of America." When the National Chairman announces a national hookup, members may well ask those stations in distant states not regularly carrying a New York program at the appointed hour to re-broadcast the talk. Except when stations are prevented by programs under commercial contract, the Society has received their whole-hearted cooperation in this effort.

November 12, a guest of the Association of School Secretaries of the State of New Jersey at a tea held in connection with the annual convention of the New Jersey State Teachers' Association in Atlantic City. The Association kindly invited members of Chapters in that vicinity. November 13, the President General addressed a luncheon meeting of the Association.

November 14, the guest of Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, a member of our Advisory Committee, and Mrs. Grosvenor at the luncheon given by the Alliance Francaise in honor of His Excellency, Count de Saint-Quentin, the French Ambassador, at which tributes were paid by the Belgian Ambassador and others in official life. It will be of interest to the Society to know that in his address, delivered in French, the Ambassador spoke of the friendliness of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution toward the French people.

November 15, addressed the Fortieth Anniversary Luncheon of Manhattan Chapter at the Waldorf Astoria in New York.

November 16, attended private luncheon in Providence to which a number of Rhode Island's officers were invited. Informal dinner at Newport with Mrs. Gardner, State Regent of Rhode Island, and members in that city.

November 17, attended Rhode Island's fall meet-

ing, postponed from September because of the hurricane. The Registrar General, Mrs. Frank Leon Nason, was among the guests. In spite of losses throughout the state and of a heavy storm on the appointed day, the attendance was the largest of any meeting ever held in Rhode Island.

November 22, visit to York, Pennsylvania. The Vice President General, Mrs. Harper D. Sheppard, the State Regent, Mrs. Joseph Forney, and Daughters from many Chapters gathered for tea at the home of Mrs. William C. Langston, State Chairman of Radio. The President General addressed the annual banquet of Yorktown Chapter at which a large number of interested husbands were guests. November 23, many members of the Chapter gathered at the invitation of the Regent, Mrs. H. J. Williams, for an informal breakfast for the President General.

November 30, conference with Mrs. William H. Pouch, National President of the Children of the American Revolution, the subject of which is discussed later in this report.

December 8, meeting of the Executive Committee and a special meeting of the National Board of Management for the admission of new members. Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Vice President General, entertained the members of the Executive Committee at a dinner at her home in Bethesda.

December 9, the President General, in response to an invitation from Honorable Martin L. Dies to present suggestions for safeguarding and promoting Americanism, appeared before the Dies Committee for Investigation of Un-American Activities and read a statement which has since been published in the National Defense News. Favorable comments in the newspapers throughout the country were received. On that same night she was one of the guests of honor of the Southern Society of Washington at its Annual Christmas Ball at the Hotel Shoreham.

December 10, the guest of honor of the Army and Navy Chapter of the District of Columbia at its birthday anniversary reception held at the Arts Club.

December 12, anniversary luncheon of Anne Hutchinson Chapter of Bronxville, New York.

December 13, fortieth anniversary luncheon of Independence Bell Chapter at the Bellevue Stratford, Philadelphia. This was the exact fortieth anniversary of the President General's own Chapter, the Peggy Stewart Tea Party of Annapolis, Maryland, which celebrated on the day following, December 14, at the historic home of Miss Agnes Walton which dates from the late sixteen hundreds.

December 16, a guest at the meeting of the National Defense Committee of the District of Columbia of which Mrs. Frank H. Towner is Chairman.

December 21, upon invitation of Mrs. J. H. Pennington, Chairman of Radio for the District of Columbia, gave a Christmas message over Station WOL in Washington. An unexpected pleasure on that day was a visit from Mrs. Harlan P. Rowe, State Regent of France, who spoke a few words of greeting over the radio to the members in America.

December 22, it was a pleasure to the President General to distribute for the National Society the small gift to each employee.

December 27, luncheon conference with Mrs. Edward Mead, National Chairman of the committee for the Advancement of American Music, who visited Washington for a convention of musicians.

January 3, attended board meeting of Maryland State Society and luncheon of the State Regent, Mrs. Wilbur B. Blakeslee. In the afternoon addressed a gathering of Maryland Daughters upon national defense, supplementing with illustrations the testimony given before the Dies Committee.

January 5, conferences with a number of state and national officers in New York City.

January 6, attended the meeting of the New York City Chapter in celebration of the wedding day of George and Martha Washington. This was the first gathering in the new building of the New York Historical Society. Opportunity was given for inspection of the galleries. On that evening attended a dinner given at the Waldorf Astoria by Mr. Will Hays, President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, for a discussion of ways of safeguarding Americanism. At this gathering the presidents of leading men's and women's organizations and leaders of labor, of industry, of the press, radio, and motion pictures were present. The President General was impressed by the recognition by all of the need for increased effort for this cause.

January 7, conferences in New Haven for discussing plans for the forthcoming Continental Congress with Miss Street, Chairman of Resolutions, and Miss Nettleton, Chairman of Tellers and of Seating.

January 10, the annual dinner and dance of the District of Columbia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. This gathering was notable in that the President General of the Sons of the American Revolution and the National President of the Children of the American Revolution were also present.

January 11, the President General broadcast over a national hookup at the invitation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which was inaugurating a series of monthly broadcasts designed to promote democracy and the American way of life. Upon invitation of Mrs. Roosevelt she attended at the White House the meeting and tea called for a discussion of the promotion of the campaign for the reduction of infantile paralysis. Following that meeting she journeyed in company with Mrs. William H. Pouch, National President of the C. A. R., to New York City where on January 12 she was a guest speaker of the National Broadcasting Company at a conference called to discuss radio programs for children and youth.

January 16, luncheon conference with Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, Director in charge of Women's Organizations of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. Through this conference, helpful ideas for the promotion of the Society's effort toward better motion pictures were secured.

January 17, a guest of the Maryland Federation of Women's Clubs at a dinner in honor of the national officers of the General Federation, and later in the evening attended the reception given by Mrs. Saidie Orr Dunbar, President, and other officers of the General Federation.

January 18, addressed the Maryland Line Chapter of Baltimore, Maryland.

January 23, addressed Annual Guest Day meeting of General Mordecai Gist Chapter of Baltimore upon "What the Daughters Do." Prior to the meeting Mrs. A. Brown Caldwell, Chapter Regent, entertained at luncheon for the President General and Mrs. Emery, Chairman of National Defense, who was also a speaker.

January 24, as the guest of Mrs. Keyes, attended the luncheon of the Woman's Press Club at which Dame Hathaway of the Island of Sark, to which she holds title through earliest feudal rights, spoke of the unique government of that island.

January 29, with Miss Schwarzwaelder, Mrs. Herrin and Mrs. Steele were luncheon guests of Mrs. George Whitney White, former Curator General, where we had opportunity to enjoy her rare collection of Wedgwood. On this same day had the unique experience of being televised at the Department of Agriculture by the new electronic television methods developed by the National Broadcasting Company. Later attended the first showing in Washington of this system of television as the guest of the National Broadcasting Company.

The rehearsal of the events and meetings attended in no way includes the activities demanded by the office. Each meeting usually means the preparation of an address. Countless conferences for the arrangements for the Continental Congress and the pursuance of the regular activities of the Society are part of the daily routine. Many hours must be given to correspondence.

In a previous report, the President General asked each member of the National Board of Management to recognize her personal responsibility in conducting the business of the Society. Incidents of recent months emphasize this need. They are mentioned only as suggestions toward permanent improvement.

First, members of the Board must bring not a passive but an alert interest to the meetings, and a consciousness of their oneness with the Society; a feeling that it is "we", not "they", who transact the business. Following the October Board meeting, it was brought to the attention of the President General that two members of the Board had said that they really did not understand that the Genealogical Extension Service was to be discontinued; that if they had, they never would have voted for the motion. The report of the President General, of the Treasurer General, of the Finance Committee and of the Executive Committee, all mentioned, recommended or explained this action. For any member thus to express herself was not a reflection upon the Board, but an admission that she herself had been indifferent to its transactions. In previous meetings, the President General definitely asked that no member ever vote upon a question without thoroughly understanding it. With such understanding, all should be willing to abide by the decision of the majority, for that is the underlying principle of democracy. This does not mean that motions once adopted should never be changed. New conditions causing a change of sentiment may always be recognized

through regular parliamentary methods of amending action previously adopted.

Second, there is necessity for development of a sense of accuracy. Since the last Board meeting, a letter was received suggesting places to be visited on the Board's forthcoming pilgrimage "to Williamsburg," whereas it was Kenmore at Fredericksburg whose invitation the Board accepted.

Several members wrote in protest to the discontinuance of the Genealogical Department in the Magazine, and one member whose chief interest for many years was genealogy, discontinued her subscription in protest to this drastic change, this, at the same moment that plans for making the department of greater service to the members were being considered.

Another reported that we had 40,000 less members than formerly, whereas the statement was that the annual income averaged \$40,000 less, and that with new unavoidable demands of pensions, taxes, etc., the annual working budget was \$60,000 less than ten years ago.

Though these incidents may seem unimportant, their inaccuracy creates an anxiety among the membership that is entirely avoidable, and much needless correspondence in correction which is both expensive and inefficient for the Society.

Third, a more intelligent understanding of the Society is needed. Questions and uneasiness in the minds of members may be avoided if, in reporting the meetings of the Board, the State Regents will mention the reasons for the action. This will often forestall objections before they arise. A letter from a distant State asked how the Board could consider abandoning the lineage books when the Society was dependent upon them for its membership. The reason had not been reported, namely, that libraries and subscribers throughout the country had stated that they could not continue their orders unless proper indices were provided. Since the Society could not finance both publications at the same time, the one had to be suspended. Again, correspondence to explain this situation required needless time and expense. If there be a question as to exactly what was done, let it not be reported until the minutes of the Board are published. Every chapter regent should read these minutes. The National Society is reasonable in expecting that no chapter send in letters of protest against action until they have read the motions authorizing it and the reports of the National Officers, which may explain reasons for that action.

Fourth, successful operation of the Society today requires an active attitude of mind. The whole picture must be seen. In recent weeks, when attention has been called to the necessity of curtailing expenditures, the suggestion for a quota has been advanced by at least four national committees. In each case, the committee was one in which the members making the suggestion were especially interested. No one of these groups even considered the thought that a quota for one committee could not be established without consideration of similar requests from all four committees. What would each member of the National Board do in those cases?

The Society has a vast general program. It



is not limited to a single effort. Advancement of the Society, therefore, must be through advancement of many projects simultaneously. The progress of the Society during coming years will depend upon the extent to which members know its problems and approach its efforts with sympathetic attitude.

Board members can be of immeasurable service if they will advance the idea that the National Officers and the National Board exist as one with, and not apart from, the Society; that their action is the result of considered judgment, with the whole picture of the Society's activities and progress in mind. The powers and privileges of the Society are limitless. Let the Board and the membership alike realize them.

Three questions of importance demand thoughtful study:

First, the executive management of the National Society as at present provided by the National By-Laws.

About two years ago, there came spontaneously from State Regents, in informal meeting, the suggestion that the number and the duties of Vice Presidents General should be changed. Great interest was manifest. The number of National Officers is provided in the Constitution, which cannot be changed in a year of general election, therefore no such amendment was proposed for action by the last Continental Congress. Will each member of the Board give thought to these questions:

If, through accident or illness, the President General should be in any way incapacitated at this moment, what is the provision for continuance of the work of her office? Who knows of pending executive problems affecting the Society? Who knows how far plans for the Continental Congress have progressed? Under methods now provided by the By-Laws, how long would it take for another Executive legally entitled to represent the Society, to be elected?

The National By-Laws provide no understudy for the President General. No matter how many demands for preparation and delivery of addresses, visits to State Conferences, maintenance of helpful contacts with other organizations, the supervision of all correspondence must be directed by the President General, and when on distant journeys, it must often literally be done by her. When en route for several days, answers to letters must await her return. Few realize that a whole new field of added duty for the President General has developed through radio. Responses to radio appearances prove that the acceptance of these opportunities is important, yet for each brief talk, several hours of preparation may be needed. The question may well be asked, why, with twenty-one Vice Presidents General, does not the President General designate one or more to become familiar with executive problems, in order to act as understudies if needed. The answer is this: The Constitution recognizes all Vice Presidents General as equal in privilege and authority. The President General, therefore, has no right to recognize one above another in executive positions and, were she to do so, she would be open to criticism of favoritism.

The appointment of a paid Executive Secretary has been suggested. The progress and greatness of this Society is due to the voluntary service given by members and officers. It is the definite belief of the President General that much of the spirit which has made the Society great would be lost with the employment of a paid Executive Manager for the whole Society.

It is not alone the President General's Office which should be considered. Members have no realization that all officers give long hours and days of service entirely voluntarily, and that only the President General has traveling and other official expenses. The Offices of Treasurer General and Registrar General are almost full time activities. These Officers must come often at their own expense, since their duties demand personal attention in Washington.

Two Committees also require this same attention, the Printing Committee and the Buildings and Grounds Committee. It works out, therefore, that these appointments often must go to those Officers whose duties are already heaviest.

The By-Laws of the National Society should be revised to provide for perhaps five or seven Vice Presidents General with an established rank: a First Vice President General, a Second Vice President General, etc. A definite assignment of duties would then be possible as executive understudy for the President General, one in charge of printing, one of buildings and grounds, possibly one in charge of programs, one of overseas group and one for another purpose to be discussed.

Other amendments to the By-Laws should be made, notably a provision for confirmation of State Regents and State Vice Regents by the National Board of Management, until the following Continental Congress, when vacancies in these offices arise. During the forthcoming year, therefore, plans should be made for important revisions by the Continental Congress of 1940.

Second, a definite program including all aims of National effort for the Fiftieth Anniversary should be adopted. Thus far, suggestions which have become crystallized are:

1. An historical archives room for documents and records not properly housed in our Library.
2. The Penny Pines project for the planting of forests within the States.
3. The campaign to increase the number of Magazine subscriptions to fifty thousand.
4. An endowment fund.

With reference to the last suggestion, the needs of the National Society vary greatly from month to month or year to year. The uses of the current fund are restricted. At this moment, several projects worth while in themselves and in accordance with the objects of the Society, cannot be undertaken because of the present financial situation in the current fund. A few hundred dollars income through endowment would accomplish this worth while work. Provision should be made for repairs to buildings presented by the National Society to the Approved Schools. An especial provision for assistance to the Magazine as needed, could be accomplished through an endowment. With such a fund established as a Fiftieth Anniversary project, many members would aid its



growth through provisions in their wills. An endowment fund would enable the Society to function effectively in the face of emergencies without greater strain upon its Executives.

The President General recommends the authorization of a committee to receive suggestions and to formulate a program of national activities for the Fiftieth Anniversary, to be submitted for approval by the forthcoming Continental Congress.

Third, recently the suggestion has been made that the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution be united with the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. There are many reasons why the future development of both Societies might be greater were they to be combined. The Children of the American Revolution has already appointed a committee to investigate the advisability of this action, and the President General recommends that the National Board of Management authorize a similar committee to consider this question.

The National Society records with sorrow the death of Mrs. Samuel Jackson Kramer of New York and of Miss Myra Hazard of Mississippi, both former Curators General of the National Society, and of Mr. George Whitney White, for many years the Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the National Society.

SARAH C. ROBERT,  
President General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Sinclair of Virginia moved *That the regular order of business be suspended in order to take up special business.* Seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Carried.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Nason, moved *That we go into Executive Session.* Seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Carried.

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Mrs. Nason moved *That we come out of Executive Session.* Seconded by Mrs. Latimer. Carried.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, moved the adoption of recommendation No. 1 of the Executive Committee: *That the rules governing contracts for the use of Constitution Hall be continued.* Seconded by Mrs. Belk. By unanimous consent the vote was taken by ballot.

The President General appointed Mrs. Hightower of Georgia, Mrs. Chiles of Missouri, and Mrs. Binford of Maine, as Tellers. Mrs. Hightower reported: 40 votes cast; 39 Ayes, 1 No.

The President General announced the motion as adopted by a vote of thirty-nine to one.

Recess was taken at 1:10 p. m.

The afternoon meeting convened at 2:15, the President General presiding.

The President General spoke of the passing of former Curators General, Mrs. Samuel J. Kramer of N. Y., Miss Myra Hazard, of Miss., and of Mr. George Whitney White, Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution, husband of a former Curator General.

The Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwaelder, presented the following resolution:

*Whereas*, In the passing of Mr. George Whitney White, on October 27, 1938, the National Society,

Daughters of the American Revolution, has lost an understanding friend, a wise counselor, and a faithful Chairman of the Advisory Board; and

*Whereas*, During the twenty-two years of devoted service in the promotion of our Society his broad experience, good judgment, loyal interest, and helpful advice to each succeeding Treasurer General, proved most valuable to our organization, and by this he won the respect and confidence of all with whom he was associated; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we, the National Board of Management place on our records this expression of our sincere and deep sorrow and our appreciation of his service to the Society, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Mrs. White, a former Curator General, N. S. D. A. R.

PAGE SCHWARZWAELDER,  
DIXIE COTTON HERRIN,  
KATE HINDS STEELE.

Miss Street of Conn. moved *That the resolution on the death of Mr. George Whitney White be adopted.* Seconded by Mrs. Geagley. Carried.

The Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. Schermerhorn, moved *That the National Board of Management express its appreciation to the President General for her most interesting and enlightening report, by a rising vote of thanks.* Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, read the second recommendation of the Executive Committee:

*That the gift of a tablet from Connecticut in honor of Mrs. Minor, carrying an inspirational message spoken by her when President General, be accepted.*

Moved by Mrs. Heaume, seconded by Mrs. Sheppard. Adopted.

The Chairman of the Buildings and Grounds Committee, Mrs. Frank Leon Nason, read the report of that committee:

#### Report of Buildings and Grounds Committee

The Buildings and Grounds Committee have been working steadily since appointment but because most of the work was "in progress" it did not seem advisable to make an official report to you until this time.

The first work done was a peregrination through our buildings, Memorial Continental Hall, Administration Building and Constitution Hall, from attics to subcellar by the Chairman, Vice Chairman and Curator General, who is a member of this committee. Following this Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Towner, Vice Chairmen, made a complete inventory of everything in Memorial Continental Hall and have a partial inventory of the Administration Building. These inventories are filed with the clerk of the Museum and the Buildings and Grounds Committee in order that necessary information may be given.

The President General's retiring room has been refurnished through courtesy of Connecticut Daughters and the efforts of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Towner.

The gas stove in the clerk's kitchen refused to work correctly so a new stove has been installed.

A lintel over the porte-cochéré of Memorial Continental Hall split and was settling. This was a real danger and so had to be replaced at a cost of approximately \$5,000.00.

One of the landings just outside Constitution Hall settled and a curbing cracked as did portions of the landing, so these were replaced at the same time. The elevator in Constitution Hall needed new cables, etc., which were replaced.

A motor has been installed in the projection room in order that moving pictures may continue to be shown.

A survey of markers and places for markers in Constitution Hall has been made and the Committee hopes to have everything in order by time of Congress.

Estimates have been received for an air conditioned document room in the basement of Memorial Continental Hall which we sincerely hope will be voted a Golden Anniversary project.

Upon visiting the library in July the necessity of air conditioning that room was forcibly brought to attention of the Chairman and an estimate of \$10,600.00 to do this was furnished by a reliable firm. Our sincere hope is that our members, who realize the assistance it would be to the Society in gaining new members to have this room made livable for genealogists and clerks working there daily in the terrific heat will immediately start a fund to make this air conditioning possible.

Estimates have been received for knobs to be placed on the railings in the tiers in Constitution Hall. We feel these a necessity and will prevent accidents.

Miss Estelle Lugar West has given us two beautiful hand painted glass vases for the mantel in the President General's room. These are given in honor of Miss West's grandmother, Estelle Lugar West (Mrs. James Oliver West), through Judea Chapter.

The routine work of cleaning and pointing up outside of buildings and rooms has been carried on and so far as possible everything is in order.

ISABELLE C. NASON.  
Chairman.

The Chairman of the Approved Schools Committee, Mrs. Samuel James Campbell, read the report of that committee:

#### Report on Kate Duncan Smith and Tamassee D. A. R. Schools

I am happy to report that both Tamassee and Kate Duncan Smith seem to be in a healthy condition at present, the only indication of indisposition being symptoms of growing pains, which I am sure will respond readily to treatment. If I might prescribe, I would suggest as a remedy a CCC Compound composed of Cooperation, Concentration, and Contribution with a heavy accent on the latter ingredient.

Taken separately the report of conditions since the October Board meeting is as follows:

*Kate Duncan Smith:* The last of October I visited the school in company with the President General and numerous National Officers and was present at the dedication of the splendid new Dick Health House dedicated in honor of the Alabama Daughters and made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Dick of Maryland. The President General has doubtless reported this inspiring occasion, and I will not repeat except to say that frequent mention is made to me of the great good it is doing not only for the school, but for the entire community. My visit of two days and nights was one of intense pleasure and interest. Many plans and problems were discussed with Mr. and Mrs. Earle, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, and Mrs. Barnes. Each class room was inspected and a brief message brought to the children. Many mountain homes were visited in company with Mrs. Evans, and a highly exciting Halloween party brought contact with young and old. As a result, I am a much better informed National Chairman.

My first plea for Kate Duncan Smith was for an additional Teacherage. That plea has been answered by the generous gift of \$5,000.00 from the George and Frances Ball Foundation through the efforts of Mrs. Schlosser and Mrs. Frank Ball, Regent and State Chairman respectively of Indiana. Plans are under way, and I am happy to report that work will start as soon as the weather permits.

The Daughters of Alabama have purchased the farm adjoining the school, ninety-two acres of the best land on the mountain, to be known as the Jubilee Farm, and at present are busy raising the necessary \$4,000.00. The Indiana model farm home and barns will be built on this land, the house to be occupied by the Agriculture Adviser. The present farm house will serve the tenant farmer. A recently married couple, both graduates, have been installed in the house. Another couple, also graduates, occupy Heaume Cottage. The husband, in addition to his own job, assists his wife who has been acting as cook and housekeeper for some time.

Two showers have been installed in Becker Hall, the gift of a friend. All cottages now have plumbing and heating with the exception of Munson Cottage, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Evans. It seems to me that this is one of the most serious of the growing pains I referred to earlier, \$350.00 will install the bath room and plumbing; \$465.00 will install a twenty-four inch Arcola furnace with proper blower and include cost of excavation for the furnace room. Two separate projects, or one project amounting to \$815.00. I hope the State Regents and others are lending an attentive ear.

Other needs—Electric lights for class rooms, \$500.00; lockers for school building, \$500.00; and the three major projects of additional class rooms, for which we have not yet received an estimate; heating plant, \$5,000.00; and the much needed sewage disposal system, \$4,000.00. A few contributions have come in for this project, and it will be pushed in the near future.

Total contributions from October 1 through December, \$10,623.05. Total since March 1st, \$14,599.15.

*Tamasee*: Mr. Cain reports that they are having about the "best year ever" to quote from his letter, and that the "Daughters are manifesting great interest in the work." As a result of a conference with the Board members at the time of my October visit to Tamasee, definite plans for future expansion have been worked out so that when opportunity knocks suggestions will be ready and no time will be lost. The Board has agreed that the most pressing need is an addition to the present Administration Building. Rough blue prints are available showing an addition of five class rooms and additional office space to the front of the present building at the estimated expense of \$5,000.00. All funds from the Tamasee Club memberships are now set aside for this project, but other contributions are earnestly solicited. Perhaps someone will be interested in "adopting this child"; or class rooms might be taken as separate projects by States at \$1,000.00 each.

The second major need is an additional Cottage Dormitory for girls, estimated cost \$6,000.00. With the addition of this building, the school will have reached its maximum capacity of boarding students, the number being governed by the available dining room space.

New Jersey will dedicate the Mabel Clay Memorial Cottage in March, and Pennsylvania will lay the corner stone for their \$10,000.00 health house at the same time. Last reports from Pennsylvania were that about \$9,000.00 had already been pledged. The Illinois Boys' Dormitory fund has not grown quite so rapidly, but Pennsylvania has had the advantage of a fall State Conference. Illinois reports they hope to exceed the \$5,000.00 mark by March. Work will not be started until the funds are available.

Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Reed of Pennsylvania, an all the year around circulating hot water system has been installed in All States Hall.

Tamasee also reports an interesting wedding, the first to take place at the school. The ceremony was performed in the beautifully decorated New York Cottage parlors, and was the first wedding most of the children had ever seen.

Reports are that the laundry is in operation and much appreciated.

Total receipts to the school from April 1st to January 1st, \$12,039.92.

Both mountain communities are grateful and speak with loving pride of the great work the "D. A. R. ladies" are doing for them through our two schools. I am sure we should feel equally proud of our accomplishments and grateful for the opportunity of past and future service.

ILEEN B. CAMPBELL,  
*Chairman.*

The Editor of the Magazine, Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, gave an informal report of progress made since the last meeting, reiterating her belief in the success of the official organ—

that in the near future it would prove an asset rather than a liability.

The Chairman of the Magazine Committee, Mrs. Victor Abbot Binford, read the report of that committee:

#### Report of National Historical Magazine Committee

It is a satisfaction to state in this formal report to the National Board, that in the months of December and January there was a marked increase in the number of magazine subscriptions. The total number on January 26, 1939 was 10,808. The index for the year 1938 has been printed and is ready for distribution. A revised schedule of rates for advertising has been printed and may be obtained at the Magazine Office. A meeting of the Magazine Committee was held in the Louisiana Room, Tuesday, January 31, 1939. A meeting of the Magazine Committee is arranged for Monday, April 17, 1939 at 9:30 A.M. in the National Board Room. A second letter to State Chairmen together with the forms for the Annual Reports will be sent at once. All routine correspondence has been given prompt attention.

The National Chairman wishes to express to the President General and the Editor the appreciation of the Committee for their careful consideration of all matters pertaining to the circulation of the magazine.

MARCIA R. BINFORD,  
*Chairman.*

A motion as offered by Mrs. Zimmerman of Illinois providing for an increase of the Emergency Fund for the Magazine was, after amendment, lost.

The Recording Secretary General called the roll for the drawing of seats for the 48th Continental Congress, with the following result:

#### Nos. 1-25

- 13 Arkansas
- 20 Colorado
- 2 California
- 1 Delaware
- 25 Florida
- 10 Illinois
- 12 Iowa
- 22 Kentucky
- 19 Maine
- 17 Massachusetts
- 15 Minnesota
- 21 Missouri
- 9 Nebraska
- 6 New Hampshire
- 18 New Mexico
- 24 North Carolina
- 4 Ohio
- 14 Oregon
- 11 South Carolina
- 3 Tennessee
- 5 Utah
- 23 Virginia
- 7 West Virginia

#### Nos. 26-50

- 49 Alabama
- 32 Arizona
- 30 Connecticut
- 29 District of Columbia
- 36 Georgia
- 42 Idaho
- 47 Indiana
- 35 Kansas
- 27 Louisiana
- 26 Maryland
- 48 Michigan
- 28 Mississippi
- 44 Montana
- 50 Nevada
- 45 New Jersey
- 33 New York
- 40 North Dakota
- 34 Oklahoma
- 31 Pennsylvania
- 38 Rhode Island
- 37 South Dakota
- 46 Texas

## Nos. 1-25

16 Wyoming  
8 Alaska, Canal Zone,  
China, Cuba, Eng-  
land, France, Ger-  
many, Hawaii,  
Italy, Philippine  
Islands, Puerto  
Rico

## Nos. 26-50

43 Vermont  
39 Washington  
41 Wisconsin

The President General reminded the members of the many suggestions received for celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary, and Mrs. Donahue of Ohio moved *That the President General appoint a committee of five members of the National Board to receive suggestions and formulate a plan of national projects to be included within the Fiftieth Anniversary Program of the National Society, and that the Committee report its recommendations to the National Board on April 15, 1939.* Seconded by Mrs. Schlosser. Carried.

The President General spoke of the proposed union of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, and Mrs. Latimer of Connecticut moved *That a committee of five be appointed by the President General to confer with a committee of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution upon the advisability of uniting the two Societies; and that the Committee report its findings at the meeting of the National Board of Management on April 15, 1939.* Seconded by Mrs. Forney. Carried.

Mrs. Schlosser of Indiana exhibited photographs of the home in Indianapolis, Indiana, of Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, the first President General of the National Society, which had been purchased and restored, with original furniture, by a local committee, and asked that a portrait of Mrs. Harrison be given as part of the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary.

The President General reminded Mrs. Schlosser of the motion for the appointment of a committee to report a suitable program for the Fiftieth Anniversary, and suggested that she write to the Chairman when the personnel was announced.

The Registrar General, Mrs. Nason, read a supplemental report:

## Supplemental Report of Registrar General

Number of applications verified .....	175
Total number of verified papers reported to Board Meeting today:	
Originals .....	1,275
Supplementals .....	431
Total .....	1,706

ISABELLE C. NASON,  
Registrar General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Nason moved *That the 175 additional applicants whose records have been verified by the Registrar General be elected to membership in the National Society, making a total of 1,275 admitted on this day.* Seconded by Mrs. Schermerhorn. Carried.

The Treasurer General, Miss Schwarzwaelder, moved *That 14 former members be reinstated.* Seconded by Mrs. Herrin. Carried.

The Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. Schermerhorn, read a supplemental report:

## Supplemental Report of Organizing Secretary General

Madam President General and Members of the National Board of Management:

It gives me pleasure to report the organization of the Jemima Boone Chapter at Madison, South Dakota, and ask for its confirmation.

HAZEL F. SCHERMERHORN,  
Organizing Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

The Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. Schermerhorn, moved *The confirmation of the Jemima Boone Chapter of Madison, South Dakota.* Seconded by Mrs. Nason. Carried.

Mrs. Schermerhorn moved *That the members of the National Board of Management record their appreciation of the President General's gift to their Christmas child, Herman, in place of sending out Christmas cards, which gift had brought to him the blessing of health.* Seconded by Mrs. Heaume. Carried. (Mrs. Binford of Maine putting motion.)

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Heaume, read the minutes of February 1, 1939, which were approved as read.

Adjournment was taken at 5:15 p. m.

JULIA D. HEAUME,  
Recording Secretary General, N. S. D. A. R.

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**A**BOVE the ancient shrine of Copacabana on Lake Titicaca, three great stone crosses, erected by the first Spanish explorers and enclosed by a lofty, pillared cupola, rise strong and dark before a hallowed shrine.

No matter how or when these were seen, they would prove significant and impressive. But beheld at fiesta time, when they loom large above throngs of Indians, wearing brilliant ponchos and gay headgear, who surge all around them, they seem to gain in might and majesty by contrast to all this movement and color. It was so that I was privileged to see them for the first time. And as I gazed at them, two ancient stories about crosses—stories even older than these landmarks upon which I was looking—forced themselves into the forefront of my mind.

One of these stories was the legend of the man who went along life's highway carrying an iron cross. It was so heavy that he felt he could not stagger forward under its load, and finally, when he knelt down at night, he prayed to be relieved of it. "I must carry a cross, I know," he cried, "that is the common lot of humanity. But, O Lord, grant that it may be a cross of another kind. If only I had a cross of roses, I could walk along rejoicing."

The next morning when he waked, he found that his prayer had been answered: his cross had been miraculously transformed into one of roses and he joyfully resumed his journey. But he had gone only a little way when sharp thorns began to pierce his flesh and blood streamed from his wounds. His anguish was intense. So, again, when he knelt down to pray at night, he asked that his cross might be changed: One of gold, he was convinced, would be the solution of all his troubles.

The following day, he was delighted to

find the cross of gold fastened to his shoulders. But before he had managed to cover more ground he was beset by thieves who sought to steal his gold. They beat him mercilessly and left him maimed and mutilated by the roadside. It was all he could do to drag himself upright and lift his hands toward heaven.

"Oh, Lord!" he murmured beseechingly, his breath coming in gasps, "give me back my own cross, the one you laid upon me in the first place. I see now that is the only one I can bear. Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Looking up at the three crosses of Copacabana, immovable above the tumult rising toward heaven, I asked myself, "Can I learn to carry my own cross, whatever it may be? Can I learn to say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done?'"

And then I thought of another ancient story: About three crosses set up in a gruesome place called Golgotha, outside the glorious city of Jerusalem. Malefactors were led to this place to be executed. And there on a dark day when the very heavens were rent asunder by a storm, a man falsely accused of blasphemy was

crucified between two thieves. But he who was "numbered among the transgressors" was "truly the Son of God."

Until that time, a cross had been a common gibbet, a symbol of crime and degradation. From that day onward it became a sign of salvation to all the world. It was transfigured, not because of an essential change in form or substance, but because it had been touched by divinity.

God himself has told us that we are all made in His image. Therefore, in every one of us there is some slight spark of His spirit. "How," I asked myself, looking at the three crosses of Copacabana, "can this spark best be used to transfigure and illumine?"

*Frances Parkman Keyes*



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